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*The complete works of
Shakspeare, revised from the ...*

William Shakespeare

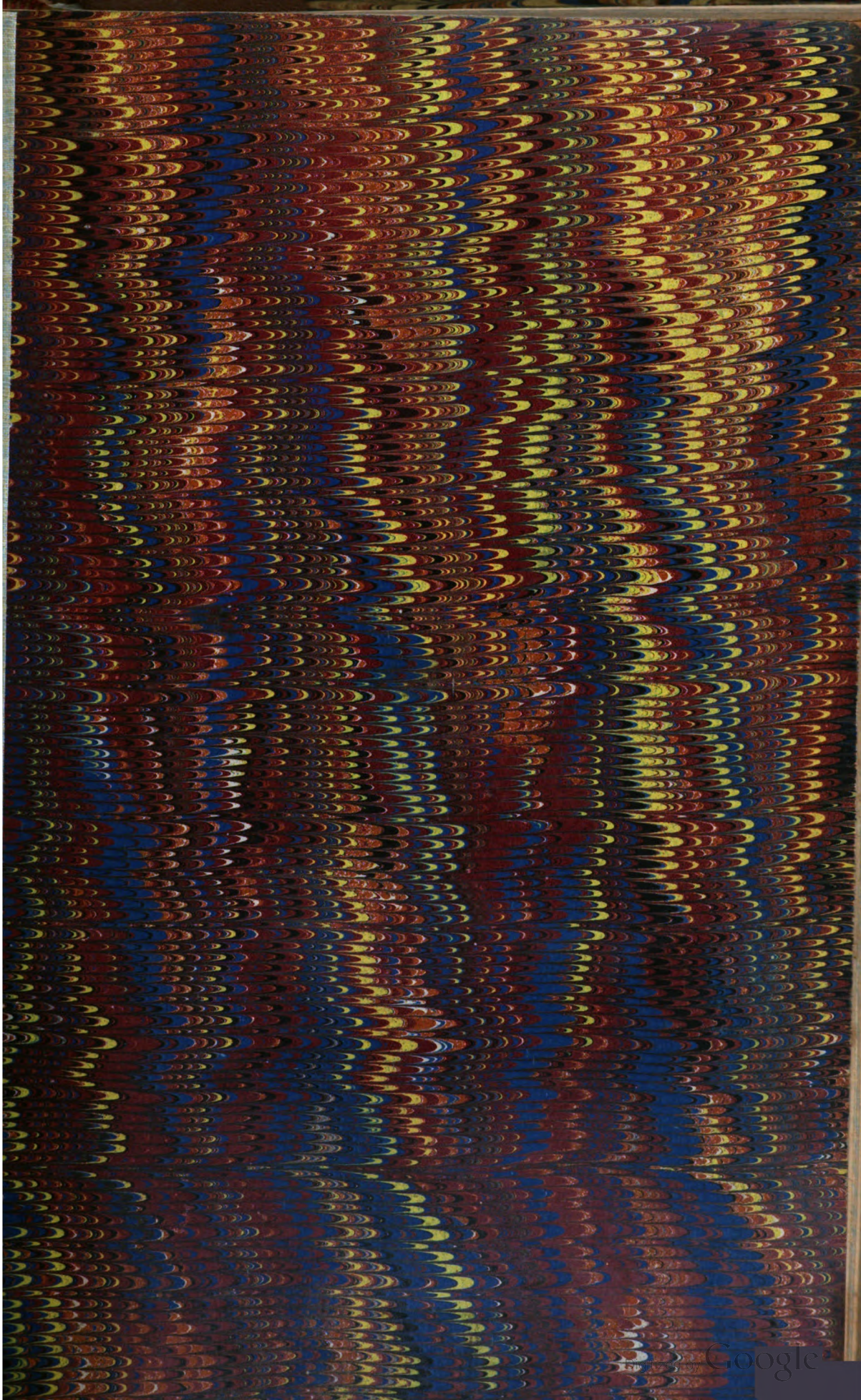
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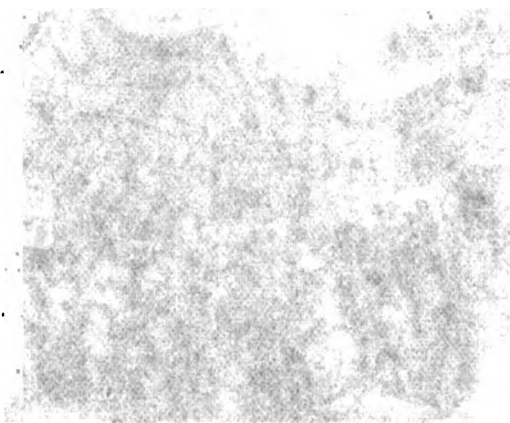
Mary A. Carlton
1859

Presented by.
Mr. & Mrs O. Carlton
to
Francis H. Goodall
Bath June 1859.



Martin Scabbe

Engraved by T. W. Mackenzie from the portrait by V. Allward.





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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Illustrated.



The Birth Place of Shakspeare

WITH GARNET & JOSEPH PROLOGUE

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKSPEARE,

Revised from the best Authorities:

WITH A MEMOIR, AND ESSAY ON HIS GENIUS,

BY BARRY CORNWALL:

ALSO,

ANNOTATIONS AND INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON THE PLAYS,

BY MANY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS:

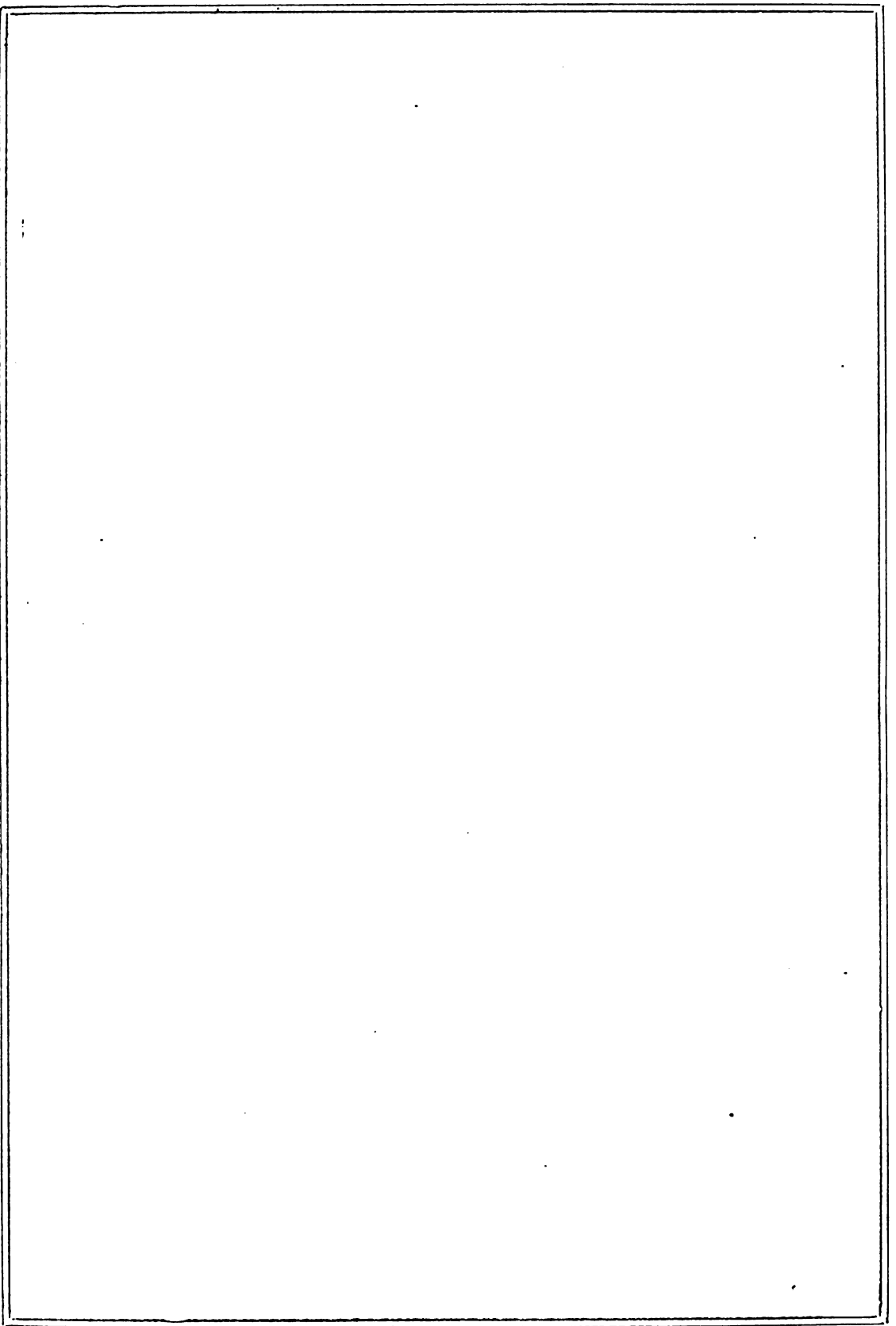
ILLUSTRATED WITH HISTORICAL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

TRAGEDIES.

CLEVELAND, OHIO:
PUBLISHED BY HENRY P. B. JEWETT.
1857.



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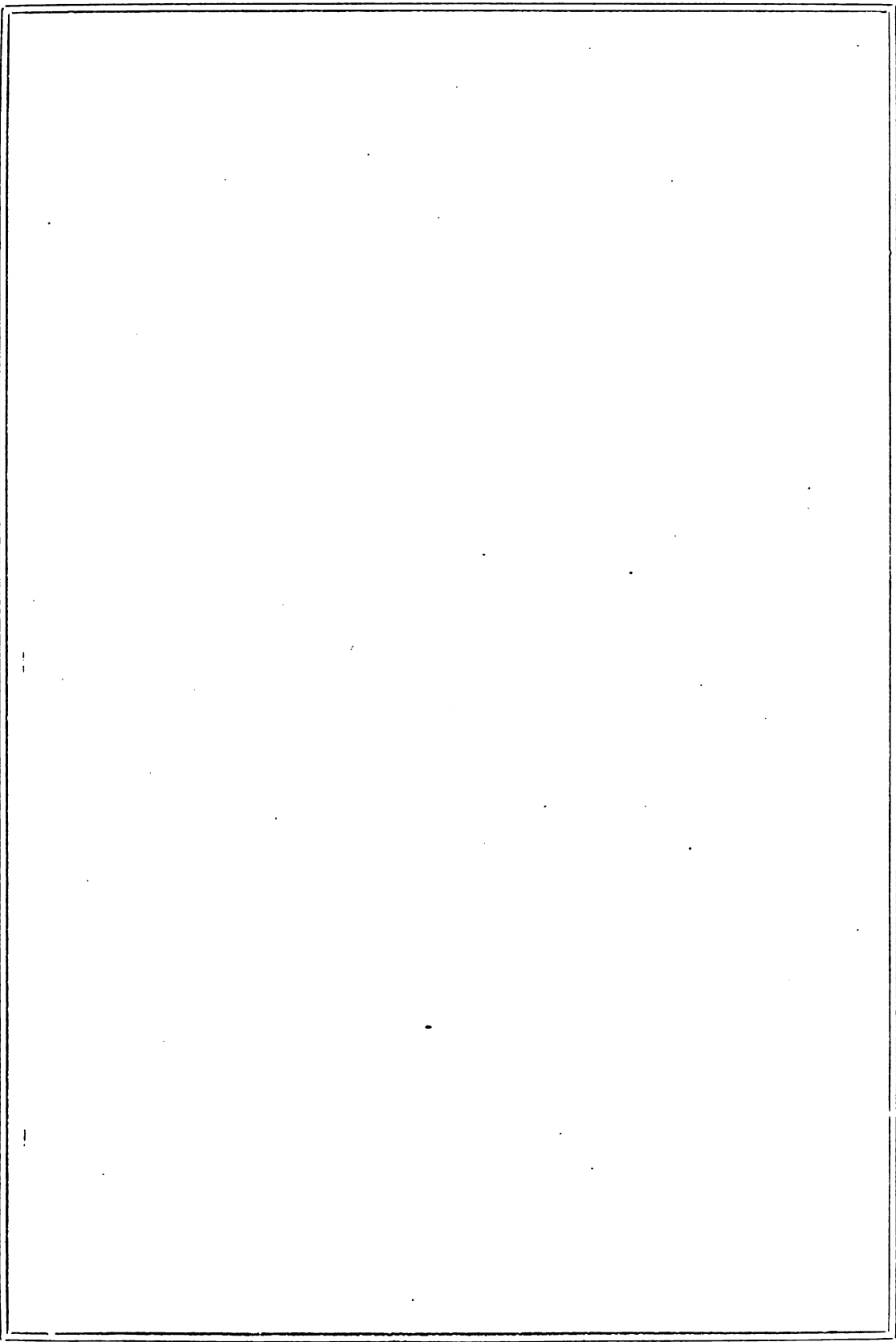
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Memoir of and Essay on the Genius of Shakspeare.

PART I.

§ 1.

Of the personal history of Shakspeare—the greatest genius, beyond doubt or cavil, that ever the world produced—little now can with certainty be shewn. The registers of Stratford; his own Sonnets; a few casual references to him, in the writings or sayings of cotemporary authors; and all the sources from which materials for his life may be safely extracted, are reckoned up. The public of his time had no curiosity on the subject, or the writers of his time had no anxiety to collect or yield information, regarding him; and he himself—beyond, even,

“That last infirmity of noble minds,”

the desire of fame—did not think it worth while to place materials for his own history on record; or, secure of such immortality as earth can bestow, was content that we should track him into the depths and recesses of his being, by the light of his genius alone. What he did, or thought, or suffered, in his own individual person, is now mere matter for ingenious conjecture. We are sure that his mind was vast, liberal, compassionate, generous;—that he saw human nature on every side, detecting it in its many masks and changes;—that he penetrated into the innermost mysteries of man; that

“From this bank and shoal of time”

his intellect soared upwards, and held commerce with the stars; with our dim “Hereafter;” and with worlds and agencies beyond our own; and knowing all this, our curiosity as to the possessor of faculties so varied and wonderful, and our consequent disappointment on being baffled at every point of inquiry, becomes proportionably great.

It is not the least singular of the causes which have cast obscurity upon the life of Shakspeare, that so much public apathy should have existed amongst his cotemporaries. History, indeed, which has hitherto dealt in generals, or has labored only to rescue from oblivion the lives of conquerors and kings, forbore, as was to be expected, from recording the birth or death of a poet, humbly born, and distinguished by no other crown than a wreath of unfading laurel: but that the man of whose writings “rare Ben Jonson” had said that they were such

“As neither man nor Muse can praise too much;”

whom he addressed as “Soul of the age,” celebrating him above

“All that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth—”

and predicting, in just and memorable verse, that

“He was not of an age, but—FOR ALL TIME!”

—that *he* should have eluded all research, or should not have stimulated some one of his co-evals to give forth to the world what could then have readily been collected respecting him, requires still to be explained. He was admitted, in his own time, to be the first dramatist of his country; and there can be no question but that he was so. That Fletcher, Beaumont, or other playwrights, may, during an interval of fashion or popular caprice, have been greater favorites, is probable enough. It is possible, even, that some critics (now forgotten) may have preferred inferior writers. But no other poet or dramatist of our country could, even for a moment, put forth such substantial claims to enduring fame, as seem to have been allowed, by the general voice, to Shakspeare. Ben Jonson, the only dramatist who could compete with him, frankly and wisely yields the precedence; and to oppose any other writer, however respectable in his way or extolled in his age, would be, to the last degree, absurd and hopeless.

How is it that no letters of Shakspeare, no memoranda respecting him, or his transactions with the theaters, or with his brother actors, should have escaped? It is true that the fire, which occurred in 1613, may have consumed his papers relating to the theaters, when it consumed his playhouse The Globe. But one must still marvel that a writer on whom so many elegies were showered, and whose reputation was such that, in 1623, a monument was erected to his memory in his native town, should have passed away with so little of contemporaneous record or comment. Several persons, including Betterton, the famous actor, visited Stratford during the seventeenth century, and made inquiries respecting Shakspeare; one of them interrogating an ancient inhabitant of that town, who was himself born about the time of Shakspeare's death; but neither history nor tradition had furnished him with more than one or two circumstances, and even these are encountered by opposite statements. Under all these difficulties, nothing remains but to take some things upon trust.

Without submitting to the reader, therefore, in minute detail, the reasons that induce me to prefer one hypothesis to another, and to accept one and reject another statement, I shall take leave to adopt silently those only which appear to me to approach nearest to the truth. It would be painful, indeed, if, from too fastidious a scepticism, we were to deprive ourselves or others of the pleasure of supposing that we know something, at least, of our great poet's origin.

§ 2.

To obtain strict legal proof of the birth or parentage of Shakspeare is now, apparently, beyond the power of research. His identity with the "William the son of John Shakspeare," who was baptized in 1564, has not, I imagine, been completely established. Sufficient is known, however, to induce a belief that the ordinary accounts of his parentage and birth are well founded.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, then, was baptized on the 26th of April, 1564. The words "*Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspeare*," are on that day entered the baptismal register, of the parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire. The John Shakspeare, from whom this great "son" descended, was apparently a person of some property and importance at Stratford, and traded as a glover or dealer in wool.

Of the ancestry of John Shakspeare it is impossible to speak with any certainty; but it is known that he himself arrived at the dignity of bailiff of Stratford; that the title of "Master" was prefixed to his name, and that he married a lady of good family. The mother of our dramatist bore, before her marriage with John Shakspeare, the name of Mary Arden. She was the daughter of Robert Arden (a gentleman possessing a landed estate at Willingcote, or Wylnecote, in Warwickshire), whose father was groom of the chamber to King Henry VII. A Sir John Arden, who held some office of honor near the person of the same sovereign, was the uncle of her before-mentioned grandfather, and also son of one Eleanor Hampden, of Buckinghamshire; who, herself, was a member of the family from which the illustrious patriot John Hampden afterward descended.

Under the will of Robert Arden, which bears date the 24th of November, 1556, his daughter Mary derived considerable property in money and land. This happened, in all probability, before her marriage with John Shakspeare, inasmuch as she is described in the will merely as "my youngest daughter Mary," without any additional distinction.

To this marriage between John Shakspeare and Mary Arden (a gentle name, as it has been truly called), we owe the birth of our great poet. He was born in, or shortly previous to, the month of April, 1564, and, with all his family, providentially escaped the plague, which broke out soon afterwards in the town of Stratford, and committed extensive ravages amongst the inhabitants of the place.

In 1568, John Shakspeare became bailiff of Stratford. In 1569, he obtained a grant of arms from Robert Cooke, the Clarencieux of the time; and this (having been lost) was confirmed by Dethick, Garter-King-at-Arms, and Camden (then Clarencieux), in 1599. All these things speak for the respectability of position occupied by our poet's father; and the circumstance of his mortgaging his wife's estate, in the interval between the two grants (1578), seems to detract little or nothing from such an inference.

The arms thus granted had reference to the family name, Shakspeare; and appear, indeed, rather to have been confirmed than to have originated in the grant of 1569: for the preamble to the license of 1599, which describes John Shakspeare as a "gentleman" of Stratford, refers also to his "parent and great-grandfather" as having done "faithful and approved service" to King Henry VII.; and assigns that circumstance, together with his marriage with the daughter, and one of the heirs, of Robert Arden, and his production of "this his *ancient* coat of arms," as so many reasons for the grant. Thenceforward, the arms of Shakspeare — "Gould, on a bend sable; and a speare of the first, the point steeled, proper," — were quartered with the arms of Arden.

Beyond this, the paternal ancestry of Shakspeare is unknown. There is little doubt, however, but that he had a martial origin. The nameshews that it was, in the first instance, won and worn by an able soldier; perhaps by some obscure hero, who periled his life, in field or foray, for a king or chieftain now as obscure as himself; one of the many millions who have had courage, skill and fidelity, for their portion; but, wanting an historian, have sunk, without mark, into the oblivious abysses of Time.

§ 3.

In 1574, some houses in Henley-street, Stratford, were purchased by John Shakspeare; and in 1578, he mortgaged his wife's estate, as has been stated. It seems that the mortgagee was let into possession of the land; for, about twenty years afterwards, a suit in equity was instituted by John Shakspeare, for redemption or recovery of the mortgaged property. This mortgage has been adduced as presumptive proof of the distress of Shakspeare's father, and, thence, of the probability of a want of education in his son. To persons acquainted with transactions of this nature, nothing can seem more rash than such conclusions, drawn from such imperfect premises. The purchase of houses, in 1574, denotes — if it denotes anything — a superfluity of money in the purchaser — money that, probably, was not then required for the purposes of his trade: and the mortgage, in 1578, shews that the money, which was invested four years before, was again wanted. But, as the houses were retained, and descended, with the other landed estate, to his son, it seems quite unlikely that he should have been seriously impoverished. As to the allegations by John Shakspeare (in the suit) of his own poverty, and of the frauds practiced by the person to whom he mortgaged his wife's estate, they may be classed amongst the many fictions of the law. If all the allegations contained in bills of equity were to be taken for granted, the defendants (who, according to the plaintiffs' statements, are always in the wrong), would present such a body of fraud, conspiracy, and oppression, as never was equaled in any civilized country.

To reconcile all the doings of the person or persons bearing the name of John Shakspeare with each other — for there were several John Shakspeares at Stratford — would be a difficult task, and, as it appears to me, an unnecessary one. It is safer to proceed upon facts which, to use a species of pleonasm, are well authenticated. It is certain that John Shakspeare, the poet's father, was a person holding a respectable position in society; that he married

the daughter of an ancient house; that he was himself entitled to a coat of arms, acquired originally by services to the country; that with his wife he obtained a landed estate; that he purchased other landed property out of his own money; that he rose to such dignities as his native town offered; and, finally, that the estates which he purchased and acquired by marriage became, after his death, the property of his son. It is impossible, in the face of these facts, to argue, with any chance of success, that he was a pauper or insolvent. Both fact and probability weigh strongly against such a presumption. It is more wise, I think, to dismiss the little anecdotes and authorities which have been urged against the solvency of John Shakspeare, as things which applied to another person of his name; or, if any of them applied to him, that they could not have shaken his station in life, or have affected him, otherwise than for a short time, and then in a very trivial degree.

There can be small doubt but that our poet had as good an education as the town of Stratford afforded; and that the learning or accomplishments, in Latin and otherwise, which tradesmen in Stratford possessed, and which they bestowed upon their children, were not withheld from William Shakspeare. It has been ascertained, that the intercourse between children and their parents (aldermen or tradesmen of Stratford), and also between some of the tradesmen themselves, on matters of business, was occasionally carried on by Latin letters and communications. Is it in the least likely, that Shakspeare, the son of the principal officer of the town, and the inheritor of a valuable estate, should be wanting in an equal amount of learning? Is it possible that, with the same opportunities, the author of "*TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*," of "*ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*," of "*JULIUS CÆSAR*," of "*CORIOLANUS*," should have passed his youth in sloth and unlettered ignorance? To come to such an opinion, we must suppose that the eager aptitude of the man had never disclosed itself in the boy; and, in effect, that the great genius of Shakspeare had never felt the restlessness or impulses which are an integral part of genius, but had slumbered in utter idleness throughout the whole interval of boyhood. Ben Jonson's reference to his "little Latin and less Greek," shews that he *knew* both Latin and Greek; and so far as it is disparaging, must be understood to speak by way of comparison, between the mere word-learning of Shakspeare, and that of himself (Jonson) and other ripe scholars of the time. In all that was essential, whether it related to the people of Rome or Greece, Shakspeare undoubtedly knew infinitely more than "rare Ben Jonson" himself, or probably any of his cotemporaries.

§ 4.

Leaving the question of our poet's education and learning to be canvassed by the more curious, I proceed, and find that, towards the close of the year 1582, being then about eighteen years and seven months old, he intermarried with Ann Hathaway, a "maiden of Stratford," who, if the inscription on her tomb be correct, was his elder by eight years. Soon after the marriage, namely, on the 26th of May, 1583, Susanna, their eldest child, was baptized; and on the 2d of February, 1585, their son and daughter, Hamnet and Judith. It appears by the register that Hamnet was buried on the 11th of August, 1596, and thereupon Susanna and Judith, the poet's two daughters, became his co-heiresses.

Susanna, the eldest child of Shakspeare, married John Hall, gentleman (who was a physician of Stratford), on the 5th of June, 1607, she being then thirty-four years of age; and Judith, the younger daughter, married Thomas Queeny on the 10th of February, 1616, about two months only before the death of her father. The wife of Shakspeare, as is supposed, survived him; for on the 6th of August, 1623, there appears on the register the burial of "Mrs. Shakspeare, widow," who must then have been sixty-seven years old, her illustrious husband dying at the early age of fifty-two. His will, a copy of which follows this introductory essay, appears to have been made about a month after his daughter Judith's marriage, and to have preceded by a month only his own death; the approach of which, in all probability, then became visible to him.

It does not appear that the poet's youngest daughter left any issue; but there was one child of Susanna, named Elizabeth, who married Thomas Nash, Esq., and who herself had a daughter, afterwards the wife of Sir Reginald Forster, from which last-mentioned marriage there appears to have been a descent through two generations. The family of Shakspeare, however, in the lineal direction, is now extinct.

Various conjectures have been formed as to the mode in which Shakspeare was employed, previously and subsequently to his marriage; as to how he was enabled to maintain his wife and children; as to the motives that induced him to quit Stratford for London, and other circumstances very desirable to know; but all which have hitherto been diligently sought for in vain. He may have been a schoolmaster or scrivener, as has been suggested; but I shall not add to the many ingenious hypotheses that have been started, by any idle speculations of my own. It is clear that it was his destiny. Whether impelled, outwardly or ostensibly, by the persecutions of others, or by his own misfortunes or discontent, is an inquiry not very important. It was his destiny; the inner call of his genius, which bade him seek its proper development; which drew him, by its mysterious influence, from the solitudes where Nature is dumb, into the teeming city, — into those crowds and throngs of men from whom he learned so much; and to whom, and to whose posterity, he taught all that we see written down in that volume which has no likeness, called, "*THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE*."

The story of the deer-stealing, and of the prosecution of our poet by Sir Thomas Lucy, rests on too uncertain a foundation to render it necessary to do more than simply advert to it. That he may have taken part in any of the ordinary frolics of the time, is likely enough; but whether that was the cause which "drove" him to London, or whether, in fact, he was driven there at all, is beyond the power of any one at present to certify. It is generally thought that Shakspeare quitted Warwickshire for London about 1586 or 1587; but in 1589 he was one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars Theatre, a fact that seems to indicate an earlier arrival in the metropolis than is usually supposed. It is not very probable that a youth who left Stratford in 1587 (whether to evade the pursuit of justice or not, but at all events) with small or no pecuniary resources, and with the burden of a wife and children upon him, should, in the space of about a couple of years, become a joint proprietor of one of the principal theatres in London.

His position at the theatre, as proprietor, in 1589, therefore, seems to indicate that he must then have been a considerable period in London; and not only this, but also that he must then have been, for a considerable time, a writer for the stage. What, in fact, could have renovated his fortunes, and raised him to the dignity of proprietor,

but the aid that he had given to the drama? His earliest work, according to his own account "the first heir of his invention," was the poem of "VENUS AND ADONIS." That was printed for the first time in 1593: but he was then the friend of Lord Southampton, who was the friend of genius. How had he manifested his genius and acquired this friendship, which did both so much honor, before 1593, unless by the dramas which he had without doubt at that time created? The fact of there having been none of his plays in print at that period proves nothing. There is, according to the opinion of critics, an evident and a very invidious allusion to him, as actor and dramatist, in Robert Green's "GROATSWORTH OR WIT," written in or before the year 1592; so that he was then well known as a writer of plays. The omission of Shakspeare's name in Harrington's "APOLOGIE FOR POETRY," published in 1590-91, proves, not that Shakspeare had not then written, but simply that Harrington either preferred the plays of Lord Buckhurst and others, or that he was unaware of the dramas of Shakspeare or of their merit. If the plays of our author were not (as they appear not to have been) in print at that period, the fact of Harrington having omitted to speak of the excellence of works that he had had no opportunity of reading, seems to be sufficiently accounted for.

§ 5.

On the arrival of Shakspeare in London, it is generally supposed that he resorted to the stage for employment; commencing, probably, as actor, for it is certain that he was an actor during part of his sojourn; and producing afterwards, from time to time, his marvelous plays.

It has been discovered that, in 1596, he lived near the Bear Garden, in Southwark, his residence being also in the neighborhood of the theater to which he was attached; and that in 1609 he occupied a good house within the liberty of the Clink. It would appear that he remained in London till about the year 1611: not longer, for in March, 1612, he is described as "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," in a deed by which a house in Blackfriars, which he had purchased, was conveyed to him by one Henry Walker. During his residence in London, however, he made occasional visits to Stratford, in the course of which he was accustomed to stop at the Crown Inn, at Oxford, at that time kept by one John Davenant; and it is tolerably certain that he became, in 1606, the godfather of Davenant's son, afterwards known as Sir William Davenant, the poet. Previously to this, he had acquired the friendship of Lord Southampton, and of Lord Pembroke: had, in 1598, been admitted to an intimacy with Ben Jonson; and had associated generally with the wits and writers of the age. It was at the Mermaid, then a tavern of note in Fleet Street, that Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and other social men of genius, were wont to congregate; and there* it was, that those lively interchanges of wit and vivacity, those "wit combats," which we are told of, occurred between Ben and Shakspeare. Amongst other persons, he was acquainted with Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, and during that person's absence in the country, was in the habit of visiting his wife, who remained in London. In one of her letters to her absent husband, she informs him that a certain Mr. Francis Chaloner had endeavored to borrow ten pounds; but that "Mr. Shakspeare, of the Globe, who came * * * said he knew him not, only he herd of him that he was a roge, so he was glad we did not lend him the money." This is the only real anecdote that we possess of Shakspeare during his London residence. Amongst other acquisitions of this period, not to be forgotten, our poet obtained the approbation of Queen Elizabeth, before whom some of his plays were performed, and who is said to have "appreciated his genius." There is no evidence that

"She showered her bounties on him, like the Hours,"

or, in fact, that she rewarded him with anything more solid than her smiles; a cheap mode of remunerating genius, but which, to the credit of that age, was not then common with persons of illustrious rank.

That Shakspeare was loved as well as admired by many of his coteremporaries, is well authenticated. Ben Jonson (a warm hearted man, as well as a sterling writer) declares, "I do love the man and honor his memory, on this side of idolatry, as much as any: he was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature;" and the editors of the folio edition of the plays, say that they have collected them "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakspeare." Whether the poet was beloved by any one of the opposite sex, remains a mystery. From the tenor of some of his sonnets, there is reason to suppose that he attached himself to some female, and that he was ill requited.

A few years ago some papers were written on this obscure subject, entitled, if I remember rightly, "The Confessions of Shakspeare." They were made out, with great ingenuity, from the "SONNETS" alone; combining and consolidating the several parts of each into one (as it were) authentic narrative. And, indeed, as one travels through these records of the great poet's feelings, a dim and shadowy History seems to rise and disclose itself before us: an intimation not to be neglected; seeing that such a man, however entangled amongst the conceits and fancies of his age, would hardly, in his own person, have wasted such sad and passionate verses on any subject that had no foundation in truth.

On quitting London, Shakspeare retired to his native town of Stratford. He had previously purchased one of the best houses there, called "New Place," and in this house he lived and died. He was buried on the 25th of April, 1616, on the north side of the chancel of the great church of Stratford. A monument was shortly afterwards—certainly before the year 1623—erected to his memory. The artist has represented him in a sitting posture, with a pen in his right hand, and his left resting on a scroll of paper; and on the cushion which appears spread out before him, are engraved the following lines:

"Judicio Pyllum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moeret, Olympus habet."

* The following is Fuller's account of Shakspeare, in his "WORTHIES OF ENGLAND:" "He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit, sed nascitur*: one is not made but born a poet." Many were the wit combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, like an English man of war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Not much can be said of this monument as a work of art; it is poor enough. And yet to this tomb, and to the house wherein he (is supposed to have) lived and died, how many thousand pilgrims have since come! Here, people of all ages and all nations have repaired for upwards of two hundred years. Walls covered with inscriptions (each man eager to write down his admiration) attest the worth and influence of a great poet. It would have been creditable to this country, or to its government, if some fit memorial, in bronze or marble, had been built up in his honor. For, although (as Milton sings)

"What, needs my Shakspeare for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?"

yet that does not exonerate us from paying the tribute due to his memory; however it may account for the abundance of statues which we have erected, in the vain hope of immortalizing people who have shed neither glory nor light of any sort upon the English nation.

§ 6.

As part of the biography of Shakspeare, it would have been very desirable to have ascertained the order in which his plays were written. It would have exhibited the gradations, and, perhaps, fluctuations, of his intellect, and have cast light on many questions of great interest relating to the works themselves; but, unfortunately, this must still remain doubtful. The subject has been frequently discussed; and trifling facts have from time to time arisen, proving that certain plays had been actually performed when, as was once supposed, they existed only in the imagination of the author. But nothing like satisfactory evidence has been produced to shew at what precise time any one play was written. We know that some plays were printed, and that others were represented, in certain years. But we do not know how long before those years these dramas were actually composed, nor whether other plays, which were made public at a later date, were not then in existence.

For my own part, I think that, in determining the chronology as well as the authenticity of Shakspeare's plays, there is, after all, no evidence like the internal evidence; no proof like the plays themselves. Other proofs may be, and have, in similar cases, repeatedly been found fallacious. But there is no retrograding in point of style; no going back from the style of vigorous manhood, or even the neatness and fastidiousness of later life, to the loose, unsettled character which invariably betrays the youthful writer. A date may be incorrectly given; a report may be without foundation; a second edition may be mistaken for a first; and the work which is published to-day, may, in manuscript, have many predecessors. In Shakspeare's case, the doubts are so strong and numerous, that we are thrown back altogether upon conjecture. Had the great author, indeed, left anything which could have enabled us to unravel the mystery, the question might have assumed another aspect; but, in the absence of all information from himself, we cannot do better, as I have said, than consult his works.

The principal point of interest is as to those *plays* with which he commenced his labors; for we have his own acknowledgment, that "the first fruit of his invention" was the *poem* of "VENUS AND ADONIS." If it could be satisfactorily ascertained that "TITUS ANDRONICUS" and the First Part of "HENRY THE SIXTH" were written by him, I should be disposed to place them at the commencement of the list. But I doubt their authenticity; and I altogether disbelieve all reports and dissent from all opinions which aim at fathering upon him "SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE," "THOMAS, LORD CROMWELL," and "THE YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY." They are decidedly spurious: and the circumstance of Schlegel having pronounced his deliberate conviction that those wretched performances "unquestionably" belonged to Shakspeare, — nay, that they "are amongst his best and maturest works," — is almost enough to beget a doubt as to the originality of some of his own critical opinions.

"TITUS ANDRONICUS," the First Part of "HENRY THE SIXTH," and "PERICLES," are said to contain passages which shew, beyond all question, that Shakspeare was their author. But short passages, having the stamp of Shakspeare, prove no more than that he occasionally retouched and invigorated the dramas that came before him; a circumstance which is by no means improbable. In respect to "PERICLES," I think, from a careful reading of the play, that the three last acts were undoubtedly written by Shakspeare. No other man could write in the same style, or in a style so good. The two first acts are, indeed, very unlike his composition; and there is something in the early part of the plot that, I suspect, never originated in his invention. "TITUS ANDRONICUS" and the First Part of "HENRY THE SIXTH," are in a different predicament. In the more material qualities of a play, — in character, in plot, in spirited intelligent dialogue, — these two dramas are deficient. Talbot (in the latter play) is a bold sketch, and the scene between him and the Countess of Auvergne, is striking and dramatic; but, in the main, the *dramatis personæ* differ but little from each other, whilst the level style of verse, and the brutal treatment of the Maid of Orleans at the close, betray, as it seems to me, the hand of an inferior dramatist. However Shakspeare may have yielded to the national prejudices of his age, he was too noble and humane to have attempted to justify upon the stage that most atrocious tragedy, in which the English barbarians of the time consummated their renown, by burning to death an enemy who was at once a woman and their prisoner. Amongst the ineradicable stains upon the arms of England (small and few in number, I trust), this diabolical act of the murder of the Maid of Orleans stands out blackest and unparalleled.

In regard to "TITUS ANDRONICUS," it has always appeared to me to have issued from the same mint, and to bear the same stamp as "LUST'S DOMINION," which is known to have been produced by Marlowe. With the exception of one beautiful passage, there is the same style of verse (totally unlike that adopted in Shakspeare's known plays), the same exaggeration and confusion of character, the same mock (with occasional real) sublimity, which the tragedies of Marlowe present; and, above all, the same villanous ferocity and bloodthirstiness which Marlowe delighted to indulge in, and which Shakspeare's far-sighted genius altogether disdained. Marlowe (although he has fine and even grand bursts of poetry) stands forth, the historian of lust and villany, and the demonstrator of physical power; whilst Shakspeare is ever the champion of humanity and intellect.

If the two last-mentioned plays may, contrary to my expectation, claim Shakspeare for their author, then I

think that they must have been the earliest of his dramatic productions; and, in all probability, the Second and Third Parts of "HENRY THE SIXTH" speedily followed; for the style throughout is like that of Marlowe, although those "parts" present more subtle and numerous distinctions of character than that dramatist has ever drawn.

About this time Shakspeare must have begun to assume an independent style in his plays; and now, I imagine, he composed the "Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA." This play has, in all respects, a youthful character, and it is undoubtedly his. Almost all the similes and sentiments have reference to love, without the intermixture of weightier matter. The meter is wanting in pliancy and sinew; but the occasional sententious lines, the play upon words, the style and quality of the comedy, with its jokes dovetailed and full of retorts, all point him out as the author. It is a slight play compared with many others of later date; but there is a passion and freshness in it, as though it had been breathed forth in that time of year when April

"Had put a spirit of youth in everything."

Perhaps "LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST" may be placed next. It is a decided advance in power, in style, and even in dramatic skill. With the exception of Launce (in whom the germ of much that afterwards blossomed out is obvious), and, perhaps, of Julia, there is little of character in the "Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA." But Biron and Rosaline, Boyet, Armado and his page, Moth ("that handful of wit"), Holofernes, and Costard, are all clear outlines, although all of them may not be very strong. And some of the poetry in this play is, as mere poetry, equal to that of Shakspeare's maturer time. The aphorism

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it,"

is profound and Shakspearian. The play itself looks as though it rested on some event in the history of Provence, in times when the Troubadours figured in the solemn masquerades of Love. The two principal characters, Biron and Rosaline, were afterwards recast by Shakspeare, with some alterations, and appear under the names of Benedick and Beatrice.

In what order the rest of the plays followed, at what period the greatest dramas were produced, and what was the final work of this unequalled poet, I will not pretend to guess. As a general principle, however, I would say, that the plays in which signs of imitation (particularly imitation of style) are manifest, should be accounted the earliest; and that those wherein the poetry is redundant and far exceeds the necessities and purposes of the story, should be held to have preceded, in point of time, the great and substantial dramas, in which the business of the play is skillfully wrought out, and where the poetry springs out of the passion or humor of the characters, and serves to illustrate and not to oppress them. In conformity with this view, I think that the "WINTER'S TALE," although perhaps not actually performed until the year 1611, can never have been the last work of Shakspeare. It is far more like the labor of his youth. That the "TEMPEST" should have been the last play is far less unlikely; and I would fain connect it, if possible, with his farewell to the stage, were it only for those beautiful and melancholy words of Prospero, with which *he* (another enchanter) abandons his "so potent art:"

"This rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book."

PART II.

§ 1.

WHATEVER doubts may exist concerning the parentage or education of Shakspeare; — concerning his residence, his mode of life, his progress from poverty to wealth; or concerning the order of his dramas, shewing thereby his ascension from the immaturity of boyhood, to that full perfection of mind which he afterwards attained; there can be none as to the quality of his intellect, nor, in my opinion, as to the vast benefits which he conferred upon the world.

Poetry, the material in which Shakspeare dealt, has been treated often as a superfluity — as a thing unimportant to mankind, and as a luxury against which sumptuary laws might be fairly leveled. This is the opinion of men of literal understanding, who, seeing no merit in poetry because it differs from science, and overlooking its logic, which is involved instead of being demonstrated, pronounce at once against it. It is more especially an opinion of the present age; an age in which the material world has been searched and ransacked to supply new powers and luxuries to man; and in which the moral world has been too much neglected.

We do not encourage the poet; but we encourage the chemist and the miner, the capitalist, the manufacturer. We encourage voyagers, who penetrate the forests of Mexico, the South Indian pampas, and the sterile tracts of Africa beyond the mountains of the moon. These people tell us of new objects of commerce; they bring us tidings of unknown lands. Yet, what a vast unexplored world lies about us! what a dominion, beyond the reach of any traveler — beyond the strength of the steam-engine — nay, even beyond the power of material light itself

THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

to penetrate — is there to be attained in that region of the brain! Much have the poets won, from time to time, out of that deep obscure. Homer has bequeathed to us his discoveries, and Dante also, and our greater Shakspeare. They are the same now, as valuable now, as on the day whereon they were made. In our earth, all is for ever changing. One traveler visits a near or distant country; he sees traces (temples or monuments) of human power; but unforeseen events, earthquake or tempest, obliterate them; or the people who dwell near them migrate; the eternal forest grows round and hides them; or they are left to perish, for the sake of a new artist, whose labors are effaced in their turn. And so goes on the continual change, the continual decay. Governments and systems change; codes of law, theories philosophical, arts in war, demonstrations in physics. Everything perishes except Truth, and the worship of Truth, and Poetry which is its enduring language.

And now, when I am about to speak of some of the great qualities of Shakspeare, I do not propose to be very critical. It is better to approach him with, as I think Mr. Coleridge has suggested, an "affectionate reverence." It is safer to err on the side of too much respect. I am unwilling to discuss, at length, his (so called) want of utility, or his morality, or his historical, geographical, or verbal errors; some of which last may be ascribed to the age he lived in, whilst others may be safely placed to the account of interpolators or transcribers of his plays. Besides, our poet deals with subjects so many and so various, and he is of so high an intellect, that I dare not venture to speak of him as of any other writer. He has been denounced lately, I hear, as an offender against letters; stripped and hacked and scarified, to satisfy the bad humor of some very unenviable person. I have forborne to read this libel against the greatest man that the world has produced, being already sufficiently acquainted with the freedom of preceding critics.

The flattery or good nature of these writers (now an important body) has done but little harm. No book can live and take its permanent place, unless it has in itself the seeds of vitality. But the injury which literature suffers from dishonest, malignant criticism, is very great. It is true, that a commanding genius is not to be repressed by malevolence or envy: and it is true, perhaps, that merit of every order will make its way in the end, and secure its due reputation. But, in the meantime, we, the cotemporaries, are defrauded of the fruits gathered in for us; and the laborer is cheated of his hire. Readers of books are for the most part an indolent race. They prefer taking the opinions of the present or last generation, to searching for those which are a century old. In fact, men associate themselves insensibly with the people of their age. Their habits, including even the habit of thinking, run very much in the same current. An original thinker will indeed accept nothing upon hearsay; he will investigate and judge for himself. But the rank and file of man hug an error to their souls; repeat and propagate it, till even Truth is for a time discomfited. The fact is, that fame sometimes depends upon a happy conjunction of influences. Not only Pallas and Apollo, but Jove and Mercury also, must assemble and determine the point. The old dramatists of England lay inhumed, without mark or epitaph, for 170 years. At last, a clerk in the India House, whose taste led him to ponder over ancient books, pierced the darkness in which they lay, and saw their value. It was as though a diver, suddenly let down in some remote spot of the ocean, had beheld these "sumless wrecks and sunken treasures," and had brought up wealth inexhaustible, rich gems, and gold, and antique ornaments, — for ages neglected or forgotten!

Shakspeare himself has suffered, in his time, from commentators and critics, foreign and domestic. The opinions of Voltaire, even now, interfere with the progress of his fame in France. Our great poet, however, has, by dint of his irrepressible power, risen above all ordinary impediments which beset the course of authors,

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,"

and has taken his station at the head of all. In this country, at least, he requires no defender; scarcely, indeed, an expounder of his meaning, notwithstanding the change that our language has undergone since his time. All that is left is to have some discretion in our worship; to enumerate some of his qualities; to reckon up, as far as space and one's own ability will permit, the good deeds that he has done; and thus leave him — in a new shape — tended and decorated by a new artist, his characters drawn out by the pencil, and many of his delicate fancies (as I think) delicately handled, to take his chance with the English public.

§ 2.

And here, it may be well to advert to some of the points on which others have already spoken. Amongst other titles to respect, Shakspeare has been styled the originator of our "romantic Drama." This phrase conveys a very erroneous, for it conveys a very insufficient, idea of what he did, even for the Drama. The word "romantic," either in its old signification (of "wild" or "improbable"), or coupled with its recent and more ludicrous associations, is, to the last degree, disparaging and untrue, as applied to him. That he pursued the lofty, the heroic, and the supernatural, and subdued them to his use, is well known; but probability and truth are the very qualities by which he is distinguishable, above all other writers. Taking the out line of his stories for granted (a necessary postulate), his plots are admirably managed; and his characters are absolutely living people; true in the antique time, true in his own, and true in ours:

"Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale
Their infinite variety."

To know what Shakspeare achieved, it is only necessary to look at the previous history of the stage. Before his time, the drama was a narrow region. With the single exception of the Greek drama, it bore no comparison, in any country, with the other departments of national literature. And even in Greece, as elsewhere, the drama was cramped and limited in its very nature. It did not extend beyond its own history, or superstitions; it dealt with a single event that was familiar to all, and in which the whole course of the story was visible from the outset to the end. It embodied the anger of Jove, the power of remorse, the pains and penalties of sinful or presumptuous men; or it reflected the distorted humors or singularities of the time, after the fashion of a farce or satire. This was the case throughout all antiquity.

MEMOIR OF AND ESSAY ON

In our own rude beginnings, the same meagerness of outline and poverty of character prevailed; without any of the grandeur of thought, or beauty of language, which distinguished the drama of Athens. As Æschylus had given to the ancients, Diana and Apollo, Strength, Force, and the Furies; so the English Mysteries and Moralities presented to our forefathers Knowledge, and Good Councill, and Death, and Satan the Devil, and the rest. The names of such personages sufficiently announce their errands, and shew that the object of these little dramas was simply didactic. They conveyed moral and religious lessons to communities who were unacquainted with books; and possessed, we may imagine, some extrinsic attractions, which drew together spectators and auditors whom the homilies of the ecclesiastics had failed to collect.

The growing intelligence of the public could not, however, long rest content with these inartificial dramas; and accordingly Tragedy and Comedy began, simultaneously, about the time of the birth of Shakspeare, to manifest themselves in more regular shapes upon the English stage. This dawn announced a coming day. Yet, there is nothing in this period, except the plays of Marlowe, that need detain us; although Peele has sweet and flowing lines, and Lily some charming passages, in which he has revived all the romance and more than the sentiment of the ancient Grecian fables. Marlowe was the only great precursor of Shakspeare. He was far from a perfect dramatist. His characters are defective in discrimination, in delicacy, and in truth. Nevertheless, he was a daring and powerful writer, and his "mighty line" is known, by reputation at least, to all readers of English literature. Some of his thoughts and images are not unworthy of Shakspeare himself. The well-known lines —

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

may be referred to as a fine instance of imagination. His bold, reckless heroes, however, are carried to the very limits of extravagance, and his women are extravagant also, or without mark. He is altogether of the earth, earthy: he riots in the sensual and diabolical, and tramples down all probabilities. And yet, amidst all this, are interspersed proud and heroic thoughts, classical allusions, harmonious cadences, that elevate and redeem his dramas from, otherwise, inevitable disgust. For some of these faults Marlowe was himself answerable, but many of them may be fairly ascribed to the barbarism of his age.

§ 3.

Such was the state of things when Shakspeare came; the good Genius who brought health and truth, and light and life, into the English drama; who extended its limits to the extremity of the earth, nay, into the air itself; and peopled the regions which he traversed, with beings of every shape, and hue, and quality, that experience or the imagination of a great poet could suggest.

The benefits which Shakspeare bestowed upon the stage may possibly be readily admitted, although the precise nature of those benefits must, by most readers, be taken upon trust. But the full importance of his writings to the land he lived in, will never, perhaps, be generally understood. Their effect can scarcely be exaggerated. The national intellect is continually recurring to them for renovation and increase of power:

"As to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

They are a perpetual preservative against false taste and false notions. Their great author is the true reformer. He stands midway between the proud aristocracy of rank and wealth, and that "fierce democratie" which would overwhelm all things in its whirl; a true philosopher; a magician more potent than his own Prospero, and never otherwise than beneficent and wise.

There is no part of the drama which he did not amend. Until his time (for Marlowe's tragedy is merely speckled and bespotted by vulgar farce) the grave and the comic were never permitted to unite. Tragedy was barred out from Comedy by some traditional law. The picture presented was either gloomy and without relief, or it was trivial and jocose, wanting in depth and stability. The true aspect of human nature, therefore, which is various and always changing, had never been seen upon the stage. Instead thereof, a mask, hideous or grotesque, as the case might be, but always inflexible, was exhibited for our edification or amusement; and we were taught to laugh only with people who could never be serious, or to sympathise with heroes to whom it would be derogatory to smile. This defect, a defect under which the great Athenian dramas labor, Shakspeare remedied; not by engrafting temporary jests or fleeting fashions upon the enduring form of tragedy, but by blending and interweaving humors which are common to all men, with the passions that are also common to all. The humors, and jealousies, and vanities of Illyria, of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, of the Isle of Prosper, of the Forest of Arden, — are they not such as we encounter in England every day?

The quality of Shakspeare's mind was precisely such as is required to form a great dramatist; for he was not only absolutely free from egotism and vanity, but joined to an intellect of the very first order, he possessed an affection or sympathy that embraced all things.

No vain man, and, as I believe, no bad man, can ever become a great dramatist. First, throughout the entire play he must altogether forget himself. His characters must have no taint or touch of his own peculiar opinions. He must forget his own humors; he must forbear to manifest his own weaknesses; he must banish his own sentiments on every subject within the range of the play. He must understand exactly how nature operates on every constitution of mind, and under every accident; and let his *dramatis personæ* speak and act accordingly. And, secondly, he must have a heart capable of sympathising with all; with the hero and the coward; with the jealous man and the ambitious man; the lover and the despiser of love; with the Roman matron, the budding Italian girl, the tender and constant English wife; with people of all ranks, and ages, and humors, however widely they may differ from himself. It has been said that this power of depicting and appearing to sympathise with every passion, is, in fact, part of the intellect itself. If so, it has surely its source in the affections. And, indeed, I have always thought that a large portion of what we know, and what we are apt to ascribe solely to observation,

is in effect derived through the heart. The thousand little weaknesses, and troubles, and fluctuations, which the dramatic writer lays before us, are learned in great part from his own nature. It is the sympathy he feels for the character he creates, as well as the knowledge that he gains from the observation of such character, that enables him to paint human nature truly. No scrutiny, however minute or extended, and no power of mere intellect (meaning thereby reasoning only, or the imagination so far as its rests upon reason), could enable any author to detect the many little processes of the mind, the traits of humor and the affections, which Shakspeare has set forth. It is certain that, till his time, no man ever knew or could learn so much of the various good qualities and infirmities of human nature, as one may now learn from the mere study of his plays. No writer before his time ever mingled and made common cause, as it were, with people of all conditions. He was "one of the many." He did not set himself above the herd, and deal out oracular maxims and apothegms; but allowed and prompted every one to speak as Nature dictated. In a word, he evidently sympathized with all men; and, shewing this, he begat sympathy in his hearers. It is not the display of intellect on abstract subjects, nor the moral dogma, nor sententious wisdom in any shape, nor even the cunning analysis of character, so much as the power of attracting the sympathy of an audience, that commands success.

The judgment of Shakspeare was on a level with his intellect. There is no dramatist who approaches him in this respect. Ben Jonson, one of the most scientific of designers, is far below him in all that relates to the more important parts and real constitution of a play. The conduct of his plots is generally admirable, and the conduct of his *dramatis personæ* absolutely faultless. There is no playing at cross purposes, no confusion. Everything is in due order, in due subordination. There are many voices, but they are "matched in mouth like bells," each under each. In the construction of a drama, the dovetailing of the scenes, or even the probability of the story, is not of the highest moment. It is the entire harmony of the play, its completeness within itself (the story or premises being admitted), that constitutes its main charm and merit: it is, in fact, the relation which one character bears to another; the due blending of thoughts and incidents; one voice answering to another; one thought or event following another, like the consequence the cause; no object standing out, staring without meaning, disjointed, unallied to the rest; but all rounded off, classed, arranged: the light deepening into shadow, the darkness gradually emerging into light.

§ 4.

In regard to the characters drawn by Shakspeare, I do not recollect one in his undoubted dramas, that is not at once true, consistent, and complete. Our great poet never squares or clips a character to suit any preconceived theory; but permits each to do his best (or worst) as nature or education may inspire. "Accommodate," he says, "is a good word;" but to accommodate or remould nature in order to fit a theory or demonstrate a problem, is a sacrifice of truth to conjecture; and Shakspeare in essentials never sacrificed truth. Fault has been found with the construction of some of his plays—as with the "WINTER'S TALE," for instance, or the fairy dramas—for doing violence to probability or the unities; but let the characters upon whom he has set his stamp once appear, and I defy the critic not to admit that every one is wrought out of the true metal. Not one of them is a mask, or a voice, or a chorus; but a man complete. The words he utters belong to himself, and to no one besides. Even the change which we observe to take place in some of his dramatic personages, is one of the strongest proofs of their completeness and truth. That fluctuation which to an ordinary writer might seem to be a deviation from character, he knew to be one of its constituent parts: for the condition of man is complex and various. He is not built up by nature as a case or sounding-board for one particular note, grave or sharp; but for the whole diapason. To draw a character who shall stand up as the stiff representative of a single virtue, is to betray a woful ignorance of humanity. The virtues, as well as the vices, of man never come singly, but in troops. They abide with us, perhaps, but they are not rigid or inflexible. On the contrary, they change and are modified by many causes. The brave man of to-day may, like Macbeth, be a coward to-morrow; and the nerves of a Richard, who was yesterday foremost in the battle, may to-day be shaken by a dream.

In the mechanical drama (so to speak)—in that which is formed without flexibility or variety in the characters or verse, like some of the French tragedies—there is a regular progress of puppets from the beginning to the end; the same voice of the same ventriloquist guiding them on, without fluctuation or pause. Nothing disturbs the monotony and weariness of the scene; nothing elevates or depresses the dialogue, which is always in *alt*. One personage is a tyrant, another a lover, a third a warrior, a fourth a friend; and each delivers himself duly of the maxims which belong to the virtue or passion which he is thus engaged to represent. They are all, in short, abstractions, and not men. Now, Shakspeare's characters are not abstractions, nor are they mere sections of character. They are entire and complete. Neither are they mere characters standing alone or aloof. Each shews the relation he bears to others, and how he is operated upon by them. So Coriolanus, Macbeth, and Othello, exhibit the different phases of their character, according to the light cast upon them by the presence of other persons, or by the predominating passion of the scene. Yet the physical courage and moral weakness of Macbeth, the fierce pride and relenting affection of Coriolanus, the calm command and stormy turbulence of Othello, are qualities naturally linked to each other, and harmonize with each other; as the different events of human life are connected and reconciled by various influences; by time or age, the ingratitude of children, the depression of fortune, or other causes. Sometimes, the greater passions are more completely developed and made manifest by the introduction of trivial objects. And this, which perhaps originated in the wide sympathy of Shakspeare for all men, teaching him to despise none, is at once evidence of his supreme skill. Observe how the brutality of Caliban, and the drunken fooleries of Trinculo and Stephano, throw out in grand relief the grave majesty of Prospero, and contrast with the fresh simplicity of Miranda. So the stilted verse of the Players gives value to the natural words of Hamlet; and the fripperies of Osrick are effective as a prologue to the tragic duel. The loose Iachimo and vulgar Cloten make us look with double respect on the chaste and lonely Imogen; and the idiotic merriment of the Fool (strangely weighted and kept down by a sort of instinctive wisdom or shrewdness) brings out the madness and sublimity of Lear; acting, by contrast, like a little light, which develops the darkness of the region around.

How Shakspeare arrived at his conclusions, and mastered the difficulties of character, is a subject that has not

yet been fathomed. Perhaps he could not himself have explained it so as to make it intelligible to all. Was it intuition, experience, or meditation, that led to those happy creations which no one has equaled? He painted, seemingly, partly from individual nature, but not wholly. His characters are not copies of particular men or women, for they have the general qualities which belong to their class. Neither are they abstractions (as we have said) of any vice or virtue, for they sometimes abound with humors and infirmities not often found in company with it. Perhaps he may have sketched from persons whom he had seen, and made up what seemed to be wanting in them, or rather what he had had no opportunity of discovering, out of his knowledge of what belonged to human nature; or he illustrated certain qualities of the mind which are usually or frequently found together, after studying instances of individual nature.

If Shakspeare ever selected a single passion as the subject for tragedy (which I doubt), he at least qualified it, and forced it to bend to circumstances, to temperament, to education, or other antagonist causes. Moreover, he surrounded its representative with personages of a different order, opposite or subordinate; and by these means relieved his drama from the bareness and monotony which would otherwise have been inevitable. Thus, Othello is not simply a jealous man, nor is Macbeth merely ambitious. The first is predisposed for his fate by his tropical birth and his martial calling; the other is by nature easy, speculative, and infirm. In each case, the master-passion is not in the commencement obvious. It is dormant, but capable of being awakened into a power that becomes resistless.

The error of some writers of fiction has been that they have taken a cardinal vice, and severing it from all qualities that might have attended it, have left it single and unsupported, the sole end and object of the play. Others have smoothed down the inequalities of character, for the sake of a noble outline. Sometimes the historian has led the way, and the dramatist has slavishly followed him. Such authors have seen nature through books. Instead of this, they should have looked directly at man himself, examined him, and studied him, as they would a wonder never yet sufficiently known. It is quite clear, that no one can ever become a great dramatist who shall take the world "upon trust."

As bearing upon this part of the subject, I may be excused for devoting a paragraph to the question of "the learning of Shakspeare." Several writers have perplexed themselves and their readers in endeavoring to ascertain the amount of Shakspeare's learning. In itself, it is a matter inexpressibly unimportant. It is of no importance to us, or to his own fame. Could the precise amount of his learning be weighed out in critical scales (a thing quite impossible), it would neither diminish nor add to his merit. He must rest content, crowned with bays, instead of the doctor's cap.

It is possible, I think, that a man may be encumbered by too much learning: not that he is likely to know too much either of a language or a people; but that, together with the advantages which accompany learning, there present themselves too many models for imitation. One cannot read Homer, without admiring his grand and masculine style; nor Dante, without being impressed by that deep, glowing intense earnestness which carried him on to the end of his extraordinary task. It is necessary to the performance of an original work that a man should be thrown upon his own resources; that he should not be beset by the temptation of following in the track of others, whom he cannot but admire, and whom it is so much easier to imitate than surpass. The indolence of human nature is sometimes found allied to its ambition; and the man who desires fame, or wealth, or power, however he may possess the active principle, sufficient to succeed in any case, is yet ready enough to accomplish his end with as little expense of thought or labor as he can.

It is, I believe, this misfortune (namely, the multitude of models), that impedes the advancement of modern painters. They are oppressed and bewildered by the abundance and magnificence of the Italian schools. They stumble over the statues of antiquity, when they should be taking their way apart, and seeking the true road to the summit of the hill of Fame. Some of the works of the Carracci, of Dominichino, and Guido, are wonderful for color and effect. Yet they always force upon us the conviction that they would not have been what they were, but for the excellence of preceding painters. They would have been worse, or better.

Luckily for Shakspeare, although he had some predecessors in the drama, there was no one sufficiently great to induce him to follow in his track. His early and casual imitations of Marlowe were soon abandoned. This was to be expected; for every poet has, I imagine, begun his career by being in some degree an imitator. The scale and alphabet of his art being already existing, he consults and uses them for a short time; casting them away as the consciousness of his own power becomes better known. Thus Shakspeare's genius speedily rose above all aid and entanglements, and shewed itself, strong, original, and triumphant. It enabled him to look down upon the Roman times, and upon the age of the Plantagenets, as from a pinnacle. He did not become, as the more learned Jonson did, a transcriber from Cicero or the Latin classics: but, adopting all that was valuable in historians and orators, he passed beyond them, and surveyed the whole Roman people, from the wars of Coriolanus to the fall of the triumvir, Antony, like one who had the world at his feet, and who set down what he *saw* before him, and not what he had read translated in books.

§ 5.

The plays of Shakspeare appear to divide themselves into certain classes, viz., the Historical Plays (comprising therein the English and Roman histories, and also "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," which is allied to history); the Comedies; and the Tragedies; to which perhaps may be added a miscellaneous class, consisting of those dramas which are founded on fairy mythology, and those in which neither tragedy nor comedy can be said to prevail.

In the Historical Plays, one is first struck by the fidelity which Shakspeare has displayed throughout all the scenes (many of them necessarily fictitious) which constitute and complete the story, and the skill with which he has disposed and managed a crowd of characters. The Roman dramas seem to us even more real than the English; but this arises from the circumstance of the former being founded on events which happened in more remote times, thus preventing us from comparing, with the same severity, the sayings and doings of the personages of the play with the manners of actual life. Of all these plays, "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" appears to me to stand the first. For variety of character, for grandeur of thought, for pathos, and tragic situation, and for all the "pride, pomp,

and circumstance," which give effect to the stage, this may challenge comparison with any other drama. All is in the "high Roman fashion" — in the most magnificent style of tragedy. Hazlitt has said finely and characteristically (when speaking of it), that "Shakspeare's genius has spread over the whole play a richness like the overflowing of the Nile." Amongst the English historical plays, "RICHARD THE THIRD" exhibits the most intellectual and commanding character, although it has less variety than some others, and comprises few sentences of great poetical interest.

The Comedies are not mere comedies of manners, which are fleeting, but transcripts of humors, which are lasting and belong to human life. Foremost of these, must be placed the two parts of "HENRY THE FOURTH," in which, however, there is an admixture of the heroic. It is only necessary to refer to these matchless productions, to shew the abundance that Shakspeare has poured into them. In the "Second Part" there are not less than twenty characters, all clearly marked out, and kept entire and distinct throughout the play. It is impossible to confound one with another. The wit of Falstaff (the most remarkable comic creation on record) illustrates both plays; whilst the chivalrous characters of Hotspur and Glendower, the gravity of Henry, the alternate compunction and levity of his son, and the whole bustle and incident of the story, render it, to all classes of auditors, a performance at all times full of interest.

There is no space here to go through the tragic and comic plays *seriatim*, and shew their manifold wonders. They are each beyond rivalry in their way: although the tragedy is superior to the comedy, by so much as that which is serious is superior to that which is jocose. This has been already insisted upon by other writers.

But let us not forget the fairy dramas. The "TEMPEST" and the "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" deserves a better defender than I can hope to be. The supernatural machinery which Shakspeare has adopted in these and other plays has been decried, as being little better than that of nursery fables. This, as it appears to me, is mistaking the quality and object of a play. The supernatural is a legitimate portion of the drama. It is as much so as any circumstance which we are apt to call improbable or unnatural, but which in every instance has been outdone by facts. All depends on the mode of introducing the supernatural, and on the use made of it by the poet. Whatever affects the imagination, and excites the sympathies of an audience, may be pronounced fit for the stage. It is only when the childish and ignorant are wrought upon, leaving the mature mind unaffected, that the supernatural becomes absurd. It is, in short, the quantity of intellect thrown into fictions of this order, which determines their general fitness to appear before the world. Taking into consideration the mechanism and general exterior of a represented play, all plays commence as improbabilities. No one begins by being deluded. He knows at the outset that a wooden stage is before him, and that actors are about to represent a fiction. But if, with this indispensable disadvantage, the poet succeeds in exciting the sympathy of the spectator, and makes him for awhile forget the humble appliances of his art, then the drama may be said to be triumphant. In reference to this subject, it should not be forgotten that many characters and effects have been brought upon the stage, which certainly never had any existence in the history of human affairs. These are as essentially opposed to fact as the fairies and ghosts of Shakspeare; and yet we do not object to them, because we say that they are "natural." But, are not Titania and Oberon natural? Is not Ariel natural? Is not Caliban natural? nay, is he not a thousand times more natural and more impressive than the pompous perfections and inflated heroes of the French stage?

I shall not attempt to classify the merits of Shakspeare's tragedies; but, as a comparison has frequently been instituted between the four great tragedies, "MACBETH," "HAMLET," "OTHELLO," and "LEAR," I may venture to recur to them. In "MACBETH," it is said, there is an unity of interest, a rapidity of event, and a combination of the human and supernatural, that place it the first, in these respects, in point of excellence. "LEAR" is more sublime, I think, all human and passionate as it is, and has meanings more profound than the other, and exhibits greater variety and contrast of character. "HAMLET," beyond the rest, develops and lays bare the innermost thoughts and workings of a single mind. But, to my thinking, "OTHELLO" is the most substantial and complete of all his plays. Less refined than "HAMLET," less imaginative than "MACBETH," and less terrible and impressive than "LEAR," it is, for variety and development of character, more complete than the others. "MACBETH" is chiefly a tragedy of events. There are no characters, except those of Macbeth and his awful wife. Macbeth himself, indeed, is an entire biography; and the "Lady" is grandly drawn; but otherwise the play (with deep respect be it said) is meager in character. "LEAR" — in which we are whirled about by the passion of the scene, as the old disrowned heartbroken king is by the fury of the elements, is more loosely hung together than "OTHELLO;" and Hamlet, who at first sight appears to be more thoroughly portrayed than any other personage of the stage, will be found, I think, to exhibit his own thoughts, chiefly on abstract and indifferent subjects, rather than to develop his character; always the main object in dramatic fiction. In "OTHELLO," on the other hand, there are seven characters completely and thoroughly distinguished. There are Brabantio (the model of Priuli), Cassio, Roderigo, Iago, Emilia, Desdemona, "the gentle lady married to the Moor," and finally Othello, the Moor himself; and to these must be superadded the most absorbing human interest, remarkable variety in the characters, and the most compact and natural story of any within the compass of the English drama. Shakspeare has drawn the Moor with great magnanimity. He has disdained the ordinary notes of preparation, and has gone at once to the main purpose of the play. At first view, nothing appears more unskillful and hopeless than to attempt to extract great interest from Othello. The qualities of the Moor seem precisely those which are opposed to the results which are afterwards so clearly derived from them. What is to be done with a man of extreme simplicity? one who is brave, honest, tranquil, generous, confiding, free from jealousy ("not easily jealous"), and little else? one whose perilous paths and romantic adventures are already traversed? The period of his wooing (always a great refuge for the dramatist) is over, and he comes quietly before us, without any obvious impediment in his way, from which we can foresee a tragic result. He has been moderate in his attachment; and his love, crowned with success, is a principle rather than a sentiment. It is a manifestation of his opinion, the assent of his mind to the high deserts of his bride, and not a humor, the quality of which is determined by the ebb or flow of his blood. He loved Desdemona, not for her beauty, but for her gentleness, her pity, her virtues. She felt compassion for his toils and dangers; and he "loved her that she did pity them." His love accordingly is not like common love, which is a willful passion, subject to all "the skiey influences," but is a tranquil, contented affection. Apparently, it is quite secure; sheltered, by his own nature and her truth, from all accidents. But wait! there is still one point from which it is assailable; and there Shakspeare, in his penetration, has struck. He sees the seeds of trouble in

Othello; the "color burned upon him." He sees that his tranquility arises not from temperament but education. He has been transplanted into the camp, and tamed, ever since he was seven years old—

"(Since these arms of mine had seven years' pith),"

by the habits of military obedience. But he is still the son of a burning soil. The Moor, indeed, is a person of great energy; not shewing itself in impetuous sallies, but in the grave and decisive conduct of a man accustomed to command. It is only when he quits this character, and loses all self-control, that his African blood boils over and consumes him. It is then that his passions rise up in rebellion against him. He has lost, as he imagines, not a phantasm, conceived in imagination or a dream, but a wife unequalled, on whom his soul was set, and whom his deliberate judgment entirely approved. His admiration was not a fancy but a conviction, resting upon the intrinsic worth of her he loved. All, therefore—affection, judgment, the grave opinion of a cautious mind, the hopes and habits of a life now settled down into happiness,—are torn up by the roots and overset. We behold his mind utterly wrecked; and the spirit, which fretfulness and impatience never weakened, now rages without check, and uncontrollable.

One of the characteristic marks of Othello is his language. Shakspeare forgot nothing. Othello is exhibited not only as a soldier, a tender husband, and a jealous man, but also as a Moor. As the drama proceeds, we see the Moorish blood running through and coloring everything he utters; as the red dawn flows in upon and illuminates the eastern sky. His words are as oriental as his dress,—ample, picturesque, and magnificent.

In running over the many dramas of Shakspeare, a thousand things occur to me that appear to deserve remark. There are his love of external nature, his graphic pictures, his humor, his sense of beauty, his appreciation of colors, of odors ("the air smells wooingly here"), of sweet sounds, and of everything valuable which the world affords. Observe how admirably his plays commence. You always hear the true note of preparation,—the keynote at the beginning. Observe the difference between his men and women: the men embodying the active principle; the women (with a few exceptions, such as Lady Macbeth and Beatrice) the passive virtues. The men are restless and ambitious, and cut their way to fortune: the women seem moulded to inhabit the circle in which they move. Observe the difference between his poetry and that of Fletcher and others. The latter are poetical in soliloquy or narration only. They cannot make their images bear upon active life. But, look at Shakspeare! his passion springs out of the passion or humor of the time:

"Rouse thyself! and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from thy neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air."

But I should require a volume were I to reckon up his minuter beauties, or to attempt to proceed *seriatim* through his plays; and I must, therefore, rest content with having said a few of the many things that press upon me for utterance. Saying what I have said, I leave the rest to future writers.

§ 6.

If the judgment and general intellect of Shakspeare be great, so is his style worthy of the thoughts which it enshrines. It is, beyond comparison, the most dramatic style extant. Some persons have insisted that he had no style, and have elevated this—which, if it existed, would be a defect—into a positive merit. To my thinking, the hand of Shakspeare can be traced more readily than that of any other dramatic writer. The style of Beaumont and Fletcher, or rather of Fletcher, is also very distinguishable from that of others; it is in fact so peculiar, that it degenerates into mannerism. But though the style of Shakspeare is his own, it contains a flexibility or variety—a power of adapting itself to the different exigencies of the drama—that rescues it from mannerism and monotony. With what incomparable skill his verse is fashioned; strong and firm without harshness, musical without weakness. An author and critic of great merit (Mr. Leigh Hunt) is disposed to prefer the versification of Beaumont and Fletcher to that of Shakspeare; who, he thinks, was led away by the attractiveness of Marlowe's verse. This opinion has been so ably and fairly encountered by Mr. George Darley, in his preface to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, that it leaves me little to do beyond referring to it. I may be permitted, however, to observe, that the verse of almost all our early dramatists was confined to ten syllables; and that the verse of Shakspeare, judging by his undoubted plays, cannot in fact be said to have been founded on that of Marlowe. The verse of Marlowe, like the verse of Peele, is wanting in dramatic fitness. It is too much like that in which narrative or epic poetry is conveyed. It is better, undoubtedly, than the verse of Peele, or of any other of his contemporaries, but in frequency, and especially in variety, of its pauses, it is often deficient. If Shakspeare indeed be (contrary to my surmise) the author of "TITUS ANDRONICUS," it must be admitted that he was, at the outset of his career, an imitator of the verse of Marlowe; but not otherwise.

In addition to the reasons urged by Mr. Darley against the versification of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is one other, namely, that the use of double and triple endings (which in fact constitutes their peculiarity) has a tendency to retard the dialogue, in all cases; and, therefore, should be very rarely used, except in soliloquy or narrative passages. In those cases, where the object is not to hurry on the interest, but in fact to operate as a relief or pause from the excitement of the play, these endings may be adopted with advantage; and accordingly we find that Shakspeare, who knew how to profit by all things, has recourse to this species of verse, in the soliloquies of Hamlet and other places. In those parts where events are rapidly proceeding, or where the *carte et tierce* of dialogue is fiercely going on, these endings are abandoned as an incumbrance.

In point of fitness, Shakspeare's style surpasses that of all other writers. Let it be observed, how to the common people, as clowns, servants, &c., he allots common prosaic speech, differing, however, in each case, as the character to whom it is allotted differs from others; and being grave or humorous, terse or loose, accordingly. But to the greater personages of the drama—whether raised by native heroism or intellect, or born to a high

condition, he gives noble and imaginative language, always appropriate and always adapted to sustain the purposes of the play. It is true that the individual character of certain historical persons, such as Richard the Second and Henry the Sixth, may seem scarcely to justify the fine poetry which they sometimes utter, but it is the *condition* of a king dethroned that requires it. Not that kings or heroes are for ever in the "Ercles" vein. Shakspeare knew that they jested and became prosaic like other men. And these occasional descents from high verse to familiar words, in the same person, may be defended on various grounds; sometimes by the quality of the people addressed, sometimes by the circumstance on which the dialogue turns, sometimes by the elevation or tension of the character being lowered or relaxed, in order to accommodate it to some exigency in the drama, or to produce some desirable effect.

The language of Richard the Third is that of a man of the world, bold, practical, and to the point: while that of Macbeth is speculative and imaginative. Yet both are ambitious men, and both brave men; only ambition in one case seems to advance upon an infirm and yielding nature and to excite it, and in the other it is sought by a resolute spirit, in whom the passion seems to have existed from his birth. The language of Henry the Eighth (a successful tyrant) differs from John, a tyrant surrounded by trouble. The lover Romeo differs from the lover Troilus: the capricious Cleopatra from the wanton Cressid: Thersites from Apemantus: and even Richard the Second (although both are kings, both weak, and both in the same state of adversity) from the husband of Margaret of Anjou. The same differences might be shewn by analyzing the characters of Shakspeare separately, and tracing the gradations and shades of language from the commencement to the end of the play. In Lear alone, there is first the generous kingly opening; then the violent language (degenerating into that awful curse) of a wilful monarch thwarted in his humor and self-love; then the bitter language produced by ingratitude; then the sublime pathos; then the babblings and wandering of madness; and, finally, the recurrence of tenderness towards his "joy, although the last not least," the true-hearted Cordelia, which immediately precedes his death.

I have, upon a former occasion, alluded to two distinguishing peculiarities in Shakspeare's style. One is that his speeches, instead of being directed or limited, for the time, to one person or one subject only, *radiate* (so to speak), or point on all sides, dealing with all persons present, and with all subjects that can be supposed to influence the speaker. The other distinction is, that the most subtle and profound reflections frequently enrich and are involved (parenthetically) in the dialogue, without impeding it: such as, in "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," where Antony speaks of

"Our alippery people
(Whose love is never linked to the deserver,
Till his deserts be past) begin to thin;"

and, in "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," where Ulysses says

"Right and wrong
(Between whose endless jars justice resides)
Should lose their names:"

and elsewhere in abundance.

In comparison with that of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson's style is crabbed, Beaumont and Fletcher's weak, loose, and disjointed, and Massinger's like that of a rhetorician. There is not in these, or in any other dramatic author, as far as I can recollect, a merit, be it of modulation or language, that has not been surpassed over and over again by Shakspeare.

It has been said that there is something occult in the language of true poetry: and, as there is something mysterious in the source of poetry, it *may* be that there is something mysterious and occult in its demonstrations; and that it is intelligible only, in its fullest extent, to persons of an apprehensive or imaginative intellect (so to speak), being themselves a-kin to poets. Yet perhaps, after all, it may be only the exquisite propriety and taste found in their words and phrases, that (in those parts where there is an absence of any strong evidence of imagination), determines the difference between the true poet, and the mere copyist or compounder of verse.

§ 7.

I have already adverted to the benefits which Shakspeare conferred upon his country; but I shall indulge myself in a few words more upon the subject.

There have been three events in the literary history of England, which, it is said, tended beyond others to raise the public mind out of the barbarism and ignorance of our early times. These were the translation of the Bible, the works of Bacon, and the dramas of Shakspeare. The first, whatever peril may have attended it by severing the Christian church into many sects, assuredly rescued our predecessors from much idolatry and the domination of an ambitious priesthood, and gave an impulse and independence to thought in matters of infinite moment. In like manner, Bacon dissipated the clouds which hung about science, and liberated Reason from the thralldom of precedent and custom. And, finally, Shakspeare arose, like a sun, scattering the darkness, and developing the shape and life of all things; a discoverer (beyond Cadmus or Columbus) of all the varieties of the human race, of all the good and evil, and power and weakness that belong to man. He has left nothing untouched, from the king dividing his dominions, to the insect "that we tread upon;" from the princely philosopher to the braggart and the idiot. His light has shewn upon all things, has penetrated all things, and drawn from all things a lesson and a moral, capable of invigorating the intellect and expanding the affections of every being capable of thought. Nor is it alone by what this great writer teaches, but by what he suggests, that we are to estimate his value. It is one of the unfailling signs of a true poet, that the seeds of wisdom which he strews before us should germinate and bring forth fruit. He does not borrow, for our edification, the commonplaces which have been familiar to us from our cradle, and which have ceased to incite us; he does not propound to us barren truths (facts); but he bears us away to "fresh fields" and "pastures," fertile as well as "new;" and amidst the mysteries and startling objects of a strange region, he leaves us to profit as best we may.

If Bacon educated the reason, Shakspeare educated the heart; yet not alone the heart but the reason also. He knew that by conquering the affections one great road to the intellect would be won. Moreover, in letting loose his imagination, he liberated at the same time the imaginations of other men; lifting them, as it were, to his own height and point of vision, and teaching them how to soar, and think, and speculate, in a manner never displayed before. He united the wisdom of the historian and the moralist. To the subtlety of a metaphysician he joined the acuteness of a writer on dialectics. He surpassed Æschylus in grandeur, Euripides in pathos, Aristophanes in wit. If the dramas of Shakspeare were resorted to as mere exercises of the intellect, they would be beyond all value. There is no school in which so much, or things so various, may be taught. There is in them, it is true, neither Latin nor Greek, neither hexameter nor pentameter. We hear nothing of the steam-engine, nor of the north-west passage (although sounds come to us

“From the still vexed Bermoothes”);

nothing of geometry or arithmetic, except that Michael Cassio was “an arithmetician.” But we behold the living world before us, teeming with its hopes and desires, its joys and throes, and agonies; the passions in all their forms; evil in its many shapes; and good intermixed with evil. We see the means and ends of government; the springs and effects of conduct; faction and loyalty; slavery and independence; confidence, envy, mistrust; all (as they are called) the accidents of life, mingled and interwoven with each other, and forming, if rightly read, a rule of conduct, a profound lesson, for every character and condition of life, from the beggar up to the king.

Various opinions have been formed as to the particular quality of mind for which Shakspeare was most eminent. I think, however, as I have heretofore said, that in all the cases where critics have attempted to distinguish him by any one particular excellence of intellect, they have failed. One writer has brought forward his imagination; another his sublimity or humor; whilst Mr. Gifford refers to his wit, — in which he has surely been equaled. If I myself were desired to point out any one quality as predominant above the rest, I should be inclined to fix upon the infinite delicacy of his mind, which (with equal subtlety and judgment) defined the thousand shades and varieties of human character, — all that lies between the good and the bad, the strong and the weak, the lofty and the low; or I might, perhaps, rest on that marvelous freedom from egotism, which enabled him to create so many beings (all with the true stamp or humanity upon them) without betraying a single touch of any humor or infirmity peculiar to himself. But I should do neither. For his great merit, as it appears to me, is, that he had no peculiar or prominent merit. His mind was so well constituted, so justly and admirably balanced, that it had *nothing in excess*. It was the harmonious combination, the well-adjusted powers, aiding and answering to each other as occasion required, that produced his completeness, and constituted, as I think, the secret of his great entire intellectual strength.

§ 8.

Something remains to be said, touching the moral effect of Shakspeare's writings. A few words must suffice.

The critics, with illustrious exceptions, and the sectarians of modern times, are continually striving to exalt authors of the didactic class above the rest of their brethren, by the distinguishing title of “moral writers.” In this category (which includes sometimes the great name of Milton), Cowper and Young, together with Mr. Pollock and some other inferior writers, are ranked; and none but these favored few are admitted into the houses of the stricter sects. The gates of those un-catholic temples are shut against the large body of poets, who are excluded as a lost or perilous race. And yet, between the (so called) pious and profane, the interval is not extremely wide. Nay, the object of each may be, and in fact often is, the same. No healthy poet or sensible man, I apprehend, ever meditated a story with a view of deducing from it a pernicious moral. Instances have arisen, in which a book having a good and honest design, has been marred in some degree by coarse and voluptuous passages; but these are comparatively rare; and after all, the parts to be reprehended must be taken into account, and balanced with the positive good which the works contain, before such works can be fairly set aside, or condemned as injurious to the general reader. The writings of Shakspeare himself, however, are singularly free from these objections. There is occasionally a coarseness of phrase which must be attributed to the age in which he lived: but he never tampered with truth, — never threw down the boundaries between vice and virtue, — never strove by voluptuous images to excite the passions, — nor by fallacious arguments to ensnare the mind or confuse the intellect upon any subject whatsoever.

The objections to the greater number of poets and fabulists (and to the dramatists in particular) lie, I imagine, not so much in their want of a good moral, as in their mode of illustrating it, — not so much in the end as in their means of arriving at the end. The bustling incidents of a story, the bright pictures of human happiness, the terrible truths which escape with throes out of our erring nature, and in a word the passions and absorbing interests of life, with whatever purpose presented, are all too real and stimulative to be tolerated by any sect who are “exclusives” in their own opinion, and in whose cold creed Charity (in its extensive sense) does not prevail. Yet the beautiful and touching parables of Scripture are surely as holy and as pregnant with wisdom, as the most moral proverb which the wisest of sages has bequeathed. It is well argued by Sir Philip Sidney — “Even our Saviour, Christ, could as well have given the moral common-places of uncharitableness and humbleness, as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of disobedience and mercy, as the heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his thorough-searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment.”

Shakspeare, like all other great imaginative writers, thought thus, and is therefore seldom didactic. He does not always paint even the virtues triumphant. It is by enlisting our *sympathies* on the side of those who are good, by exciting our pity for the injured, and our hatred towards the knave and the oppressor, that his moral effects are produced; not by merely predicting and insisting on a moral or consequence, as necessarily flowing from certain premises; for that may be insisted on and elaborated without producing any effect at all.

For my own part, I have no doubt but that Shakspeare (banished as he may be from some good men's tables)

was right, — right in his philosophy, right in his extensive charity, right in his morals, and right in his mode of demonstrating all. Had he ventured upon any other mode than the one he has chosen, he would have slighted, unwisely, the impulse of his genius, and would not have effected one-hundredth part of the good that he has produced. The soundness as well as importance of a writer may generally be learned from the number and quality of his admirers, better than from any labored analysis of his works, or any contrast drawn between him and others. A man who is at the head of a small *Sect*, is probably a person of small and eccentric mind, — influencing a few others, of a similar mean and distorted intellect. But the founder of a *Religion* must always be a mighty Spirit. No one who is the theme of reverence with a million intelligent minds, but must have propounded in his writings or doctrines much both of the good and the true. Throughout the language in which he wrote, Shakspeare is all supreme. There is not a sceptic or dissentient whose arguments are worth refutation.

That our great author may be imperfect, as he is said to be, is merely saying that he belonged to imperfect humanity. The flaws and errors of his dramas are few, however, and possibly owe their origin to interpolators; besides which, I must protest against such a process of judging. It is not by what a man occasionally fails or omits to do (for that may arise from hurry or accident) but by what he has *done*, that his capability and value must be decided. It is by the profound wisdom of Shakspeare, by his wonderful imagination, displayed in a thousand varieties of character, by his subtle and delicate fancies, his grand thoughts, his boundless charity, — nay, even by the music that steals into our souls, with the countless changes and fluctuations, from strength to sweetness, of his charming verse, that we must learn to regard him truly. But all this eulogy would be superfluous, except for a limited class of thinkers; for Shakspeare is now making his way through foreign countries and distant regions; vanquishing race after race, like the great conquerors of old; in spite of ignorance and prejudice, and imperfect teachers; and in the midst of dim and obscure interpretations, that would check the progress of any Spirit less potent and catholic than his own!

In the summer time, when the world is cheerful and full of life, let us regale ourselves with the laughing scenes and merry songs of SHAKSPEARE. In the winter evenings, when sadder thoughts come forth, let us rest upon his grave, philosophic page, and try to gather comfort as well as wisdom from the deep speculations which may be found there. At *all* times, let his "Book of Miracles" be near at hand: for, be sure that the more we read therein, the greater must our reverence be. And, if any intruder should tell us that all we ponder on and admire is mere matter of imagination and fancy; is shadowy, unreal, without profit; and that the end is — nought: bid him shew you the thing that is eternal, — or any effort of the human mind that has outlasted the dreams of Poetry. Have I said that they are dreams? Alas! what is there here that is so far beyond a dream? We ourselves (so our great poet says)

"Are of such stuff
AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF; AND OUR LITTLE LIFE
IS BOUND'ED WITH A SLEEP!"

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL :

FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c., decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini, 1616.

In the name of God, Amen. I, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, Gent., in perfect health and memory (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter, Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter, Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease, according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece, Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister, Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my sister, Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter, Judith, be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life; and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister, Joan, twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds a-piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall, all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl), that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford, aforesaid, ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe, my sword; to Thomas Russell, Esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collyns, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, Gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet (*Hamnet*) Sadler, twenty-six shillings eightpence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, Gent., twenty-six shillings eightpence, to buy him a ring; to my godson, William Walker, twenty shillings in gold: to Anthony Nash, Gent., twenty-six shillings eightpence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty shillings eightpence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eightpence a-piece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter, Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid, and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcome, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe: and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever: to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing, one after another; and to the heirs-males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs-males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece, Hall, and the heirs-males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter, Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter, Judith, my broad silver-gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, Gent., and my daughter, Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, Esq., and Francis Collins, Gent., to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRANCIS COLLYNS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATCOTT.

Probatum fuit testamentum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legem Doctore, &c., vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini, 1616, juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui. &c., de bene, &c., jurat reservata potestate, &c., Susannæ Hall, alt ex., &c., eam cum venerit, &c., petitur, &c.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

SHAKSPEARE.

AN EPITAPH
ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET,
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones:
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

UPON THE
LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENIC POET,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Those hands which you so clapped, go now and wring,
You Britons brave, for done are Shakspeare's days,
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turned all to tears; and Phoebus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crowned him Poet first, then Poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Death's public tiring-house), the Nuntius is:
For though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name must; when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakspeare's, every line, each verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age, — as Naso said
Of his, — thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though missed, until our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain to out-do
Passions "of Juliet, and of Romeo;"
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expressed,
Be sure, our Shakspeare, thou canst never die,
But crowned with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGONS.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

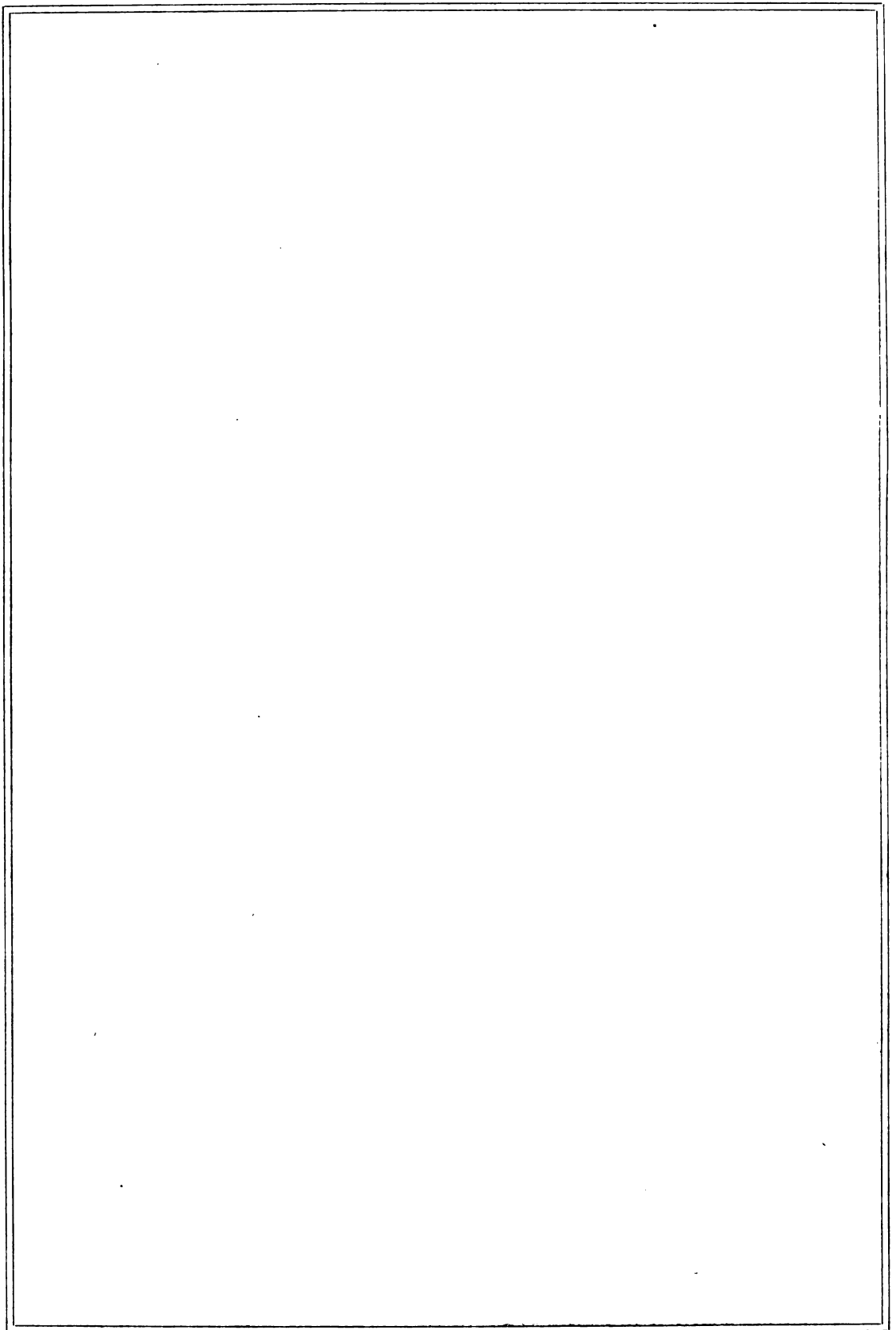
Prefixed as a Frontispiece to the first edition of his Works in
folio, 1623.

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face; the print would then surpass —
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

BEN JONSON.

MACBETH.





J. Haynolds.

P. Smith.

AS THE LIONESS

Introduction

The first two steps are the same as in the previous algorithm. The third step is to find the minimum value of the function $f(x)$ over the domain D . This can be done by finding the minimum value of the function $f(x)$ over the domain D . The minimum value of the function $f(x)$ over the domain D is the minimum value of the function $f(x)$ over the domain D . The minimum value of the function $f(x)$ over the domain D is the minimum value of the function $f(x)$ over the domain D .

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ntroductory Remarks.

PRE-EMINENT, even among the tragic creations of Shakspeare, stands the magnificent "MACBETH;"—its foundations deep in the darkest recesses of the human heart—its every buttress and pinnacle, "jutting, frieze, and coigne of vantage," radiant with the golden light that streams in prodigal abundance from the most poetic of imaginations.

All the constituents of a perfect tragedy are here combined, with a degree of success never probably before attained, and certainly not since. In this great drama, we find incident ever changing, congruous, progressive, and interesting; character richly diversified and exquisitely portrayed; dialogue teeming with every species of excellence; and, to crown all, moral teaching of the highest and purest tendency—not obviously obtruded, like the doctor's drench, but rapturously inhaled without an effort of the will, as the infant derives sustenance from the maternal bosom, unknowing of the great results to which its instincts are subservient. Philosophy delights to dwell on the profound thought, the practical wisdom, evolved from the speakers by the various exigences to which the progress of the plot in turn exposes them; Poetry revels in contemplation of the priceless jewels here collected to enrich her treasury; while Religion, pointing to the guilt-struck murderer, "listening the fear" of the sleeping grooms (conscious the while that he himself has slept his last), proclaims the poet her beloved ally; and reading her sternest lessons by the hallowed taper of fiction, needs no stronger evidence to warn the waverer from the lures of unholy and inordinate desire.

The "great argument" of MACBETH is derived from Holinshed's "HISTORY OF SCOTLAND." The story in itself is highly interesting, and has been expressly pointed out by Buchanan, as forming an eligible subject for the drama. The principal incidents on which the play is founded are briefly stated by the commentators, to this effect:—Malcolm II., King of Scotland, had two daughters, the eldest married to Crinan, father of Duncan (thane of the Isles and western parts of Scotland); and on the death of Malcolm without male issue, Duncan succeeded him. The second daughter of Malcolm married Sinel (thane of Glamis), the father of Macbeth. Duncan married either the daughter or sister of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, and was murdered by his cousin-german Macbeth, in the Castle of Inverness. According to Boethius, this event took place in 1045, in the seventh year of Duncan's reign. Macbeth then usurped the crown, and was himself slain by Macduff, in conformity with the play, in 1061; having thus reigned during the long period of sixteen years. Dramatic justice, however, required that punishment should overtake his crime with swifter wing. In the chronicle, also, Shakspeare found hints for the terrific character of Lady Macbeth, who is represented as strongly instigating her husband to the destruction of his sovereign, and as a woman "very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a Queen." With what surpassing power this rough material has been wrought upon, all can feel, but who can hope adequately to describe?

"MACBETH" was first printed in the original folio (1623). It is generally supposed to have been written in or about 1606. Three years previously, James I. ascended the English throne; and this circumstance possibly turned the poet's attention to Scottish history.

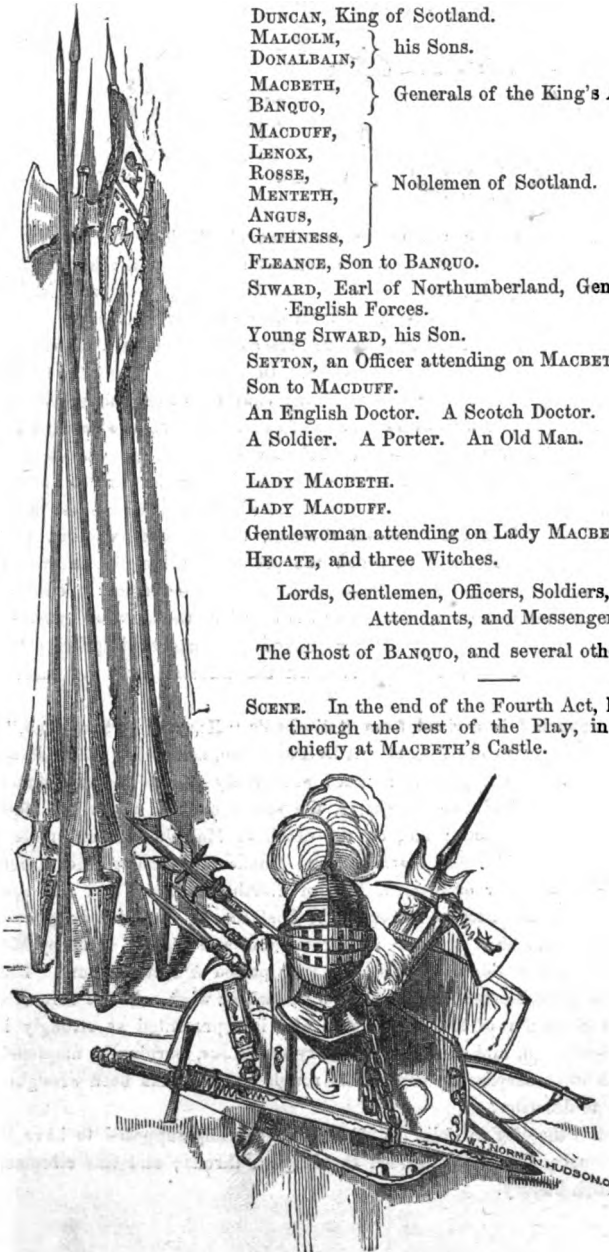
J. O.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
 MALCOLM, } his Sons.
 DONALBAIN, }
 MACBETH, } Generals of the King's Army.
 BANQUO, }
 MACDUFF, }
 LENOX, } Noblemen of Scotland.
 ROSSE, }
 MENTETH, }
 ANGUS, }
 GATHNESS, }
 FLEANCE, Son to BANQUO.
 SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the
 English Forces.
 Young SIWARD, his Son.
 SEYTON, an Officer attending on MACBETH.
 Son to MACDUFF.
 An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
 A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.
 LADY MACBETH.
 LADY MACDUFF.
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady MACBETH.
 HECATE, and three Witches.
 Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers.
 Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of BANQUO, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE. In the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England;
 through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and
 chiefly at MACBETH's Castle.



Macbeth.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter Three Witches.

1st Witch. When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2nd Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3rd Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

1st Witch. Where the place?

2nd Witch. Upon the heath:

3rd Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1st Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Fores. Alarum within.*

*Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding
Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shewed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion, carved out his passage,
Till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kernes to trust their
heels,

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
Our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;

So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds;
They smack of honor both.—Go, get him sur-
geons. [*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disburséd, at Saint Colmés' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall
deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Heath.

Thunder. *Enter the three Witches.*

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch. Killing swine.

3rd Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her
lap,

And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—

“Give me,” quoth I:

“Aroint thee, witch!” the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2nd Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1st Witch. Thou art kind.

3rd Witch. And I another.

1st Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed,
Look what I have.

2nd Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3rd Witch. A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Fores?—What are
these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can: What are you?

1st Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2nd Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3rd Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to
fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
Ye greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favors nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail!

2nd Witch. Hail!

3rd Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2nd Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3rd Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou
be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1st Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more!

By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting. — Speak, I charge
you. [Witches *vanish*.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind. 'Would they had stayed.

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The King hath happily received, Mac-
beth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured them down before him.

Ang. We are sent

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
dress me

In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combined with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:

The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill : cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise ; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him
Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their
mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may ;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor : my dull brain was
wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.—
Think upon what hath chanced ; and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die : who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons ;
Implored your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it : he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved ;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and
servants ;

Which do but what they should, by doing every-
thing

Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor which is not used for
you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! That is a
step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in MACBETH'S
Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

"They met me in the day of success; and I have
learned, by the perfectest report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire
to question them further, they made themselves—air,
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the
wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-
hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before,
these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the
coming on of time, with, 'Hail, King that shalt be!'—
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest

partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the
dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness
is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy na-
ture;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have,
great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have informed, for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: our thane is
coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse
[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, topfull
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!" — Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, — as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. — *The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH attending.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, & Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honored hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honors deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. — *The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the
stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes
and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then
't were well
It were done quickly. If the assasination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: Thus even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other—How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supped: Why have
 you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
 business:

He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valor,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'y thee, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What boast was it, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness
 now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
 How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
 As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail!
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail! When Duncan is asleep
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
 Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers? who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
 For thy undaunted metal should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
 Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth
 know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.**Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.**Ban.* How goes the night, boy?*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.*Fle.* I take 't, 't is later, sir.*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. — There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
 Restrain in me the curséd thoughts that nature
 Gives way to in repose! — Give me my sword: —

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
 Sent forth great largess to your officers:
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
 In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.*Ban.* All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
 To you they have shewed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.*Ban.* At your kindest leisure.*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, —
when 't is,
It shall make honor for you.*Ban.* So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.*Macb.* Good repose the while.*Ban.* Thanks, sir; the like to you.[*Exit BANQUO.*]*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. —

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
 clutch thee: —

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind: a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat oppresséd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
 pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his de-
 sign

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold :

What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.

Hark ! Peace !

It was the owl that shrieked ; the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it :

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugged
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*within.*] Who's there ? what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 't is not done : — the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't. — My husband ?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not
hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.

Did you not speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! —

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and
one cried "Murder !"

That they did wake each other. I stood and
heard them :

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us !" and "Amen,"
the other ;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
"Amen ?"

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep
no more !"

Macbeth does murder sleep ; the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care ;
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;" —

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more !" to all
the house ;

"Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no
more !"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why,
worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more ;

I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose ?

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures : 't is the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green — one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark!
more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know
myself. [*Knock.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The same.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*]

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turn-
ing the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock.
Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's
a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation
of plenty: Come in time, have napkins enough
about you; here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*]
Knock, knock: who's there i' the other devil's
name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could
swear in both the scales against either scale; who
committed treason enough for God's sake, yet
could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in,

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equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock;
who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor
come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:
come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, Knock: never at quiet?
What are you! — But this place is too cold for
hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought
to have let in some of all professions that go the
primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock-
ing.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the
porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late!

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially
provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes:
it provokes the desire, but it takes away the per-
formance: therefore, much drink may be said to
be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him,
and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him
off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes
him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion,
equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the
lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me:
but I requited him for his lie; and I think, being
too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
him;
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labor we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the King hence to day ?

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of
death ;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night : some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor
heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Macb. } What 's the matter ?
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece !

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

With a new Gorgon : Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves. Awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell : — Murder and treason !
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself ! up, up, and see
The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror ! [*Bell rings.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak.

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. — O Banquo ! Banquo !

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master 's murdered !

Lady M. Woe, alas !
What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pr'y thee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys : renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss !

Macb. You are, and do not know it :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped ; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father 's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had
done 't :

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows : they stared, and were dis-
tracted :

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and
furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;

And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore : Who could re-
frain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,
May rush and seize us ? Let's away ; our tears
Are not yet brewed.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and thence,
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*]

Mal. What will you do ? Let's not consort with
them :

To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well :

Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was, by a mousing owl, hawked at and killed.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most
strange and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so ; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That looked upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff :

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Rosse. Is 't known who did this more than
bloody deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day !
What good could they pretend ?

Macd. They were suborned :
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still :
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means ! — Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named ; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colm-kill ;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there ; — adieu ! —

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you ; and with
those
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,
As the weird women promised ; and I fear
Thou play'st most foully for 't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King ; LADY
MACBETH, as Queen ; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you, this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good
advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)

In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of
foot ;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. — [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night : to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with
you.

[*Exeunt LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
*Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men our
pleasure ?*

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. — *Exit Attendant.*
To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 't is much he
dares;

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference: passed in probation with
you,

How you were borne in hand; how crossed; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might,

To half a soul, and to a notion crazed,
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1st Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

1st Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2nd Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1st Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

2nd Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody dis-
tance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2nd Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1st Mur. Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. With—
in this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: and with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work),
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2nd Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded: — Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making!
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have
died
With them they think on? Things without all
remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed
it:

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on:

Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them Nature's copy's not
eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet! they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

Thou marvel'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill ;
So, pr'y thee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with
a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1st Mur. But who did bid thee join with us ?

3rd Mur. Macbeth.

2nd Mur. He needs not our mistrust ; since he
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1st Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveler apace,
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3rd Mur. Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [within.] Give us a light there, ho !

2nd Mur. Then it is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1st Mur. His horses go about.

3rd Mur. Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a
torch preceding them.*

2nd Mur. A light, a light ?

3rd Mur. 'T is he.

1st Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1st Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly ;

Thou mayst revenge. — O slave !

[Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.

3rd Mur. Who did strike out the light ?

1st Mur. Was 't not the way ?

3rd Mur. There 's but one down ; the son is
fled.

2nd Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1st Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much
is done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace. A
Banquet prepared.*

*Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,
Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees ; sit down ;
at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state ; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends ;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks : —

Both sides are even : here I 'll sit i' the midst :
Be large in mirth ; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round. — There 's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than be within.
Is he despatched ?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did
for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet
he 's good

That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else
been perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad and general as the casing air ;
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord ; safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that : —
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that's
fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed ;
No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone ; to-
morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at
home :

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer ! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May it please your highness sit ?
[*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor
roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness
To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that
moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not
well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends : — my lord is
often thus,
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep
seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'y thee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo !
how say you ? —

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What ! quite unmannered in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fy, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end : but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget : —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all ;

Then I'll sit down : — Give me some wine ; fill
full : —

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend, Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I exhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will
have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that Macduff denies his
person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own
good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1st Witch. Why, how now Hecate? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldame as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside :
 I am for the air ; this night I 'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon :
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
 I 'll catch ere it come to ground :
 And that, distilled by magic sleights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG [*within*].

Come away, come away, &c.

Hark, I am called ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

1st. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste ; she 'll soon
 be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
 thoughts,
 Which can interpret further : only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
 Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late ;
 Whom, you may say, if it please your Fleance
 killed,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late ;
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
 How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?

Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely
 too ;

For 't would have angered any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well ; and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key
 (As, an 't please heaven, he shall not), they should
 find

What 't were to kill a father : so should Fleance.
 But peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he
 failed

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
 Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court ; and is received
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect : thither Macduff is
 gone

To pray the holy king, upon his aid,
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Seward :
 That, by the help of these (with Him above
 To ratify the work), we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honors ;
 All which we pine for now : and this report
 Hath so exasperate the King, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute "Sir,
 not I,"

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums ; as who should say, "You 'll rue the
 time

That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accursed !

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a
Cauldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2nd Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig
whined.

3rd Witch. Harper cries :—'T is time, 't is time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw. —
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2nd Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3rd Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2nd Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2nd Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags?
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bleaded oorn be lodged, and trees blown
down;
Though castles topple o'er their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do stoop
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2nd Witch. Demand.

3rd Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters' ?

Macb. Call them ; let me see them.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
Thyself and office deftly shew.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1st Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;
Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me : —
Enough. *[Descends.]*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks ;
Thou hast harped my fear aright : — But one word
more : —

1st Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! —

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute ; laugh to scorn the power of man ;
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff : What need I fear
of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,

*Thunder. An Apparition of a Child, crowned,
with a tree in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. *[Descends]*

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements !
good !

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise ; and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know : —
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?
[Hautboys.]

1st Witch. }
2nd Witch. } Shew !
3rd Witch. }

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order ; the last with a glass in his hand ; BAN-
QUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ;
down !

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls : — And thy
air,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first : —
A third is like the former : — Filthy hags !
Why do you shew me this ? — A fourth ? — Start,
eyes !

What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom ?

Another yet ? — A seventh ? — I'll see no more : —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass ;
Which shews me many more ; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :
Horrible sight ! — Ay, now, I see, 't is true ;
For the blood-bolting Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What, is this so ?

1st Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so : but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights ;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round :
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ? Let this per-
nicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar !—
Come in, without there !

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indèed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride :
And damned all those that trust them !—I did
hear

The galloping of horse : Who was't come by ?

Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
ploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Sieze upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool ;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool :
But no more flights !—Where are these gentle-
men ?

Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him
fly the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight
(Her young ones in her nest) against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself : but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further :

But cruel are the times when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold ru-
mor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,

Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up-
ward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's father-
less.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. ! [*Exit ROSSE.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead :

And what will you do now ? how will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do
they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the
net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for. —

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear
and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the
honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him: if
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where to do harm

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defense,

To say, I have done no harm? — What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother:

Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]

[*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder,"*
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III. — England. *A Room in the King's
Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword: and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new
morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sor-
rows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him
well;

He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me: and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot trans-
pose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love),

Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs;

Thy title is affected! — Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps; it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be ripened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daugh-
ters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O, Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. — O, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again;
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore
thee,

Often up on her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself.
Have banished me from Scotland. — O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:

Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:]
Now we'll together: and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! — Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the king
forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the "evil:"

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot

Be called our mother but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent
the air,

Are made, not marked ; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who ; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well, too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their
peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were well at peace when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how
goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and
babes

Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Macd. Merciful heaven !
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too ?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, — all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife killed too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty
ones ?

Did you say, all ? O, hell-kite ! All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did Heaven
look on,

And would not take their part ? Sinful Maeduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Naught for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them
now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword ; let
grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he escape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why, then 't is time to do 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale : I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand : what's done cannot be undone : to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her : so, good night :
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drums and colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :

80

Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered course
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed :
Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all ;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounced me thus :
" Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
Where gott'st thou that goose look ?

Serv. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. — Seyton! — I am
sick at heart,

When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough: my May of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not,
Seyton! —

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was re-
ported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
hacked.

Give me my armor.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine ar-
mor. —

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivion antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous grief
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none
of it. —

Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff:
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from
me. —

Come, sir, despatch. — If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hearest thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Country near Dunsinane. A Wood
in view.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH,
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Sol-
diers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident ty-
rant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For when there is advantage to be gotten,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. — Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MACBETH,
SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;
The cry is still, "They come." Our castle's
strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not far'd with those that should be
ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have quailed
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't: I have supped full with hor-
rors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that
cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming:
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and
out! —

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done.

Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *The same. A Plain before the
Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with
boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,
And shew like those you are. — You, worthy
uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,
Those glamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII. — *The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siv. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it,

Yo. Siv. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siv. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siv. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. — Tyrant, shew thy face:

If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again unheeded. There thou shouldst
be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siv. This way, my lord. The castle's gently
rendered:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siv. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the
gashes

Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macb. Accours'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. — I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold,
enough." [Exeunt, fighting.]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, AGNUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siv. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siv. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siv. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knolled.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siv. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold
where stands

The usurper's curséd head: the time is free:
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, —
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
time

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

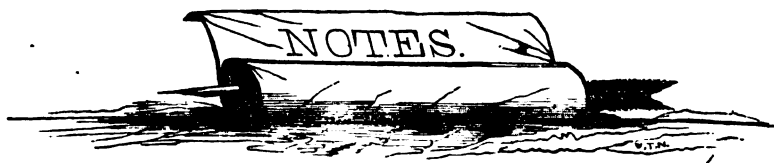
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, —

As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen
(Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life); — this, and what needful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]



"When the hurlyburly's done."—Act I., Scene 1.

Peacham, in his "GARDEN OF EPIQUEURE," elevates the now vulgar phrase "hurlyburly" into one of the ornaments of language:—"Onomatopoeia: when we invent, devise, feign, and make a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth; as hurlyburly, for an uproar and tumultuous stir."

"1ST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin.

ALL. Paddock calls."—Act I., Scene 1.

Here, it is probable, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

"Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied."—Act I., Scene 2.

Barnaby Riche, in his "NEW IRISH PROGNOSTICATION," describes the troops here mentioned:—"The galloglas succeedeth the horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of mail, and a galloglas axe." The kernes, he denounces as "the very dross and scum of the country; a generation of villains not fit to live."

"Till he disbursed at St. Colmes' inch."—Act I., Scene 2.

Colmes' inch, now called Incheomb, is a small island, lying in the frith of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden, Inch Colm, or the Isle of Columba. Inch, or inche, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. Hollinshed thus relates the circumstance alluded to in the play:—"The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Macbeth, for a great sum of gold, that such of their friends as were slain might be buried in St. Colmes' inch. In memory whereof, many old sepulchres are yet in the said inch there to be seen, graven with the arms of the Danes."

The rebellion of Macdonwald, and the invasion by Sweno, were not, in reality, contemporaneous events. The facts are these:—During the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered, by the people of Lochaber, of some of the king's revenue, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the parties concerned in the outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. This led to the formidable rebellion headed by Macdonwald, which was finally suppressed by Macbeth and Banquo. It was at a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, that Sweno, King of Norway, invaded Scotland. Duncan's successful generals were again employed. Sweno won the first battle, but was routed in the second with great slaughter, and escaped to Norway with very few followers.—Shakespeare has effectively woven these two incidents together; and immediately after the defeat of Sweno, the action of the play commences.

"But in sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail."—Act I., Scene 3.

In a book "declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian," is the following passage:—"All they (the witches) together went to sea, each one in a riddle or sieve; and went in the same very substantially, with flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way, in the same riddles or sieves."

"It was imagined," says Stoevens, "that, though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be

wanting. This deficiency has been thus accounted for: though the hands and feet might, by an easy change, be converted into the four paws of a beast, still there was no part about a woman which corresponded to the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed animals."

"I'll give thee a wind."—Act I., Scene 3.

This was making a present of what was usually sold. In "SUMMER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT," we find:—

—"In Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapped,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

"Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."—Act I., Scene 3.

This mischief was supposed to be effected by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

"The weird sisters, hand in hand."—Act I., Scene 3.

Weird signifies prophetic. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of "VIRGIN," renders the Parcae (or Fates) by the term weird sisters.

—"What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire?"—Act I., Scene 3.

The circumstances attending this encounter of Macbeth and Banquo with the Witches are minutely detailed by Hollinshed. Shakespeare has followed the stream of the colloquy, but greatly enriched it with poetic ornament.

"By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Cawdor."
Act I., Scene 3.

Sinel, according to Hollinshed, was the name of Macbeth's father.

"Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?"—Act I., Scene 3.

This alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. In Greene's "NEVER TOO LATE," 1616, we have "You gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."

—"Faction
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not."—Act I., Scene 3.

Dr. Johnson has thus explained this obscure passage:—"All powers of action are opposed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future."

"We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland."—Act I., Scene 4.

Cumberland was, at the time in question, held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. Prince of Cumberland was the title borne by the declared successor to the throne of Scotland. A short extract from Hollinshed will explain the nature of Macbeth's uncer-

ness on this occasion:—"Duncan having two sons, he made the elder of them (called Malcolm) Prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdom, immediately after his decease. Macbeth, sorely troubled therewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realm, the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed was not able of age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted), he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might, in time to come, pretend to the crown."

"This castle hath a pleasant seat;" &c.—Act I., Scene 5.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has written a few remarks on this beautiful passage, which exhibit true poetic feeling. "This short dialogue," says he, "between Duncan and Banquo, as they approach Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the marlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks that, where these birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, 'What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion?' Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life."

In his "JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS," Dr. Johnson says (speaking of Inverness), "Here is a castle called the Castle of Macbeth, the walls of which are yet standing. It was no very capacious edifice, but stands upon a rock so high and steep, that I think it was once not accessible, but by the help of ladders or a bridge."

"Court within the castle.—Enter BANQUO & FLEANCE," &c.
Act II., Scene 1.

A graphic description of the supposed locality of this scene is given by Capell:—"A large court surrounded all or in part by an open gallery; the gallery ascended into by stairs, open likewise; with addition of a college-like gate-way, into which opens a porter's lodge—appears to have been the poet's idea of the place of this great action. The circumstances that mark it are scattered through three scenes: in the latter, the *hall* (which moderns make the scene of this action) is appointed a place of second assembly, in terms that shew it plainly distinct from that assembled in then. Buildings of this description rose in ages of chivalry, when knights rode into their courts, and paid their devoirs to ladies, viewing of their tiltings and them from this open gallery. Fragments of some of them, over the mansions of noblemen, are still subsisting in London, changed to hotels or inns. Shakspeare might see them much more entire, and take his notion from them."

—"Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose."—Act II., Scene 1.

"It is apparent," says Stevens, "from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to do something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt, even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolu-

tion again; while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder."

"I have drugged their possets."—Act II., Scene 2.

It was a general custom to eat possets just before bed time. Randle Holmes, in his "ACADEMY OF ARMORY," says, "Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated biscuit, and egges, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."

—"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't."

Act II., Scene 2.

This "one touch of nature" in Lady Macbeth, has called forth some able remarks from Warburton.—"This," says he, "is very artful: for, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just: for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards present objects, yet the likeness of one past, which she had always been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions for a moment give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity."

"To know my deed, 't were best not know myself"—
Act II., Scene 2.

While I have the thought or recollection of this deed, I were better lost to myself; had better not have the consciousness of who I am.

"Enter a Porter."—Act II., Scene 3.

In justification of Shakspeare for introducing this comical Porter at such a moment, Stevens remarks, "that a glimpse of comedy was expected by our author's audience in the most serious drama; and where else could that merriment be so happily introduced?"

—"Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood."
Act II., Scene 3.

It is not improbable that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. "This whole speech," observes Dr. Johnson, "so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor."

"ROBE. Where is Duncan's body?
MACD. Carried to Colm-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors."
Act II., Scene 4.

This place (now called Icolm-kill) is the famous Iona, one of the Western Isles described by Dr. Johnson. Kill, in Erse, signifies a cell or chapel.

"Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance."
Act III., Scene 4.

The word utterance is of French origin: a *Toutrance* was a term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an odious *internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other. The sense of the passage probably is:—Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of the posterity of Banquo, enter the lists against me with the utmost animosity in defense of its own decrees, which I will endeavor to invalidate, whatever be the danger.

"FLEANCE and Servant escape."
Act III., Scene 3.

Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled to Wales, where,

by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who became Lord Steward of Scotland, and thence assumed the name of Walter Stewart (or Stuart). From him, in a direct line, descended James the First of England: in compliment to whom, Shakspeare has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

" 'T is better thee without, than he within."

Act III., Scene 4.

The proper reading would probably be *"him within."*—That is, I am better pleased that Banquo's Blood should be on thy face than in his body. Or we may follow the present reading, by supposing the latter part of the sentence to signify "than he in this room."

— *"The feast is sold
That is not often touched: while 't is a making
'T is given with welcome."*—Act III., Scene 4.

The meaning is, that which is not given freely and cheerfully, cannot properly be called a gift. It is like something which we are expected to pay for.

— *"O, these flaves and starts
(Impostors to true fear)."*—Act III., Scene 4.

The phrase "impostors to true fear," has been a source of great embarrassment to the commentators. We conceive that the word "to," must be understood in the sense of "compared to," a species of allipels of which many instances might be adduced from Shakspeare. In the *"Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,"* for instance, it is said of Love (act ii., scene 4), "there is no woe to his correction;" that is, compared to his correction. Lady Macbeth's meaning probably is "True fear, the fear arising from real danger, is a rational thing; but your fears, originating solely in your own fancies, are mere impostors," and

— *"Would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam."*

The same contempt of supernatural fears is expressed by this hardy woman, in the scene of the murder:—

— *"The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil."*

— *"You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe."*

Act III., Scene 4.

You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the color from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.

"Augurs, and understood relations."—Act III., Scene 4.

By the word "relations," says Johnson, "is understood the connection of effects with causes. To understand relations, as an augur, is to know how those things relate to each other which have no visible combination or dependence."—The word "augurs" in the text, must (according to the suggestion of Mr. Singer), be understood in the sense of "auguries."

*"How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?"*—Act III., Scene 4.

"How say'st thou?" signifies here, what do you say to the circumstance? As in the *"Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,"* (act ii., scene 5): "How say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?"

"Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches."

Act III., Scene 5.

Scott, in his *"DISCOVERY OF WITCHCRAFT,"* mentions it as a com-

mon opinion that witches were supposed to have "nightly meetings with Herodias and the pagan gods;" and that in the night-time they did ride abroad with Diana, goddess of the pagans." The word "Hecate," as a dissyllable, was introduced by Marlow, in his *"DOCTOR FAUSTUS."*

"And at the pit of Acheron"

Meet me i' the morning."—Act III., Scene 5.

"Shakspeare, says Steevens, "seems to have thought it allowable to give the name of Acheron to any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be any communication between this and the infernal world. The true original Acheron, was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of Amsanotus, in Italy."

"Upon the corner of the moon"

There hangs a vaporous drop profound."

Act III., Scene 5.

This "vaporous drop," seems to be of kin to the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments. "Profound," signifies having deep or secret qualities.

"A dark Oven. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling. Thunder."

"Enter the three Witches."—Act IV., Scene 1.

Various commentators have remarked on the judgment shown by Shakspeare in detailing the infernal ceremonies of this scene. A cat was the usual interlocutor between witches and familiar spirits. A witch, who was tried about fifty years before the poet's time, was said to have had a cat named Rutterkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she would bid Rutterkin "go and fly." The common afflictions attributed to the malice of witches, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh. They were supposed to be very malicious to swine; one of Shakspeare's hags says she has been killing swine; and Dr. Harnet observes that, in his time, "a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullen, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft." Toads have long been reproached as the abettors of witchcraft. When Vannius was seized at Toulouse, there was found in his lodgings "a great toad, shut in a phial;" upon which, those that persecuted him denounced him as a wizard.

The ingredients of Shakspeare's cauldron are selected according to the formularies prescribed in books of magic. Witches were supposed to take up bodies to use in enchantments. A passage from Camden explains and justifies our author in some other particulars:—"When any one gets a fall, he stands up, and turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth (for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground); and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way, to the place, where she says, 'I call thee from the east, west, north, and south; from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens; from the fairies, red, black, and white.'"

"Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips."—Act IV., Scene 1.

These ingredients probably owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the Crusades.

"Black spirits and white," &c.—Act IV., Scene 1.

The right of these four metrical lines to a place in the text is certainly equivocal. Steevens introduced them from Middleton's *"WITCH,"* on the authority of the stage direction in the first folio, which stands thus:—"Music and a Song. Black Spirits, &c." Malone, however, strongly contends that *"THE WITCH"* was written subsequently to *"MACBETH."* The lines themselves have been supposed, with great probability, to be merely of a traditional nature, the production of neither Middleton nor Shakspeare.

"An apparition of an armed Head rises."—Act IV., Scene 1.

It has been suggested by Mr. Upton, that the armed head repre-

sents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off, and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew down each a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

*"And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."*—Act IV., Scene 1.

The round is that part of the crown which encircles the head: the top is the ornament that rises above it.

*"And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shews me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry."*

Act IV., Scene 1.

Magicians professed to have the power of shewing future events by means of a charmed glass, or mirror. In an extract from the penal laws against witches, it is said, "They do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes, in glasses, crystal-stones, &c., the pictures or images of persons or things sought for." Spenser has given a circumstantial account of the glass which Merlin made for King Rhyence. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan, in "THE SQUIRE'S TALE" of Chaucer; and in Alday's translation of Boistean's "THEATRUM MUNDI," it is said, "A certain philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which shewed him in a glass the order of his enemies' march." The allusion, in the above extract to the twofold balls and treble sceptres "is a compliment to James the First, who first united the two islands and three kingdoms under one head.

——— *"Strangely-visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, and pitiful to the eye,
The more despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks," &c.*

Act IV., Scene 3.

This miraculous power of curing the "king's evil," was claimed for seven centuries by the monarchs of England. In Lancham's account of the Entertainments of Kenilworth, given to Queen Elizabeth, it is said:—"And also, by her highness' accustomed mercy and charity, nine cured of the painful and dangerous disease called the king's evil; for that kings and queens of this realm, without other medicine (save only by handling and prayer), only do it." The practice was continued so late as Queen Anne's time; Dr Johnson, when an infant, was touched for the evil by that princess.

The golden stamp, alluded to in the text, was the coin called an angel, value ten shillings.

"He has no children."—Act IV., Scene 3.

This is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted.

"Hell is murky."—Act V., Scene 1.

In the great scene, Lady Macbeth is acting over again the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan. Steevens conceives her to be here addressing Macbeth, who, she supposes, has just said "Hell is murky!" (hell is a dismal place to go in consequence of such a deed): she repeats his words in contempt:—"Hell is murky!"—Fie, my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard!"

"What we shall say we have, and what we owe."

Act V., Scene 4.

Meaning, when we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim; shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

*"She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word."*

Act V., Scene 5.

"Macbeth may mean," says Johnson, "that there would have been a more convenient time for such a word—for such intelligence—and so falls into the following reflection:—"To-morrow," &c.

"To the last syllable of recorded time."—Act V., Scene 5.

Recorded time seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven, for the period of life. The phrase may, however, be used in the sense of recording or recordable time.

"I bear a charmed life."—Act V., Scene 7.

"In the days of chivalry," says Steevens "the champions' arms" being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no charmed weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit."

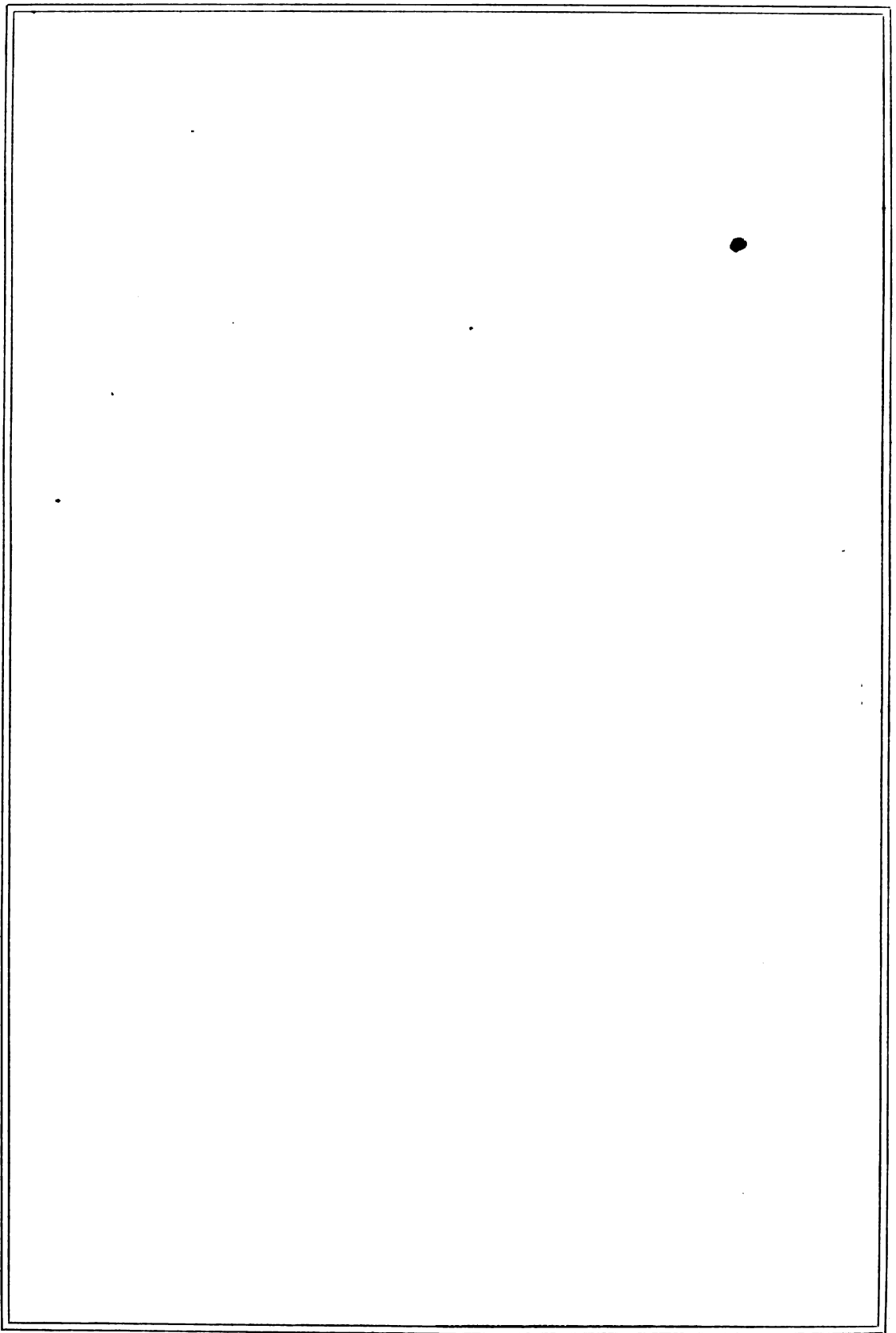
*"Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so his knell is knolled."*—Act V., Scene 7.

This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon, by Camden, in his "REMAINS:"—"When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, 'I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.'"

——— *"My thanes and kinsmen.
Henceforth be earls."*—Act V., Scene 7.

Holinshed says, that "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfar, in which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Many of them, that before were thanes, were at this time made earls; as Fife, Mentheth, Atholl, Lenox, Murray, Cathness, Rosse, and Angus."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.



Introductory Remarks

DARING in its conscious strength, the genius of Shakspeare turned aside from no encounter, however difficult or unpromising, that held out the most distant chance of conquest in the vast domain of human nature. In "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" he has made a bold irruption into classic ground; and although the play does not rank among his greatest productions, he has yet shewn surprising art in rescuing the heroes and beauteous dames of Greece and Troy from the "cold obstruction" of antiquity, and placing them freshly before us as living, breathing beings, of a common nature with ourselves.

The wantonness of Cressida is from the first insinuated with consummate art, but with growing distinctness, till we are fully prepared to recognize the truth, as well as force, of the portrait of her presented by the sagacious Ulysses: —

"Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks: her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body."

Ulysses himself is delineated with great felicity. He exhibits those manifold phases of character which afford the fairest opportunity for the manifestation of dramatic skill. He plays upon Achilles and Ajax with varied and admirable cunning; yet his craftiness is not exerted to obtain advantages peculiar to himself: his object is to make their thews and sinews subservient to the great undertaking in which his country was engaged, and which only such a head as his could have brought to so prosperous a conclusion.

The magnanimous Hector — the pleasure-tuned, good-humored Paris — his fitting counterpart, Helen — Æneas, Agamemnon, Diomed, Nestor — indeed, all the multifarious characters who crowd the scene without encumbering it — are sketched in with every indication of vitality. We feel them to be instinct with life, and familiarly greet them on their resuscitation after a trance of so many centuries, as though all that passes were a matter of course, and they, like ourselves, were things of yesterday.

The weak good-nature of Pandarus stands in excellent contrast with the splenetic "cob-loaf," the "crusty batch of nature," Thersites; whose misanthropy, however, may claim the same palliation as Richard's — that "love foresworne him in his mother's womb." His wit, humor, and penetration make him agreeable even to those who suffer most from his sarcasm. Achilles calls him his "cheese," his "digestion;" and Ajax, although the constant object of his open and unmitigated contempt, is angry with Achilles for having inveigled him away. In these cases, we recognize the power of even misapplied intellect, forcing its way through every obstacle, and winning the regard of duller spirits, who are content to endure its scorching qualities, for the sake of sharing in the general light and brilliancy that accompany them.

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" was first printed in quarto (1609). There are strong grounds for believing that there was an older play on the same subject; but to what extent, or whether at all, Shakspeare availed himself of it as a foundation for his own, can now be matter of conjecture only. The main incidents of the present drama were probably derived from Chaucer's tale of "TROILUS AND CRESSIDE," and the popular works of Lydgate and Caxton on the destruction of Troy.

J. O.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

} his Sons.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,

} Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a bastard Son of **PRIAM**.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,

} Grecian Commanders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, servant to **CRESSIDA**.

Servant to **TROILUS**.

Servant to **PARIS**.

Servant to **DIOMEDES**.

HELEN, Wife to **MENELAUS**.

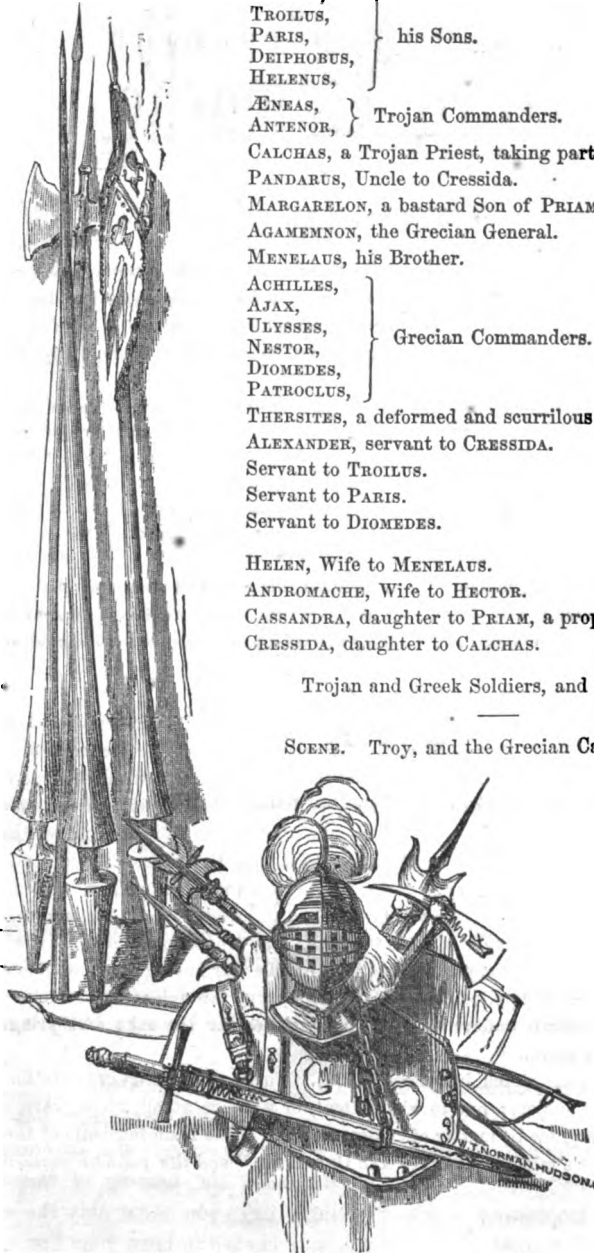
ANDROMACHE, Wife to **HECTOR**.

CASSANDRA, daughter to **PRIAM**, a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter to **CALCHAS**.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE. Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.



Troilus and Cressida.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike freightage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardian, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,

And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: — and hither am I come
A prologue armed, — but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument, —
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Troy. *Before PRIAM'S Palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this:

for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.
He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must
tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Aye, the grinding; but you must tarry
the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the
leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in
the word "hereafter," the kneading, the making
of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the
baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or
you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts —
So, traitor! when she comes! — when is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee: — When my heart,
As wedgéd with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow that is couched in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more
comparison between the women — but, for my
part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they
term it, praise her; but I would somebody had
heard her talk yesterday as I did. I will not dis-
praise your sister Cassandra's wit; but —

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drowned,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrenched. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, "She is fair;"
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheeks, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, "Oh, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!" This thou
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say, "I love her;"
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be
as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her;
an she be not, she has the mends in her own
hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labor for my travel: ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you;
gone between and between, but small thanks for
my labor.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,
with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's
not so fair as Helen; an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on
Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she
were a blackamoor; 't is all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.
She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to
the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I
see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no
more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will
leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus — O gods, how do you plague
me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be wooed to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be called the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not
afield?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's answer
sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed : 't is but a scar to scorn.
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Aene. Hark ! what good sport is out of town
to-day !

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were
"may." —

But, to the sport abroad : — are you bound thither ?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by ?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they ?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved :
He chid Andromache, and struck his armor ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harnessed light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?

Alex. The noise goes, this : There is among
the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men : unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts
of their particular additions ; he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the ele-
phant ; a man into whom nature hath so crowded
humors, that his valor is crushed into folly, his
folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath
a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any
man an attain but he carries some stain of it.
He is melancholy without cause, and merry against
the hair : he hath the joints of everything ; but

everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty Bri-
areus, many hands and no use ; or purblind Ar-
gus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fast-
ing and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid : what do
you talk of ? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How
do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came ?
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to
Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

Cres. Hector was gone ; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so ; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so ; I know the cause, too ;
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that :
and there is Troilus will not come far behind
him ; let them take heed of Troilus ; I can tell
them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man
of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ?
Do you know a man if you see him ?

Cres. Ay ; if ever I saw him before, and knew
him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for I am sure he
is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some
degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them ; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were, —

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. 'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body! — No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor (for so 't is, I must confess) — not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath color enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window, — and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he,

within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him; — she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin, —

Cres. Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. Oh, he smiles valiantly!

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O, yes! an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvelous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but one-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that.

"One-and-fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck it out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you an 't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears an 't were a nettle against May

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector; that, that; look you,

that. There's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! — There's a brave man, niece. O, brave Hector. Look how he looks! there's a countenance: is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is'a not? It does a man's heart good — Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on: take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks?

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not: an' the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good — Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man, too, is't not? — Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now! you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus: — I marvel where Troilus is! — that's Helenus. — I think he went not forth to-day: — that's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no; — yes, he'll fight indifferent well: — I marvel where Troilus is! Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? — Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'T is Troilus! there's a man, niece! — Hem! — Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him: O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's! And how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! —

Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the Stage. •

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus. •

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well! — Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pie, — for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*]
I doubt he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

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Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by-and-by.

Cres. To bring, uncle, —

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she, beloved, knows nought, that knows not this, —

Men prize the thing ungained more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —

Achiev'd men still command; ungained, beseech:

Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON'S Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action, that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave 't surmiséd shape. Why then, you
princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our wrecks;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affinned and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nes. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivaled greatness? — either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and bright-
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing
of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulys. Agamemnon, —
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, — hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation
The which — most mighty for thy place and sway—
[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretched-out life—
[*To NESTOR.*

I give to both your speeches — which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such, again,
As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue; — yet let it please
both —

Thou great — and wise — to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulys. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
But for these instances: —

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspécts of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents; what mutiny;
What raging of the sea; shaking of earth;
Commotion in the winds; frights, changes, hor-
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is
shaked,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: — The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdained
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nes. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

Ulys. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent

Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer! he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'T wixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage, —
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms un-
squared,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropped,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 't is Agamemnon just.

Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'ddressed to some oration."

That's done — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valor dies; cries, "O, enough Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals, all grace extract,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nes. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.

Ajax is grown self-willed; and bears his head
In such a reign, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle : and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulys. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;

Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Forestal prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts, —
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet-war ;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those that, with the fineness of their souls,
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray ?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

Agam. How ?

Æne. Ay : I ask, that I might waken reverence,

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
The worthiness of praise distains his worth ;
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth :
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows ; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears naught privately, that comes
from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents : —
And every Greek of mettle let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector (Priam is his father),
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak ; — Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honor higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge : —
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburned, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord

Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home; but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector: if none else, I am he.

Nes. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire sucked: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this withered brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulys. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulys. Nestor,—

Nes. What says Ulysses?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nes. What is't?

Ulys. This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up

In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nes. Well and how?

Ulys. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nes. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-
stance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Lybia,—though Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough,—will, with great speed of judg-
ment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, think
you?

Nes. Yes, 't is most meet: whom may you else
oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honors off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice,
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulys. Give pardon to my speech:—

Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,

And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame, in this,
Are dogged with two strange followers.

Nes. I see them not with my old eyes: what
are they?

Ulys. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foiled,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
Ajax, employed, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nes. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had boils? full,
all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. And those boils did run? Say so, — did
not the general run then? were not that a botchy
core?

Ajax. Dog! —

Ther. Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son! canst thou not
hear? Feel, then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou unsalted leaven!
speak: I'll beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con
an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book.
Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'
thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool! learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation, —

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine! do not; my fingers
itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would
make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When
thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as
slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation, —

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour
on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his
greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty;
ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cob-loaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! Do, rudeness! do, camel! do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax, wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! His evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, — who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax, —

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him.—

ACHILLES interposes.

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight;

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so? — a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor — whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes — yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: — to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host;

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,

That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what ; 't is trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

Achil. I know not ; it is put to lottery ; other-
wise

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you :—I'll go learn more
of it. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks :

“ Deliver Helen ; and all damage else —

As honor, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
sumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war —
Shall be struck off :” Hector, what say you to 't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out “ Who knows what follows ?”
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :
Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-
tion,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours ; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up ?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother !
Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite ?

And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame !

Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest ;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons :

You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
You know, a sword employed is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm :
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels ;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorbed ? — Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep : Manhood and
honor

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this crammed reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valued ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will :
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer : 't is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god ;
And the will dotes that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment : How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honor :
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soiled them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touched the ports desired;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held cap-
tive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crowned kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go"),
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize
(As you must needs, for you all clapped your
hands

And cried "Inestimable!"), why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggard the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister; I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears!

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honors all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touched than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valor,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honorable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransacked queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,

That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowed, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said
well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed — but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotelle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempered blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be rendered to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king
(As it is known she is), these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back returned: thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touched the life of our
design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defense. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honor and renown;

H

A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Grecian Camp. Before
ACHILLES' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him:
O, worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise;
that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me:
'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but
I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations.
Then there's Achilles—a rare engineer. If Troy
be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls
will stand till they fall of themselves. O, thou
great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou
art Jove, the king of gods; and Mercury, lose all
the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus; if ye take
not that little little less-than-little wit from them
that they have! which short-armed ignorance
itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in
circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without
drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web.
After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or
rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the
curse dependent on those that war for a placket.
I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say
amen. What ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail.

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Ther. If I could have remembered a guilt counterfeited, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout! Wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come! Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself into my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell!

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover: it suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, AJAX, and DIOMEDES.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody: Come in with me, Thersites. *[Exit.]*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore: a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and to bleed to death upon! Now the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! *[Exit.]*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. *[Exit.]*

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his tent; he is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 't is pride: but why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Takes AGAMEMNON *aside.]*

Nes. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulys. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nes. Who? Thersites?

Ulys. He.

Nes. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulys. No; you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nes. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: But it was a strong composure a fool could disunite!

Ulys. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nes. No Achilles with him.

Ulys. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say — he is much sorry,
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, winged thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues
(Not virtuously on his own part beheld)
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: and you shall not
sin

If you do say — we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish luns, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report —
Bring action hither; this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*]

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. — Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he
thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
— he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as

valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,
and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up
himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet,
his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but
in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-
gendering of toads.

Nes. And yet he loves himself: is it not
strange? [*Aside.*]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any.
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,
He makes important. Possessed he is with great-
ness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry "No recovery!"

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. —

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud
lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts — save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself; — shall he be worshiped
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right-vaillant lord
Must not so strain his palm, nobly acquired;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder — "Achilles, go to him."

Nes. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!
[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll
pash him

O'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreeze his
pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow!

Nes. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humors blood.

Agam. He'll be the physician, that should be
the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind, —

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so;

He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. An 't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulys. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I'll make him supple!

Nes. He's not yet thorough warm: force him
with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dis-
like. [*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nes. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulys. Why, 't is this naming of him does him
harm.

Here is a man — but 't is before his face;
I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
with us!

'Would he were a Trojan!

Nes. What a vice were it in Ajax now, —

Ulys. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulys. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulys. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor, —

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so tempered,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nes. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, lord Ajax.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord, — come knights from east to
west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best,

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a SERVANT.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honor better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honor and lordship are my titles. What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: at whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offense.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no. — And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen ? my very very sweet queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand ? where sups he to-night ?

Helen. Nay, but my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen ? — My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter ; you are wide : come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida ? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy ! what do you spy ? — Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He ! no, she'll none of him ; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this ; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'y thee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love : this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid !

Pan. Love ! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so : —

Love, love, nothing but love, still more !

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe :

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry — Oh, oh, they die !

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh, oh ! to ha, ha, he !

So dying love lives still :

Oh, oh ! a while, but ha, ha, ha !

Oh, oh ! groans out for ha, ha, ha !

Hey ho !

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love ; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love ? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds ? Why, they are vipers ; is love a generation of vipers ? — Sweet lord, who's afield to day ?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something ; — you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. — I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field : let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touched, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews : you shall do more Than all the island kings — disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris :

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ; Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The same.* PANDARUS' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. — How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks, Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds Proposed for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard; I'll bring her straight, [*Exit.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet, That it enchants my sense: what will it be, When that the watery palate tastes indeed Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me; Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: — she fetches her breath as short as a new ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. — Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. — What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. — Why do you not speak to her? — Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts: give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's "In witness whereof the parties interchangeably —" Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O, Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord? — The gods grant! — O, my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes!

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubim; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant, there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in

love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: —

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever — Pardon me; —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: — in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of council! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; — O, heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft
than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise;

Or else you love not: for to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me —

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnowed purity in love:

How were I then uplifted! but, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O, virtuous fight,

When right with right wars, who shall be most
right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: — When their
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration, —
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre, —
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, —
When time is old and hath forgot itself;
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said —
as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid."

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;
I'll be the witness. — Here I hold your hand;
here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one
to another, since I have taken such pains to bring
you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called
to the world's end after my name; call them all
Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all
false women Cressids, and all brokers-between
Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. } Amen.
Cres. }

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a
chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall
not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to
death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, AJAX,
NESTOR, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done
you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandoned Troy; left my possessions,
Incurred a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possessed conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registered in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make
demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, called An-
tenor,

Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answered in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their
Tent.

Ulys. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his
tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 't is like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turned
on him?

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with
me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nes. Would you, my lord, aught with the gen-
eral?

Achil. No.

Nes. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they
not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with for-
tune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulys. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulys. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues, shining upon others,
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath traveled, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulys. I do not strain at the position;
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves —
That no man is the lord of anything
(Though in and of him there be much consisting),
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
(An act that very chance doth throw upon him)
Ajax renowned! O, heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they passed by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are de-
voured

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost; —
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in
present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand;

And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was! For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin —
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulys. But against your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroic:
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulys. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost like the
 gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly as ours is yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemned for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honor
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
clus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarmed: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labor saved!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an hero-
ical cudgeling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
cock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hos-
tess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set
down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic
regard, as who should say, "There were wit in
this head, an 'twould out:" and so there is; but
it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will
not shew without knocking. The man's undone
for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the
combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He
knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;"
and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What
think you of this man, that takes me for the gen-
eral? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless,
a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may
wear it on both sides like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why he'll answer nobody; he
professes not answering; speaking is for beggars;
he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his
presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you
shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him, I humbly
desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous
Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to pro-
cure safe conduct for his person, of the magnani-
mous and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times hon-
ored captain-general of the Grecian army, Aga-
memnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent; —

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: but I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear 'another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTE-NOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person? —

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord

Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told — how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce: But when I meet you armed, as black defiance As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and so long, health: But when contention and occasion meet,

By Jove! I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. — In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! Now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love, in such a sort, The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise: — Jove, let Æneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honor, let him die, With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do: and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. — What business, lord, so early!

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.

Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. *[Exit.*

Par. And tell me noble Diomed; 'faith, tell
me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain and world of charge:
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonor)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat taméd piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor
more:

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me,
Paris:

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *The same. Court before the House
of PANDARUS.*

Enter TROIUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants'—empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. Pr'y thee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O, Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'y thee, tarry;—you men will never
tarry.

O, foolish Cressida! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. *[within.]* What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be
mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-
heads?

Here, you maid! where's my cousin, Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—Let her say
what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll
ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor caccchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'Would he were knock'd o' the head!

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha! ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived; I think of no such thing.

[*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Pan. [*going to the door*]. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

☛ *Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,

I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither: Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash. There is at hand, Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor, Delivered to us; and for him, forthwith,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomédes' hand, The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and my lord, Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?

The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?

Gone?—Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O, the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'y thee, get thee in: 'would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death: O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must begone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O, you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can;

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
praiséd cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before PANDARUS'
House.*

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

Par. It is great morning: and the hour prefixed
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast on. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in PANDARUS'
House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it;
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet
ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let
me embrace too: "O heart,"—as the goodly
saying is,—

O heart! O heart! O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By silence nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoinder, forcibly prevents
Our locked embraces, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*within*]. My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are called: Some say, the
Genius so
Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!—

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is his?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:

I speak not "Be thou true," as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But "Be thou true," say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers As infinite as eminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! "Be true," again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

They're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise:

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb discursive devil, That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their chainful potency.

Æne. [*within*]. Nay, good my lord,—

Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*within*]. Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit

Is "plain and true;" there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,

Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand:

And, by the way, possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects;

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,

In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,

As thou unworthy to be called her servant.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge:

For by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,

I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, prince Troilus:

Let me be privileged by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say "be't so,"
I speak it in my spirit and honor—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.*

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Eno. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Eno. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and
fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalléd air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spheréd bias cheek
Outswell the colick of puffed Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood:

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'T is but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daugh-
ter?

Ulys. 'T is he; I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she. • • •

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nes. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'T were better she were kissed in general.

Nes. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popped Paris in his hardiment;
And parted you, and your same argument.

Ulys. O, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorn!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,
mine: Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for
one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know, 't is true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulys. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 't is due.

Ulys. Never's my day,—and then a kiss of
you.

Dio. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your
father. [*DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.*]

Nes. A woman of quick sense.

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give occasion welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall
be done to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? Will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'T is done like Hector, but securely done;
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er, know
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector, comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive
you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the utterance,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.*]

Ulys. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulys. The youngest son of Priam; a true
knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon
calmed:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects: but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas: one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nes. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector thou-sleep'st: awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well disposed:—there,
Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
 That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
 And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
 Cousin, all honor to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest fame with her loud'st
 "O yes"

Cries, "This is he") could promise to himself
 A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
 sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
 The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
 (As sold I have the chance), I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great
 Achilles

Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
 And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;
 Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my
 cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
 here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by
 name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy:
 But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
 What's past, and what's to come, is strewed with
 husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
 From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamem-
 non,

Agam. My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to
 you. [To TROILUS.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
 greeting:—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
 thanks!

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath:
 Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
 theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nes. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
 Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have
 seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declined;

That I have said to some, my standers-by,

"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still locked in steel,

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;

But by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'T is the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walked hand in hand with time :
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nes. I would my arms could match thee in
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha ! by this white beard, I'd fight with
thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favor, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue ;

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : the end crowns all :
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, lord Ulysses, thou !—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on
thee,

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er ;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or
there ?

That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blessed gods, proud
man,

To answer such a question : stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'll not believe thee. Henceforth, guard thee well ;
For I, ll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag ;
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin :
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my
tent ;

There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROIILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulys. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulys. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honor was
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence ?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was beloved, she loved ; she is, and doth :
But still, sweet love is food for Fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine
to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy ?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news ?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshipers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment ?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now ?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity ! and what need
these tricks ?

Ther. Pr'y thee be silent, boy ; I profit not by
thy talk : thou art thought to be Achilles' male
varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue ! what's that ?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, rup-
tures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethar-
gies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers,
wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sci-
aticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache,

and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and
take again such preposterous discolorers !

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt ; you whore-
son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No ? why art thou then exasperate, thou
idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green
sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prod-
igal's purse, thou ? Ah, how the poor world is
pestered with such water-flies : diminutives of na-
ture !

Patr. Out, gall !

Ther. Finch egg !

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba ;

A token from her daughter, my fair love ;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it :

Fall, Greeks ; fail fame ; honor, or go or stay ;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent ;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain,
these two may run mad ; but if with too much
brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer
of madmen. Here's Agamemnon—an honest
fellow enough, and one that loves quails ; but he
has not so much brain as ear-wax : and the goodly

transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not but to be Menelaus—I would conspire against care; destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught; sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both to those That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exeunt AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company. *[Aside to* TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honor me.

Hect. And so good night.

[Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it: it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! *[Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. *[within].* Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think;—where's your daughter?

Cal. *[within].* She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after* them *Thersites.*

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. *[Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may find her key, if he can take her clefft; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember?—yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulys. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:—

Dio. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin; you are a forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'y thee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulys. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O, plague and madness!

Ulys. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulys. Now, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'y thee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience: come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O, withered truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

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Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulys. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offenses
A guard of patience;—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump
and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry,
lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, lord: never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My lord—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He loved me—O, false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Who was't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'y thee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens; well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O, pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith
you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than
you will.

But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,

It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past: and yet
it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: — one cannot speak a
word,

But it strait starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not
you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come: — O, Jove!

Do come: — I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'y thee, come.

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye, yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err: O, then conclude
Minds, swayed by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
more,

Unless she said, "My mind is now turned whore."

Ulys. All's done, my lord.

K

Tro. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears!

As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulys. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of mad-
ness.

Ulys. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but
now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!

Think we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics — apt, without a theme,

For depravation — to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulys. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were
she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own
eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O, madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bifold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtile

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

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Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved and
loosed;

And with another knot, five-finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulys. May worthy Troilus be half attached
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fixed a soul.
Hark, Greek;—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O, Cressid! O, false Cressid! false, false,
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy sainted name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous
lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!
I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the in-
telligence of this whore: the parrot will not do

more for an almond, than he for a commodious
drab. Lechery, lechery; still wars and lechery;
nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take
them. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before PRIAM'S Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE

And. When was my lord so much ungently
tempered,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to
the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; armed, and bloody in in-
tent:

Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamed
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;

Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

Exit CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you. Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother; And when we have our armors buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords; Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then, 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergall'd with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast; He is thy crutch, now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back; Thy wife hath dreamed; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt, To tell thee that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field; And I do stand engaged to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valor, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Exit ANDROMACHE.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!

Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth! Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, Like witless anticks, one another meet, And all cry "Hector! Hector's dead!" O, Hector!

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft: Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim! Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight: Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt, severally, PRIAM and HECTOR.*

Alarums.

Tro. They are at it: hark! Proud Diomed, believe

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums; Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villian, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve and sleeveless.

Enter DIOMEDES: TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeveless!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honor.

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another; I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedijs: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nes. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathé his horse,
And there lacks work: anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hacked, and chipped come
to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is armed, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nes. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector? where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what
Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at
you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha? have at thee,
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I say!
I reek not though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armor.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark:

No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armor well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. — Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why, then, fly on; I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.— *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons:

Mark what I say: — Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed — Hector the Great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.— *The same.*

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then
THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are
at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!
now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game: — 'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight!

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valor; in everything illegitimate.
One bear will not bite another, and wherefore
should one bastard? Take heed; the quarrel's
most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight
for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.— *Another part of the field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES, and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarmed; forego this 'vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek. [*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou! Now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. —
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supped sword, that frankly would have
fed,

Pleased with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed. —

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.— *The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and others, marching.

Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nes. Peace, drums!

Voices within.

Achilles! —

Achilles! — Hector's slain! — Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is — Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. — *Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and TROJANS.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field;
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector? — The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's
tail,

In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful
field. —

Prown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destruction on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You nnderstand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called,
Go into Troy, and say there — "Hector's dead:"
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives;
Cold statutes of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march, away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet: — You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you! — And thou, great-
sized coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. —
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, brothel-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! —
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
you set a'work, and how ill requited! Why should
our endeavors be so loved, and the performance so
loathed? what verse for it? what instance for
it? — Let me see: —

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters if the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made;
It should be now, but that my fear is this, —
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]



"Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again."—Act I., Scene 1.

The word "varlet" anciently signified an attendant on a knight. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt, says:—Divers were relieved by their varlets, and conveyed out of the field."

"Handiest in thy discourse, 'Oh, that her hand.'"—Act I., Scene 1.

"Handiest" is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same time to its literal meaning. Shakespeare has, on various occasions, adverted to the beauty of the female hand: as, in "ROMEO AND JULIET:"—

— "They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand."

In the "WINTER'S TALE," Florizel descants with equal warmth and fancy on the hand of Perdita:—

— "I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fanned snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

"She's a fool to stay behind her father."—Act I., Scene 1.

According to Shakespeare's authority, "THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY," Calchas was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him, saying, 'Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou return not back again to Troy; but go thou with Achilles unto the Greeks, and depart never from them; for the Greeks shall have victory of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods.'" Calchas discreetly took the hint, and immediately joined the enemies of his country.

"Between our Ilium and where she resides."—Act I., Scene 1.

"Ilium," or "Ilion" (it is spelled both ways), was the name of Priam's palace. According to "THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY," it was "one of the richest and the strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high as that it seemed to them that saw them from far, they raught up into the heaven." There is a more particular allusion to these towers in Act IV., Scene 5. Stevens observes, that Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that of the country.

"How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?"—Act I., Scene 1.

It appears from various lines in this play, that Shakespeare pronounced "Troilus" as a disyllable. So also in his "RAPE OF LUCRECE:"—

"Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoons."

Pope, in his translation of Homer, has made the same classical lapse (b. xxiv.):—

"Mestor the brave, renowned in ranks of war;
And Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car."

"They say he is a very man per se."—Act I., Scene 2.

In Henryson's "TESTAMENT OF CRESSEIDE," we find,
"Of fair Cresseide, the flower and a per se
Of Troy and Greece."

"To be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out."
Act I., Scene 2.

To account for this quibble, it should be remembered that dates were a common ingredient in ancient pastry: as, in "ROMEO AND JULIET:"—

"They call for dates and quinces in the pastry."

"Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse."—Act I., Scene 3.

Of the allegorical horse alluded to in the text, "THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY" gives the following account:—"Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head], there engendered Pegasus, or the flying horse. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood that, of her riches issuing of that realm, he [Perseus] founded and made a ship named Pegase; and this ship was likened unto an horse flying," &c. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus, who was the property not of Perseus, but Belerophon. If the poet intended to speak literally, he has fallen into an error.

— "The thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise."
Act I., Scene 3.

The "thing of courage" here alluded to is supposed to be the tiger.

"Venerable Nestor, hatched in silver."—Act I., Scene 3.

"Hatched in silver" is an allusion to Nestor's white hair and beard. To hatch is a term for a particular method of engraving. The phrase is not unfrequent in writings of the same period: as, in "LOVE IN A MAZE," 1632:—

"Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatched
With silver."

To hatch in silver, was to inlay a design with lines of silver; a process often used for the hilts of swords, handles of daggers, and stocks of pistols.

"When that the general is not like the hive."—Act I., Scene 3.

The meaning is, says Johnson, "When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees—the repository of the stock of every individual; that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole—what honey is expected? what hope of advantage?"

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre."
Act I., Scene 3.

By "this centre," Ulysses means the earth, which, according to the system of Ptolemy, is the centre round which the planets move.

—“*But when the planets,
In evil mixture to disorder wander.*”—Act I., Scene 3.

Meaning, in astrological phrase, when the planets form malignant configurations; when their aspects are evil towards one another. A short extract from Spenser's “*FABRY QUEEN*” (b. v.) will, perhaps, more accurately, as well as more pleasingly, illustrate the passage in the text:—

“For who so list into the heavens look,
And search the courses of the rolling spheres,
Shall find that from the point where they first took
Their setting forth, in these few thousand years
They all are wandered much; that plain appears.
For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle, from their stepdames' fears,
Hath now forgot where he was placed of yore,
And shouldered hath the Bull which fair Europa bore.”

“*Thou mongrel beef-witted lord!*”—Act II., Scene 1.

So in “*TWELFTH NIGHT*,” Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, “I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.” Ther-sites calls Ajax mongrel on account of his father being a Grecian, and his mother a Trojan.

“*Thou stool for a witch!*”—Act II., Scene 1.

In one way of trying a witch, they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as on the wooden horse.

“*And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive.*”—
Act II., Scene 2.

The aunt alluded to was Hesione, Priam's sister, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax.

“*And do a deed that Fortune never did.*”—Act II., Scene II.

This obscure passage is thus explained by Malone:—“Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what Fortune never did.”

“*Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.*”—Act II., Scene 2.

On this passage Stevens observes, “Let it be remembered, as often as Shakespeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. Even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's ‘*THEBÆAD*,’ Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him.”

“*The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy.*”—Act II., Scene 3.

That the elephant was incapable of bending the leg, was formerly a very prevalent error; as, in “*ALL'S LOST BY LUST*” (1638):—

—“*Is she pliant?*”
“Stubborn as an elephant's leg; no bending in her.”

“*Twist his active and his mental parts,
Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages.*”—Act II., Scene 3.

This passage will be best explained by a similar one in “*JULIUS CÆSAR*”:—

“The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.”

“*He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Ory 'No recovery!'*”—Act II., Scene 3.

Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's “*VALENTINIAN*”:—

“Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere forerunners of their ends.”

—“*For thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield.*”—Act II., Scene 3.

That is, yield his title, his celebrity for strength. “Addition,” in legal language, is the title given to each party, shewing his degree, occupation, &c.; as, esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

“*Shall I call you father?*”—Act II., Scene 3.

This alludes to a prevalent custom of the time. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his sons. Cotton dedicated his treatise on fishing to his “father” Walton; and Ashmole, in his “*DIARY*,” observes:—“AP. 3. Mr. Wm. Backhouse, of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him father henceforward.”

“*I hope I shall know your honor better.*”—Act III., Scene 1.

The servant means to quibble: he hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech, he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better; and hence affirms that he is in the state of grace.

“*You must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?*”—
Act III., Scene 2.

Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the “*TAMING OF THE SHREW*”:—“To watch her as we watch these kites.” Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep.

“*So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.*”—Act III., Scene 2.

The allusion is to bowling. What is now termed the “jack,” seems in Shakespeare's time to have been called the “mistress.” A bowl that kisses the “jack,” or “mistress,” is in the most advantageous situation. “Rub on” is a term used in the same game; as, in “*NO WIT LIKE A WOMAN'S*,” a comedy by Middleton (1657):—

—“*So, a fair riddance:
There's three rubs gone; I've a clear way to the mistress.*”
And in Decker's “*SATYROMASTIX*” (1602):—“Since he hath hit the mistress so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.”

“*The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks & the river.*”—
Act III., Scene 2.

Pandarus probably means that he will match his niece against her lover. The “tercel” is the male hawk; by the “falcon,” is generally understood the female.

“*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*”—
Act III., Scene 2.

—“Have set their hands and seals,” would complete the sentence. So, afterwards:—“Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it.” Shakespeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has several times expressed; as, in “*MEASURE FOR MEASURE*”:—

“But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.”

And in his “*VENUS AND ADONIS*”:—

“Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing!”

*"That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love."*—Act III., Scene 2.

The word "affronted" was formerly used in the sense of "confronted." Dr. Johnson thus explains the passage:—"I wish that my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love."

*"I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth."*—Act III., Scene 2.

This (says Warburton) is fine, and means, "Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy."

"As true as steel, as plantage to the moon."—Act III., Scene 2.

"As true as steel" is an ancient proverbial simile. "As plantage to the moon" alludes to the old superstitious notion of the influence of the moon over whatever was planted, sown, or grafted. An extract from Scott's "DISCOVERIE OF WITCHCRAFT" will illustrate the point:—The poor husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moon maketh plants fruitful; so as in the full moon they are in the best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterly wither and vade."

—"*A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted.*"

Act III., Scene 3.

That is, however excellently endowed; with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned. Ben Jonson has used the word "parted" in the same manner, in the *Dramatis Personæ* of "EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOR":—"Maclicente, a man well parted, a sufficient scholar," &c.

*"And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax."*—Act III., Scene 3.

That is, Ajax who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

*"Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction."*—Act III., Scene 3.

This alludes to the descent of deities to combat on either side before Troy. In the fifth book of "THE ILLAD," Diomed wounds Mars, who, on his return to heaven, is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle.

*"Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters."*—Act III., Scene 3.

This was Polyxena; in the act of marrying whom Achilles was afterwards killed by Paris.

*"There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state."*—Act III., Scene 3.

Meaning, probably, there is a secret administration of affairs which no history was ever able to discover.

*"Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank of danger."*—Act III., Scene 3.

That is, by neglecting our duty, we commission or enable that danger of dishonor to lay hold upon us, which could not reach us before.

—"*Enter PANDARUS.*"

"CRES. A pestilence on him, now will he be mocking."

Act IV., Scene 2.

The hint for this short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida appears to have been taken from Chaucer's tale on the subject (b. iii.):—

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*"Pandare, a morowe which that comen was,
Unto his nece, gan her faire to grette,
And saied, 'All this night so rained it, alas!
That all my drede is, that ye, nece swete,
Have little leisur had to slepe and mete;
All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,
That some of us trowe their heddils ake.'
Cresscicle answerde, 'Nevir the bet for you,
Foxe that ye ben, God yevo your herte care;
God helpe me so, ye caused all this fare.'"*

"Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia."—Act IV., Scene 2

This is an Italian word, used metaphorically to signify a fool or innocent.

*"But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth."*—Act IV., Scene 2.

In Shakspeare's 119th Sonnet, we find a similar allusion:—

"And ruined love, when it is built anew."

And in "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA":—

*"Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it."*

*"Hark! you are called: some say, the Genius so
Ories 'Come!' to him that instantly must die."*

Act IV., Scene 4.

Flatman has expressed a similar thought:—

*"My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night,
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
'Be not fearful; come away.'"*

Pope is supposed to have imitated Flatman, in one of his most popular productions:—

*"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away.'"*

"A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks."—Act IV., Scene 4.

"Merry Greeks" was a proverbial expression. In "A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS," 1640, a man gives the watchmen some money; and when they have received it, he says, "The merry Greeks understand me.

"For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart."—Act IV., Scene 4.

That is, "I will challenge Death himself in defense of thy fidelity."

*"Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing."*—Act IV., Scene 5.

The meaning of this passage is thus explained by Dr. Johnson: Valor (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valor in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valor more than other valor.

"Not Neoptolemus so mirable."—Act IV., Scene 5.

The allusion here is supposed to be to Achilles himself; it could not possibly be to his son Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, who, in a former passage, is spoken of as "Young Pyrrhus, now at home." Shakspeare probably thought that Neoptolemus was a family name.

*"I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
Laboring for destiny."*—Act IV., Scene 5.

That is, as the minister or vicegerent of destiny; so, in "COMO-LANUS":—

*"His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took."*

"Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?"

Act V., Scene 1.

A "batch" signifies all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. In Ben Jonson's "CATULINE," we have,
"Except he were of the same meal and batch."

"One that loves quails."—Act V., Scene 1.

In old French, "caille" was synonymous to "fille de joie."

"Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve."—Act V., Scene 2.

This sleeve, which had been previously given by Troilus to Cressida, appears (says Malone) to have been an ornamented cuff, such as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt in Shakespeare's age. See Spenser's "VIEW OF IRELAND" (p. 43, edit. 1633):—"Also the deep smock sleave, which the Irish women use, they say was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary: and yet that should seem to be rather an old English fashion; for in armoury, the fashion of the manche which is given in arms by many, being indeed nothing else but a sleave, is fashioned much like to that sleeve."

"Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see."—Act V., Scene 2.

"One eye," says Cressida, "looks on Troilus; but the other follows Diomed, where my heart is fixed." Steevens observes that the characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakespeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:—

*"She gave her heart and love to Diomed,
 To shew what trust there is in womankind;
 For she of her new love no sooner sped,
 But Troilus was clean out of her mind
 As if she never had him known or seen;
 Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean."*

"And with another knot, five-finger tied."—Act V., Scene 2.

That is, a knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. So, in Massinger's "FATAL DOWRY" (1632):—

*"Your fingers tie my heartstrings with this touch,
 In true knots, which nought but death shall loose."*

"Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head."—Act V., Scene 2.

A particular kind of close helmet was called a "castle." In the "HISTORY OF PRINCE ARTHUR" (1634, ch. 158), we find, "Do thou thy best," said Sir Gawaine; "therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and break the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head."

"Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion than a man."—Act V., Scene 2.

In Philemon Holland's translation of "PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY" (c. 16), we find, "The lion alone, of all wild beasts, is gentle to them that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him." "The traditions and stories of the darker ages," says Johnson, "abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man."

*"What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
 Art thou of blood and honor?"*—Act V., Scene 4.

This idea is derived from the ancient books of chivalry. A person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior; or if challenged, might refuse the combat. In this spirit, Cleopatra says,

*"These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
 A meaner than themselves."*

In "MELVIN'S MEMOIRS," we find it stated (p. 165, ed. 1735), "The laird of Grainge offered to fight Bothwell; who answered, that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold in the business."

—"The dreadful Sagittary

Appals our numbers."—Act V., Scene 5.

In the "THREE DESTRUCTIONS OF TROY" we are told, that "Beyond the royalmie of Amasonne came an auneyent Kyng, wyse and dyacreote, named Epytrophus, and brought a M. [thousand] Knightes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called Sagittayre, that beyhynde the myddes was an horse, and tofore a man. This beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen red as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe. This beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe."

"Now, here he fights on Galathe, his horse."—Act V., Scene 5.

The name of Hector's horse is taken from Lydgate or Caxton. In Lydgate (p. 175), we find,

*"And sought, by all the means he could, to take
 Galathe, Hector's horse."*

*"And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
 Before the belching whale."*—Act V., Scene 5.

The term "scull" signifies what is now called a shoal of fish. In Knox's "HISTORY OF FISH" (1787), we find this passage: "The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (says a late writer) pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. The cachalot, a species of whale, is said in the same manner to pursue a shoal of herrings, and to swallow hundreds in a mouthful."

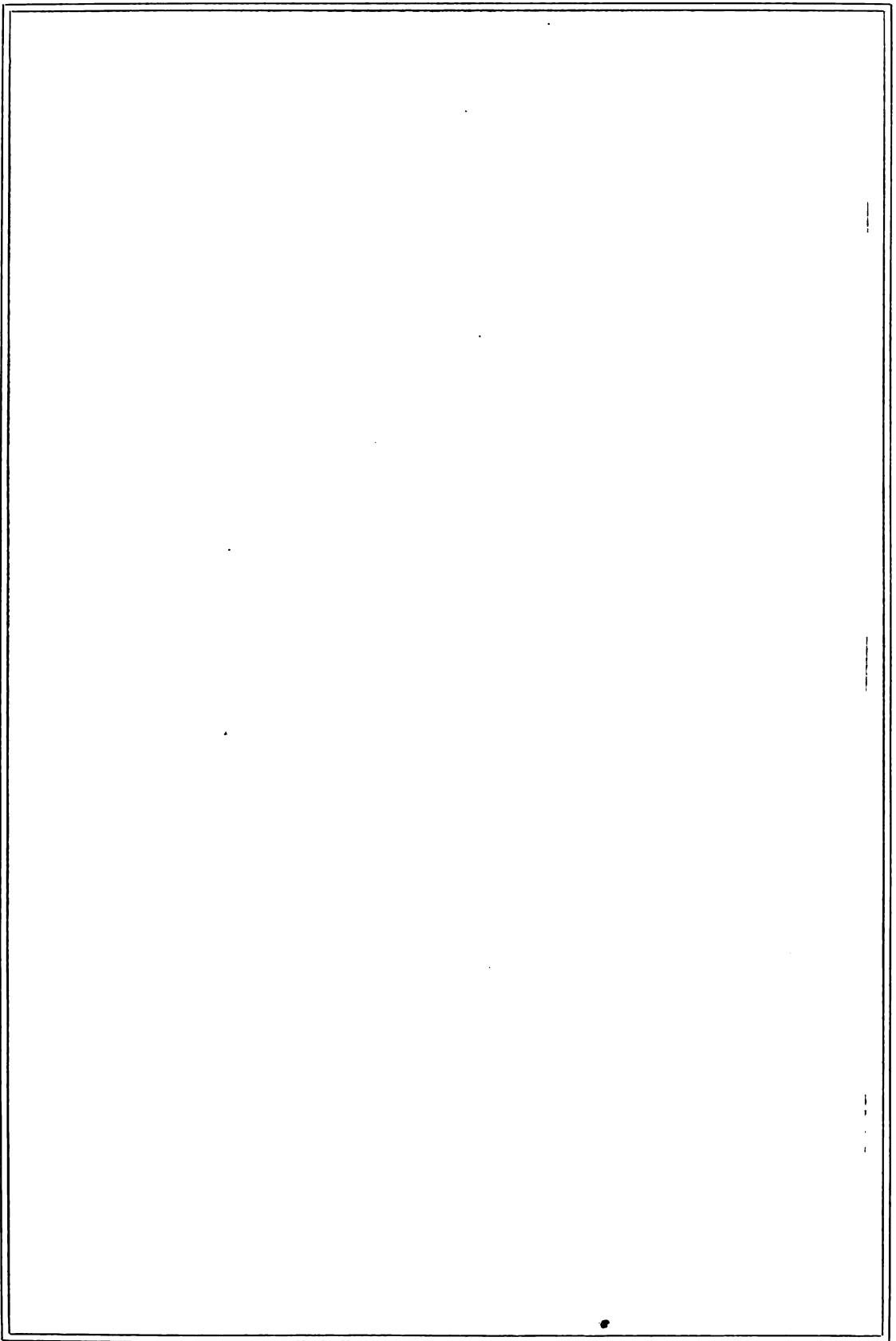
"He is my prize; I will not look upon."—Act V., Scene 6.

Equivalent to saying, "I will not be a looker-on;" as, in "HAMLET VI.," Part 3:—

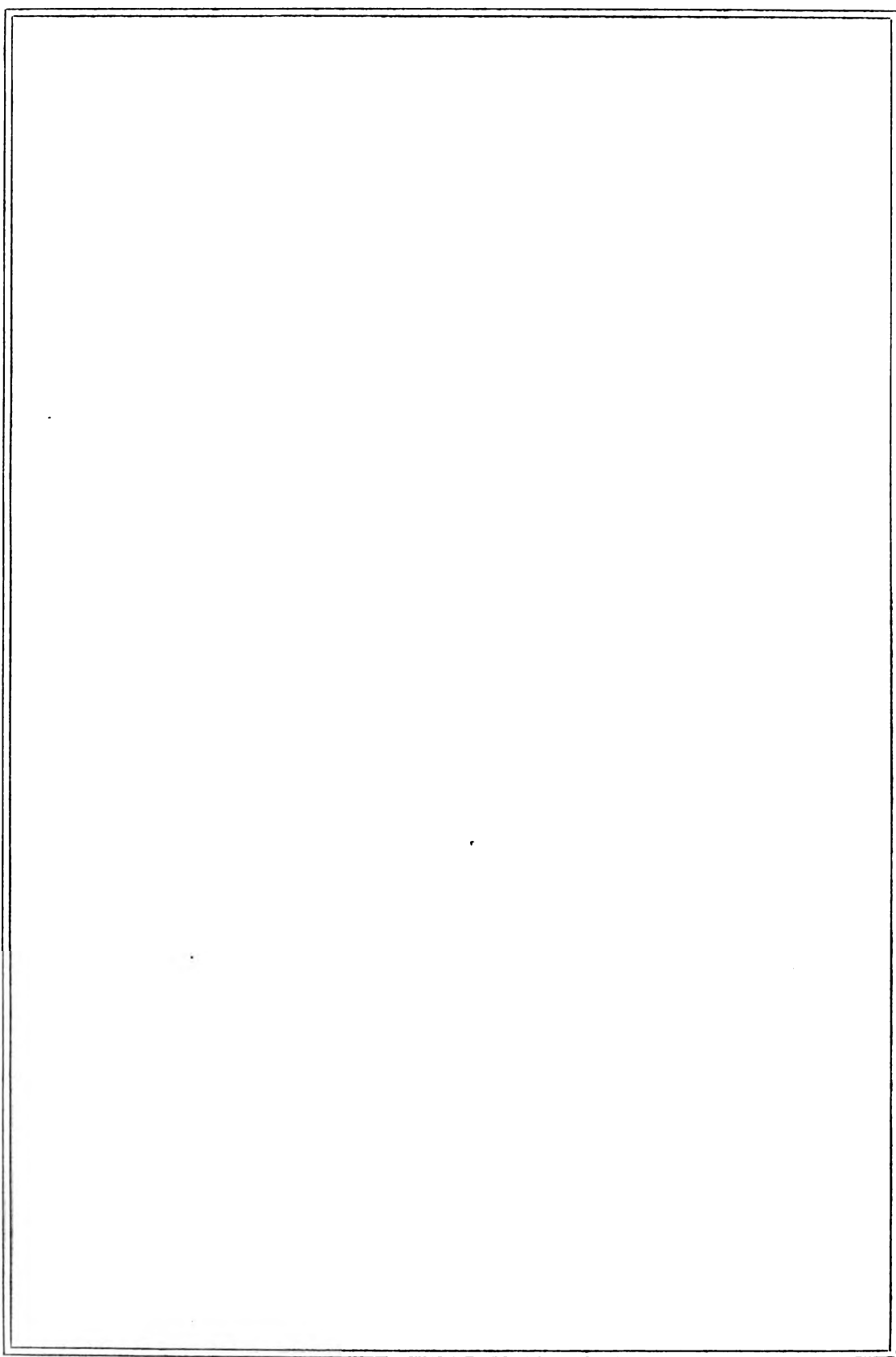
*"Why stand we here—
 Walling our losses—
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were played in jest by counterfeited actors?"*

*"The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
 And, stickler like, the army separates."*—Act V., Scene 9.

The business of a "stickler" was to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are said to have been called "sticklers" from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. Minshew gives this explanation in his "DICTIONARY" (1617):—"A stickler between two; so called as putting a stick or staff between two fencing or fighting together."



TIMON OF ATHENS.



Introductory Remarks

OPEN-HANDED, open-hearted Timon is the type and representative of a class too numerous with reference to their own happiness, and not enough so for the happiness and tranquillity of the world. Were all men Timons in disposition, we might soon see, in great part, the realization of good old Glo'ster's noble wish, that "distribution should undo excess, and each man have enough." Nor could any harm result from an ultra-generosity thus universal; since, though all would be willing to give even more than they could afford, yet none would be willing to take but those who actually wanted. Beings like the crazy Misanthrope before us (for crazed he is, in his bewildering misery), feeling themselves at the outset all goodness and transparent innocence, are absolutely unfurnished with any criterion by which they can estimate the curiously-compounded clay of ordinary mortals; they have no plummet by which they may sound the depths and shoals of human nature; no diving-bell, furnished by their own consciences, by whose aid they might descend to view the "dirt and sea-weed" that lie so wondrously intermingled with "inestimable stones, unvalued jewels," at the bottom of that fearful ocean. The natural consequence is that, finding their first pure thoughts erroneous, they have no resource but to rush to the opposite extreme, and end with seeing nothing but what is base and ungenerous in the race whom they heretofore imagined to be all perfection.—The true theory appears to be, that man is naturally an imperfect being, neither all vice nor all virtue; furnished, for the most part, with a preponderating portion of good qualities, which may, under favorable circumstances, be increased to an indefinite extent: yet still, by the very law of its being, doomed to remain imperfect at the best. Those amiable enthusiasts who adopt the hypothesis that all the viler qualities of mankind are the result of vicious training, will find their conclusions no less unsound, though less pernicious, than those of the Swifts and Rochefoucaults, who would fain persuade us, in defiance both of sensation and observation—nay, in despite of their own conduct and character—that all apparent virtue is but selfishness in masquerade.

The minor characters in the present drama are all excellently adapted to bring out the one great purpose of the Poet; and we have to thank his unfailing good-nature that, in the midst of its disgust and indignation with the false friends, he has allowed the mind to repose with complacency on the tenderness and fidelity of the steward, Flavius, and the minor servants of "so noble a master" as hapless Timon.—Apemantus, the cynic, is the character second in importance to the principal, and it is delineated with equal felicity. His spontaneous misanthropy, compared with the woe-induced frenzy of the fine-natured Timon, is as the natural bitterness of the sloe to the generous grape that has been killed and withered by untimely frost; or as the sterile, branchless poplar to the noble, sheltering oak, which, in the very prime of its picturesque beauty, has been stripped and prostrated by the ruthless storm.

The story of the Misanthrope is stated, by Dr. Farmer, to be told in almost every collection of Shakspeare's time; and particularly in two books with which the Poet was intimately acquainted—Painter's "PALACE OF PLEASURE," and North's translation of "PLUTARCH." Malone is of opinion that the play is founded on the following passage in the "LIFE OF ANTONY," as given in the last-named work:—"Antonius forsook the city, and company of his friends; saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man." Lucian's dialogue of "TIMON" is generally supposed to have had some influence over the composition of the Poet, "although" says Mr. Skottowe, "the channel through which that influence was communicated is no longer to be traced;"—as it is not known that any translation of the dialogue existed in Shakspeare's age.

"TIMON OF ATHENS" was first published in the original folio, (1623). The date of its composition can be but conjectured. Malone assigns it to the year 1610.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
 LUCIUS,
 LUCULLUS, } Lords, and Flatterers of TIMON.
 SEMPRONIUS, }
 VENTIDIUS, one of TIMON's false friends.
 APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.
 ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.
 FLAVIUS, Steward to TIMON.
 FLAMINIUS,
 LUCILIUS, } TIMON's Servants.
 SERVILIUS, }
 CAPHIS,
 PHILOTUS, } Servants to TIMON's Creditors.
 TITUS, }
 LUCIUS, }
 HORTENSIUS, }
 Two Servants of VARRO.
 The Servant of ISIDORE.
 Two of TIMON's Creditors.
 Cupid, and Maskers.
 Three Strangers.
 Poet.
 Painter.
 Jeweler.
 Merchant.
 An Old Athenian.
 A Page.
 A Fool.
 PHRYNIA, } Mistresses to ALCIBIADES.
 TIMANDRA, }

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves,
 and Attendants.

SCENE. Athens; and the Woods adjoining.



Timon of Athens.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Athens. *A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweler, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known :
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? — See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweler.

Mer. O, 't is a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixed.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't: for the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that —

Poet reads.

"When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."

x

Mer. 'T is a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are apt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipped idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From where 't is nourished. The fire i' the flint
Shews not till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. — What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. — When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon my heels of my presentment, sir —
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch: is 't good?

Poet. I'll say of it.
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Live in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The senators of Athens: — happy men!

Pain. Look ; more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of verse : no leveled malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality), tender down
Their services to lord Timon ; his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-faced flat-
terer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feigned Fortune to be throned : the base o' the
mount

Is ranked with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states : amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckoned from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on :
All those which were his fellows but of late
(Some better than his value), on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,

Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change
of mood,

Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependents,
Which labored after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'T is common :

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of For-
tune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpet sounds. Enter TIMON, attended ; the
Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you ?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord : five talents is
his debt ;

His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know
him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free
him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his
ransom ;

And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me :
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. — Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honor ! [*Exit.*]

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : what of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man be-
fore thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'y thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS]. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in fu-
ture, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me
long;

To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never
may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me
anon:

Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these penciled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: give me your
hand;

We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extolled,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give: but you well
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mocked.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good mor-
row;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I called thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for?

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An' thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labor.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wish to be a lord. — Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us. *[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

You must needs dine with me: — Go not you hence,

Till I have thanked you; and, when dinner's done, Shew me this piece. — I am joyful of your sights:

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir!

[They salute.]

Apem. So, so; there! —

Aché contract and starve your supple joints!

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter two Lords.

1st Lord. What time a day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1st Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2nd Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2nd Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2nd Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1st Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2nd Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. *[Exit.]*

1st Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

2nd Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

1st Lord. The noblest mind he carries That ever governed man.

2nd Lord. Long may he live in fortunes? Shall we in?

1st Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honored Timon, it hath pleased the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]

Tim. Nay, my lords,

Ceremony was but devised at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shewn;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me.

[They sit.]

1st Lord. My lord, we always have confessed it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confessed it! hanged it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humor there

Does not become a man; 't is much to blame.—

They say, my lords, "*Ira furor brevis est,*"

But yond' man's ever angry.—

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome. I myself would have

no power: pr'y thee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat! 't would choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood; and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for 't ; the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been proved.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals,
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go
round.

2nd Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way !

A brave fellow ! he keep his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that which is too weak to be a fire,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
This and my food are equals ; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf.
I pray for no man but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't ;
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the
field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of ene-
mies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord,
there's no meat like them ; I could wish my best
friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine
enemies then ; that then thou mightst kill 'em,
and bid me to 'em.

1st Lord. Might we but have that happiness,
my lord, that you would once use our hearts,
whereby we might express some part of our zeals,
we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the
gods themselves have provided that I shall have
much help from you : how had you been my friends
else ? why have you that charitable title from thou-
sands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ? I
have told more of you to myself, than you can with
modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I
confirm you. O you gods ! think I, what need we
have any friends, if we should never have need of
them ? they were the most needless creatures living,
should we ne'er have use for them ; and would
most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases,
that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I
have often wished myself poorer, that I might come
nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and
what better or properer can we call our own, than
the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious
comfort 't is to have so many, like brothers, com-
manding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en
made away ere it can be born ! mine eyes cannot
hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults,
I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Ti-
mon.

2nd Lord. Joy had the like conception in our
eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a
bastard.

3rd Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved
me much.

Apem. Much ! [*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trump ? — How now ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain la-
dies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ? What are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my
lord, which bears that office to signify their pleas-
ures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: the ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind
admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1st Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are
beloved.

Music. *Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies
as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing
and playing.*

Apem. Hey-day, what a sweep of vanity comes
this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depravéd or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done:
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of
TIMON; and to shew their loves, each singles out
an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a
lofty strain or two to the haulboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,
And entertained me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for it.

1st Lady. My lord, you take us men at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would
not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends
you:

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. — More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humor; [*Aside.*
Else I should tell him — well — i' faith I should —
When all's spent, he'd be crossed then, and he
could.

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1st Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2nd Lord. Our horses?

Tim. O, my friends, I have one word
To say to you: — Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honor me so much
As to advance this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1st Lord. I am so far already in your gifts, —

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the
senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honor,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear
thee:

I pr'y thee, let us be provided
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside*

Enter another Servant.

2nd Serv. May it please your honor, the lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapped in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertained. — How now, what news?

3rd Serv. Please you, my lord, that honorable

gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow, to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,

Not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? [*Aside.* He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer. —

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For every word: he is so kind that he now Pays interest for 't; his lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forced out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits: —

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2nd Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3rd Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it!

2nd Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friends' affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give; Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends, And ne'er be weary. — Alcibiades, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich; It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast Lie in a pitched field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1st Lord. We are so virtuously bound, —

Tim. And so am I to you.

2nd Lord. So infinitely endeared, —

Tim. All to you. — Lights, more lights!

1st Lord. The best of happiness, Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs:

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,

If I should be bribed too, there would be none left To rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:

What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you.

Farewell: and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So; thou 'lt not hear me now; — thou shalt not, then; I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand (to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand), besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;

Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
"Commend me to your master," and the cap
Plays in the right hand thus:—but tell him,
sirrah,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honor him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tossed and turned to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay go, sir: take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; no reserve; no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was surely so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good-even, Varro: what,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth
again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month :
My master is awaked by great occasion,
To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'y thee, but repair to me 'next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord, —

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord, —

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment, —

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants, —

Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord,
six weeks,

And past. —

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath : —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.]

I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither, pray you : [To FLAVIUS.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends :
See them well entertained.

[*Exit.*

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No ; 't is to thyself. — Come away.

[*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To* VARRO'S SERVANT]. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single ; thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last asked the question. — Poor rogues, and usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

All Servants. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. — Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool : how does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good ! gramercy !

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*]. Why, how now, captain ? what do you in this wise company ? — How dost thou, Apemantus ?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'y thee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters ; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read ?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon ; this to Alcibiades. Go ; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog ; and thou shalt famish — a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit* Page.]

Apem. Even so thou out-runn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there ?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. — You three serve three usurers ?

All Serv. Ay ; 'would they served us !

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near, I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;

And that unaptness made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, prayed you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-loved lord,
Though you hear now (too late!), yet now's a
time

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'T is all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord, the world is but a
word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppressed
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blazed with lights and brayed with minstrelsy;

I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'y thee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crowned,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho! — Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord, —

Tim. I will despatch you severally. — You to
lord Lucius, —
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honor to-day; — you to Sempronius:
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud,
say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir [*To another Servant*], to the
senators
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing); bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way)

To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honora-
ble, —

But yet they could have wished — they know
not —

Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 't is
pity —

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving-nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
I pr'y thee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy. —
Go to Ventidius [*To a Servant*]: — Pr'y thee, be
not sad; [*To FLAVIUS.*

Thou art true and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee: — [*To Servant*] Venti-
dus lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepped
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents: greet him from
me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five talents: — that had [*To FLAVIUS*],
give it to these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think: that thought
is bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in LUCULLUS'S House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*aside*]. One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.* And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la;—"nothing doubting," says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on 't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardsly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ;

And we alive, that lived? Fly, damnéd baseness, To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honor, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turned to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of
nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[*Exit*

SCENE II. — *The same. A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

1st Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no; do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2nd Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and shewed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2nd Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honorable man? there was very little honor shewed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor. — My honored lord,—

[To LUCIUS.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with five hundred talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor! — Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do 't; the more beast, I say. I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he that 's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

1st Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2nd Stran. Ay, too well.

1st Stran. Why this is the world's soul;
And just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit: who can call him his
friend

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip:
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3rd Stran. Religion groans at it.

1st Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honorable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have returned to him,
So much I love his heart : but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *The same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't ? humph !
'bove all others ?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemed from prison : all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touched, and found base metal ;
For they have all denied him.

Sem. How ! have they denied him ?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
And does he send to me ? Three ? humph ! —
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over : must I take the cure upon me ?
He has much disgraced me in 't : I am angry at him,
That might have known my place : I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first ;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him :
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last ? No :
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join :
Who bates mine honor, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.]

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic ; he crossed himself by 't : and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ! takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employed
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows ;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. — *The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all ; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too !

Phi. Good-day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Laboring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 't is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse:
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shews,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1st Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1st Var. Serv. 'T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equaled.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.]*

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1st Var. Serv. By your leave, sir, —

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.

Why then preferred you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

1st Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

2nd Var. Serv. No matter what: he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should much derive from 't: for, tak 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. *[within].* Servilius, help! — my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord, —

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours? — and yours?

1st Var. Serv. My lord, —

2nd Var. Serv. My lord, —

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you!
[*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones; for a madman owes 'em.
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors! — devils.

Flav. My dear lord, —

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord, —

Tim. I'll have it so. — My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly. — Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul.
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The same. The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1st Sen. My lord, you have my voice to't;
The fault's bloody;
'T is necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2nd Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honor, health, and compassion to the senate!

1st Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepped into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
(An honor in him, which buys out his fault);
But, with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touched to death,
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did reprove his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but mov'd an argument.

1st Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they la-
bored

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrel-
ing

Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord, —

1st Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain. —

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the ass, more captain than the lion;
The fellow loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defense, by mercy, 't is most just.

To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2nd Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1st Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair
service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valor did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2nd Sen. He has made too much plenty with
'em:

He is a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valor pris-
oner:

Were there no foes, that were itself enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 't is inferred to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1st Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him

(Though his right arm might purchase his own
time,

And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love security,
I'll pawn my victories, all my honor to you,
Upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1st Sen. We are for law; he dies: urge it no
more,

On height of our displeasure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My
lords,

I do beseech you, know me.

2nd Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3rd Sen. What?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot
me;

It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1st Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1st Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens con-
tain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell
our spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough;
that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad! I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts: — all those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banished;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. • I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honor with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. — *A magnificent room in TIMON'S House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1st Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2nd Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.

1st Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2nd Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1st Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2nd Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1st Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2nd Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1st Lord. A thousand pieces.

2nd Lord. A thousand pieces.

1st Lord. What of you?

2nd Lord. He sent to me, sir,— Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:— And how fare you?

1st Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2nd Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*aside*]. Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.— Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay:

feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1st Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2nd Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2nd Lord. My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick of shame that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2nd Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.— Come, bring in all together.

2nd Lord. All covered dishes!

1st Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3rd Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1st Lord. How do you? what's the news?

3rd Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1st Lord. } Alcibiades banished!
2nd Lord. }

3rd Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1st Lord. How? how?

2nd Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3rd Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2nd Lord. This is the old man still.

3rd Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2nd Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3rd Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another for, were your godheads to borrow of men,

men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods!—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of Fortune, trencher-friends, Time's
flies,

Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first; thou too,—and thou:—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity. • [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1st Lord. How now, my Lords?

2nd Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3rd Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4th Lord. I have lost my gown.

3rd Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.

—Did you see my jewel?

4th Lord. Did you see my cap?

2nd Lord. Here 't is.

4th Lord. Here lies my gown.

1st Lord. Let's make no stay.

2nd Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3rd Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.

4th Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,

That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!

Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants,
steal;

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to
men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
 But nakedness, thou détestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all!)
 The Athénians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow]
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
 Amen. [Exit.]

SCENE II. — Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1st Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's
 our master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to
 you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1st Serv. Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

2nd Serv. As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses picked: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone. — More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruined house.

3rd Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow. Leaked is our bark;
 And we poor mates stand on the dying deck,

Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
 Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and
 say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
 "We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[Giving them money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who'd be so mocked with glory? as to live
 But in a dream of friendship, and revive
 To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,
 But only painted, like his varnished friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord, — blessed to be most accursed,
 Rich only to be wretched, — thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends:
 Nor has he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. — The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
 earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! — Twinned brothers of one womb, —
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, — touch them with several for-
 tunes;

The greater scorns the lesser : — not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and decline that lord ;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honor.

It is the pasture lards the browser's sides ;
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, —
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,
So are they all ; for every grize of fortune
Is smoothed by that below : the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
There's nothing level in our curséd natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
Destruction fang mankind ! — Earth, yield me
roots ! [Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison ! — What is here ?
Gold ? — yellow, glittering, precious gold ? —
No, gods, I am no idol-votarist.
Roots, you clear heavens ! Thus much of this,
will make

Black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;
Base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods ! why this ? What this, you gods ?
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless the accursed ;
Make the hoar leprosy adored ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench : this is it

That makes the wappened widow wed again :
She whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damnéd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [March afar off.] Ha ! a
drum ? — Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand. —

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike
manner* : PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. Speak, what art thou there ?

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
thy heart.

For shewing me again the eyes of man !

Alcib. What is thy name ? Is man so hateful
to thee,

That art thyself a man ?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well ;

But in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.

Tim. I know thee, too ; and more, than that I
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :

Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel ;

Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give :

But then renew I could not, like the moon ;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do
thee ?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none.
— If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,
for thou art a man ! — if thou dost perform, con-
found thee, for thou'rt a man !

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voiced so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! They love thee not that
use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths: bring down rose-cheekéd
youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drowned and lost in his calamities. —
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How curséd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

Tim. I pr'y thee, beat thy drum, and get thee
gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear
Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it; I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a
heap, —

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy con-
quest; and thee after, when thou hast conquered!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: Go on, — here's gold, — go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honored age for his white beard;
He's an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-
paps

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the
babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;

Put armor on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not; be gone!

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's
curse upon thee!

Phry. } Give us some gold, good Timon: hast

Timan. } thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her
trade,

And to make whores abhorr'd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable, —

Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your
oaths;

I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six
months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs

With burdens of the dead; — some that were
hanged,

No matter; — wear them, betray with them:
whore still:

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:

A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. } Well, more gold: what then?

Timan. } Believe't that we'll do anything for
gold.

Tim. Consumption sow

In hollow bones of men; strike their sharp shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal : make curled-pate
ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarred braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. — There's more gold :
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phry. } More counsel with more money, boun-
Timan. } teous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first ; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens.
Farewell, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. —
Strike.

[*Drum beats.* *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,
and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-
ness,
Should yet be hungry ! — Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorréd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb ;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented ! — O, a root ; dear thanks !
Dry up thy meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'T is, then, because thou dost not keep a
dog

Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected ;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this
place ?

This slave like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus ;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come

To knaves and all approachers : 't is most just
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my like-
ness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself ;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these mossed
trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out ? Will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee !
O ! thou shalt find,—

Tim. A fool of thee : depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well : but thou
Dost it enforcedly ; thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp ; is crowned before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other at high wish : best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasped ; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive dugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thy-
self

In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust ; and never learned
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugared game before thee. . But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary ;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment ;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows ; — I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden.

Thy nature did commence in sufferance ; time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou
hate men ?

They never flattered thee. What hast thou
given ?

If thou wilt curse,— thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,—
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this !
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here ; — I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company : take away thy-
self.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so ; it is but
botched :

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou
wilt,

Tell them there I have gold : look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or ra-
ther, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew
my mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends : when
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiosity ; in thy rags

thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defense, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that see'st not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How! has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee. —

I'll beat thee, — but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off.

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me, that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]
I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee

[*Looking on the gold.*]
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O, thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 't were so;

But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast
gold:

Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.

Tim. Thronged to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'y thee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Thieves.

1st Thief. Where should he have this gold?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder: the mere want of gold, and the fall-
ing from him of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy.

2nd Thief. It is noised he hath a mass of
treasure.

3rd Thief. Let us make the assay upon him.
If he care not for 't, he will supply us easily: if
he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2nd Thief. True; for he bears it not about
him; 't is hid.

1st Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2nd Thief. 'T is his description.

3rd Thief. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, Thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both, too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of
meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1st Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries,
water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves professed; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood of the
grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob. Take wealth and lives to-
gether;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have unchecked theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go;

Break open shops: nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen. [*TIMON retires to his cave.*]

3rd Thief. He has almost charmed me from my
profession, by persuading me to it.

1st Thief. 'T is in the malice of mankind that
he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our
mystery.

2nd Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade.

1st Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens:
there is no time so miserable but a man may be
true

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O, monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
What an alteration of honor has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wished to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But through lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face.—Surely this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray;—and he's a steward.—

How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure),
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal
gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose
breast

Doubt and suspect, alas! are placed too late;
You should have feared false times when you did
feast;

Suspect still comes when an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal, to your unmatched mind;
Care of your food and living; and believe it,
My most honored lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so!—Thou singly honest
man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus conditioned: thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; shew charity to none;
But let the famished flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow
them,

Debts wither them to nothing: be men like
blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay and comfort you, my
master!

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; fly while thou'rt blessed and free;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Before TIMON's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumor hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 't is said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purses with what we travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-cornered night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshiped in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;

Settlest admir'd reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I meet them.

[*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O, abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough —
What! to you!

Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked; men may see 't the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself

Have traveled in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water? — no.

Both. What we can do we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men.—Thou draw'st a counterfeit. [To the Painter.

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction, [To the Poet.

Why, thy verses swell with stuff so fine and smooth, That thou art even natural in thine art. —

But for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 't is monstrous in you; neither wish I You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honor, To make it known to us.

Tim. You 'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave, That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble, Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold, Rid me these villains from your companies: Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me, I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two in company:

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art two villains shall not be;

[To the Painter.

Come not near him. — If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon. —

Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have work for me; there's payment: hence!

You are an alchymist; make gold of that. —

Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II. — *The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself, That nothing but himself, which looks like man, Is friendly with him.

1st Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians, To speak with Timon.

2nd Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same. 'T was time and griefs

That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand, Offering the fortunes of his former days, The former man may make him. Bring us to him, And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. —

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon! Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians, By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee: Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak, and be hanged:

For each true word, a blister! and each false

Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1st Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

2nd Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1st Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2nd Sen. They confess

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,— which doth seldom
Play the recanter,— feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon:
And send forth us to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offense can weigh down by the dram:
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1st Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us,

And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority. So, soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2nd Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1st Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir:

Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly agéd men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war;
Then let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it
In pity of our agéd and our youth,—

I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst: for their knives care
not,

While you have throats to answer; for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1st Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1st Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1st Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2nd Sen. And enter in our ears like great tri-
umphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achés, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2nd Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beach'd verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his emboss'd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.]

1st Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2nd Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us re-
turn,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1st Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.— *The walls of Athens.*

• *Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1st Sen. Thou hast painfully discovered: are
his files

As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2nd Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1st Sen. Here come our brothers.

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3rd Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect. —

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.— *The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a
Tombstone seen.*

Enter a Soldier seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! — No answer? — What
is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span:
Some beast reared this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. —

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.— *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time
With all licentious measur'd, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wandered with our traversed arms, and
breathed

Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury indolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1st Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,

We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2nd Sen. So did we woo
Transforméd Timon to our city's love,
By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1st Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

2nd Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out:
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation and a tithéd death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths), take thou the destined tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1st Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, is 't not severe to take,
On those who are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2nd Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1st Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou 'lt enter friendly.

2nd Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honor else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers

Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have sealed thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove:
Descend, and open your unchargéd ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and (to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning) not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his gravestone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIBIADES reads.

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did
hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not
here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. — Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. —

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



"When we for recompense have praised the vile," &c.

Act I., Scene 1.

It must be here supposed, according to the suggestion of Warburton, that the Poet is busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction to the poem addressed to Timon, of which he afterwards gives an account to the Painter.

"Our poetry is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 't is nourished."—Act I., Scene 1.

The original folio here reads,

"Our poetry is as a gowne, which uses," &c.

Pope suggested the alteration of "gowne" to "gum," and Johnson that of "uses" to "oozes." Instances of restoration so sagacious and happy as this (and there are very many such in the received text of Shakspeare), may, at least, serve to rescue the commentators generally from the common charge of utter uselessness, or something worse.

"My free drift

Halls not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax."

Why "in a wide sea of wax?" Admitting that not only the ancients, but that the English, at a very early date, wrote upon waxen tablets, it would scarcely be understood by popular audiences before whom this drama was originally acted. "Wax," of old, was commonly spelt *waxe* (although it is "wax" in the folios), and confiding, as we are disposed to do, in a representation in the margin of the folio, 1632, the compositor must have read "waxe" for a word not very dissimilar in form, but much more appropriate and intelligible:—

"My free drift

Halls not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of verse."

[Collier.

—"*No leveled malice*

Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind."—Act I., Scene 1.

To level is to aim,—to point the shot at a mark. The meaning is, says Johnson, "My poem is not a satire with any particular view, or leveled at any single person: I fly like an eagle into the general expense of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."

—"*Apemantus, that few things loves better*
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him."—Act I., Scene 1.

Stevens remarks upon this passage, that either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of the Poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus: for, in the ensuing scenes, his behavior is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. Mr. Harness, in reply, observes that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with other guests.

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"A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune
More pregnantly than words."—Act I., Scene 1.

"Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue," says Johnson, "to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the Poet declares himself to have shewn, the Painter thinks he could have shewn better."

"TIM. The man is honest.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon."—Act I., Scene 1.

"The thought," says Warburton, "is closely expressed and obscure; but the meaning seems to be, 'If the man be honest, he will be so in this, and not endeavor at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent.' " Coleridge thus explains this difficult passage:—"The meaning of the first line the Poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second—'The man is honest.' 'True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its own reward.' "

—"*Never may*

That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not owed to you!"—Act I., Scene 1.

That is, "Let me never henceforth consider anything that I possess but as owed or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal." In the same sense, Lady Macbeth says to Duncan,

—"*Your servants ever*

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own."

"That I had no angry wit to be a lord."—Act I., Scene 1.

Warburton proposed, "That I had so *hungry* a wit to be a lord;" and Monk Mason, "That I had an angry *wish* to be a Lord." The restoration offered in the folio, 1632, is the same as parts of both these suggestions, and at once renders the sense evident—"That I had so *hungry* a wish to be a lord." [Collier.

"I myself would have no power: pry thee, let my meat make thee silent."—Act I., Scene 2.

"Timon," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "like a polite landlord, disclaims all power over his guests. His meaning is, 'I myself would have no power to make thee silent; but, pry thee, let my meat perform that office.' "

"I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Mathinks they should invite them without knives."

Act I., Scene 2.

It was the custom in Shakspeare's time, according to Mr. Ritson, for each guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones he states to have been in Parkinson's Museum.

"Entertained me with mine own device."—Act I., Scene 2.

This mask appears to have been designed by Timon to entertain his guests.

*"Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire;
This and my food are equals, there's no odds;
Beasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods."*

Act I., Scene 2.

Apemantus is adverting to the intoxication which follows drinking strong wines and ardent spirits, and contrasting "honest water" with them; and we may feel assured that the two first lines ought to be printed hereafter as they are made to run by the old corrector:—

*"Here's that, which is too weak to be a fire,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire."*

Water was too weak to possess the fiery and intoxicating property of wine, which often "left man in the mire." How *fire* came to be misprinted "sinner," cannot be easily explained; but perhaps the long *s* and the *f* had something to do with the blunder. [Collier.

*"There is no crossing him in his humor;
Else I should tell him—well—i' faith I should—
When all's spent, he'd be crossed then, an he could."*

Act I., Scene 2.

The expression here is equivocal; in the last line, the steward means to say that, in his extremity, Timon would fain have his hand crossed with money. From the circumstance of some of the old coins bearing the impress of a cross, arose the once common phrase, "I have not a cross about me."

—"*No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by.*"—Act II., Scene 1.

The word "one" in the second line does not refer to "porter," but signifies a person. Roughness was the imputed characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth Castle, 1575, "a porter, tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance." The meaning of the text is, "He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who invites them in."

*"Takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind."*—Act II., Scene 2.

This can hardly be right: "nor resume no care," as it stands in the folios, is a very uncouth, even if an allowable phrase, and the last line reads still more objectionably. Two valuable manuscript changes are made which remove all ground of complaint:—

*"Takes no account
How things go from him; no reserve; no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was surely so unwise, to be so kind."*

Perhaps the occurrence of "to be" in the last part of the line, led to the mis-insertion of it in the first part; and we can see at once how *no reserve* might become "nor resume." [Collier.

"Good even, Varro."—Act II., Scene 2.

"Good even," or "good den," was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that "good morrow" became improper.

"So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again."—Act II., Scene 2.

It was formerly the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. From Laneham's "ACCOUNT OF THE ENTERTAINMENT AT KENILWORTH CASTLE," it appears that Queen Elizabeth, while there, hunted in the afternoon:—"Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in till five o'clock in the evening; what time it pleased her to ride forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of force; which found anon, and after sore chased," &c. On the 18th of July, there is another entry to the same effect.

*"I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow."*—Act II., Scene 2.

By a "wasteful cock" is probably meant what we now call a waste-pipe; a pipe that is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. "This circumstance," says Steevens, "served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favorable to meditation."

*"No villanous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."*—Act II., Scene 2.

"Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon; who, although beggared through want of prudence, consoles himself with the reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures."—STEEVENS.

*"If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing."*

Act II., Scene 2.

The contents of a poem or play were formerly called "the argument." "If I would," says Timon, "by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are composed,—what they have in them," &c.

"(For that I knew it the most general way)."—Act II., Scene 2.

"General" does not mean speedy, but compendious; the way to try many at a time.

—"*These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.*"—Act II., Scene 2.

Some distempers of natural constitution being called "hereditary," Timon so calls the ingratitude of the senators.

*"And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy."*

Act II., Scene 2.

The same thought occurs in the "WIFE FOR A MONTH" of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

*"Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous;
Which shows all honor is departed from us,
And we are earth again."*

"Here's three solidares for thee."—Act III., Scene 1.

"Where Shakspeare found this odd word," says Mr. Nares, "is uncertain. 'Solidata' is, in low Latin, the word for the daily pay of a common soldier; and 'solidare' the verb expressing the act of paying it; whence comes the word 'soldier' itself. From one or the other of these, some writer had formed the English word. Or the true reading may be 'solidate,' which is precisely 'solidata' made English."

"Requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents."—Act III., Scene 2.

Steevens conjectured that no precise amount was stated by Shakspeare, but that it was left to the player. This does not seem probable, and in a note in the folio, 1632, the sum is given as 500 talents, both here and afterwards, where Lucius speaks of "fifty-five hundred talents." We may presume, therefore, that it was the practice of the theatre, in the time of the corrector, to consider that Timon sent to borrow 500 talents, and that that was the amount required by Servilius, and repeated by Lucius. The point is, however, of little importance, because it does not in any way affect the spirit and purport of the scene. [Collier.

"The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by it: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear."—Act III., Scene 3.

The meaning of this passage appears to be, that the devil, by putting policy or cunning into the heart of man, merely intended to make him more wicked; but that this cunning has thriven so wonderfully in a congenial soil, that it will finally be turned against its bestower, and enable man to escape from the net of the devil himself.

"Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house."

Act III., Scene 3.

That is, keep within doors for fear of duns. So in "MEASURE FOR MEASURE" (act ii., scene 2):—"You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house."

"PHIL. All our bills."

TIM. Knock me down with 'em."—Act III., Scene 4.

This is a quibbling allusion to the weapon called the bill. In Decker's "GULL'S HORNBOK" we find, "They durst not strike down their customers with large bills."

"He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument."—Act III., Scene 5.

Here the printer was in error; in the old copies the lines are thus printed:—

"He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument."

Modern editors have consented to suppose *behoove* intended for "behave," and they have taken great pains to justify the expression, "he did behave his anger;" but the old corrector of the folio, 1632, shows that their labor has been thrown away, since the author did not use the phrase, but wrote as follows:—

"He did reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but mov'd an argument."

If these small, but more than plausible, emendations be admitted, no explanation is wanted. [Collier.

"If there were no foes, that were enough alone."

Act III., Scene 5.

Sir Thomas Hanmer received praise from Steevens for adding the word alone, "to complete the measure." In fact, it more than completes it; it renders it redundant; and as it is hardly to be disputed that the passage is wrong, as it stands baldly in the folios, —

"If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him,"

we may be disposed to place confidence in the change recommended in the folio, 1632, —

"Were there no foes, that were itself enough

To overcome him."

Here, with little violence, the measure is restored, and the sense of the speaker strengthened. [Collier.

"Upon that were my thoughts tiring."—Act III., Scene 6.

"Tiring" means fastened, as the hawk fastens its beak eagerly on its prey. So in Shakspeare's "VENUS AND ADONIS":—

"Like an empty eagle, sharp by fast,

Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone."

2d LORD. *Lord Timon's mad.*

3d LORD. *I feel't upon my bones.*

4th LORD. *One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones."*

Act III., Scene 6.

Timon, in this mock banquet, has thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and the dishes that contained it. The mention of stones in the passage cited, may be thus plausibly accounted for:

—Steevens states that Mr. Strutt, the engraver, was in possession of a MS. play on this subject, which is supposed to have been an older drama than Shakspeare's. There is said to have been a scene in it resembling the banquet given by Timon in the present play. Instead of warm water, he sets before his false friends stones painted like artichokes, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward. In the last act, he is followed by his sickle mistress, &c., after being reported to have discovered a treasure by digging. Steevens states the piece to have been a wretched composition, although apparently the work of an academic. It is possible that this production may have been of some service to Shakspeare: at present, no one appears to know what has become of it.

—"Such a house broke!"

So noble a master fallen!—Act IV., Scene 2.

It is justly remarked by Johnson, that nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character, than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honored by domestics; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependents.

"Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live

But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends."

Act IV., Scene 2.

We learn from manuscript-emendations, that what we have just quoted most imperfectly represents the passage; that the hemistich ought to be completed by two words carelessly omitted, and that an important verb ought to be altered: the whole passage will then remain as follows:—

"Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live

But in a dream of friendship, and revive

To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?"

[Collier.

—"Not nature,

To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature."—Act IV., Scene 3.

The meaning of these and the preceding lines is probably this:—Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; such is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, will, when elevated by fortune, despise beings of nature like its own.

—"Like tapsters, that bid welcome

To knaves and all approachers."—Act IV., Scene 3.

A similar satire on tapsters occurs in the poet's "VENUS AND ADONIS":—

"Like shrill-tongued tapsters, answering every call,

Soothing the humor of fantastic wits."

—"Will these moss'd trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels?"

Act IV., Scene 3.

"*Aquila senectus*" is a proverb. Turberville says that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its eyrie, or nest, in the same place.

—"Willing misery

Oulives incertain pomp; is crowned before."

Act IV., Scene 3.

That is, arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes. So in a former scene of this play:—

"And in some sort these wants of mine are crowned,
That I account them blessings."

And more appositely in "CYMBELINE":—

"My supreme crown of grief."

—"Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being;
Worse than the worse, content."—Act IV., Scene 3.

The meaning is, that the best states without content have a wretched being compared with the worst states that are contented.

"Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd."—Act IV., Scene 3.

Johnson strives hard to extract sense from this last clause, for of course the meaning of the first is very evident: it is in the hemistich that the error lies, for we ought beyond dispute to read,—

"Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores abhor'd."

Whoever read, or recited, to the copyist dropped the aspirate, and induced him, merely writing mechanically and without attending to the sense, to put "a bawd" for abhor'd. [Collier.]

"Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas."
Act IV., Scene 3.

What connection is there between "marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas?" We ought surely to read with the corrector of the folio, 1632,—

"Dry up thy meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas.

Parch them up, that they may produce no "liquorish draughts" or "morrels unctuous" for the gratification and sustenance of man. [Collier.]

Hadst thou, like us, from thy first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot."—Act IV., Scene 3.

"The passive drugs" of the world surely cannot be right. Timon is supposing the rich and luxurious to be, as it were, sucking freely at the "passive drugs" of the world; and an emendation in manuscript, which merely strikes out the superfluous letter, supports this view of the passage, and renders needless Monk Mason's somewhat wild conjecture in favor of *drudges*. [Collier.]

"The icy precepts of respect."—Act IV., Scene 3.

Meaning the cold admonitions of cautious prudence, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action. So in "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA":—

—"Reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lusthood deject."

—"Have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows."—Act IV., Scene 3.

The same imagery occurs in the poet's 73rd Sonnet:—

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold;
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

"If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer."—Act IV., Scene 3.

"Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil," observes Johnson, "to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here

given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices he condemns.—I have heard," continues the critic, "Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would now resemble."

"When thou wast in thy gill and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity."—Act IV., Scene 3.

The word "curiosity" is here used in the sense of finical delicacy. So in Jervas Markham's "ENGLISH ARCADIA," 1606:—"For all those eye-charming graces, of which with such curiosity she hath boasted." And in Hobby's translation of Castiglione's "CORTESIANO," 1566:—"A waiting-gentlewoman should flee affection or curiosity." "Curiosity" is here inserted as a synonyme to "affection," which means affectation.

"Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury."—Act IV., Scene 3.

The fabulous account of the unicorn states, that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree; the unicorn, in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him.

"Wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life."—Act IV., Scene 3.

This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:—

"Bear like the Turk, no brother near the throne."—POPE.

—"Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves confessed."—Act IV., Scene 3.

To "con thanks" is a common expression of the time; as, in "PIERCE PENNILESS HIS SUPPLICATION," by Nash, 1592:—"It is well done to practise thy wit; but I believe our lord will con thee little thanks for it."

—"There is boundless theft
In limited professions."—Act IV., Scene 3.

That is, in regular, orderly professions. So in "MACBETH":—

"For 't is my limited service."

Meaning, "My appointed service, prescribed by the necessary duty and rules of my office."

"'T is in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery."—Act IV., Scene 3.

The "malice of mankind" means here, Timon's malicious hatred of mankind. "He does not give us this advice to pursue our trade of stealing, &c., from any goodwill to us, or a desire that we should thrive in our profession, but merely from the malicious enmity that he bears to the human race."

"Performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use."—Act V., Scene 1.

That is, the doing of that which we have said we would do,—the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is for the most part out of use.

"It must be a personating of himself."—Act V., Scene 1.

The word "personating" here signifies representation. The subject of the projected satire was Timon's case, not his person."

—“*Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens.*” — Act V., Scene 1.

“Counterfeit” was a common term for a portrait; as, in the “*MERCHANT OF VENICE*.” —

—“*What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit?*”

—“*Yet remain assured
That he's a made up villain.*” — Act V., Scene 1.

Meaning a complete or consummate villain: “*omnibus numeris absolutus.*”

“*And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render.*”
Act V., Scene 2.

“Render” is confession. So in “*CYMBELINE*,” (act iv., scene iv): —

—“*May drive us to a render
Where we have lived.*”

“*Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offense can weigh down by the dram.*”
Act V., Scene 2.

A recompense so large that the offense they have committed, though every dram of that offense should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it.

—“*Thou shall be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power.*” — Act V., Scene 2.

“Allowed” is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled. So of a buffoon in “*LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST*,” it is said that he is “allowed;” that is, at liberty to say what he will; a privileged scoffer.

“*I have a tree which grows here in my close.*” — Act V., Scene 2.

This satirical stroke appears to be founded on a passage in Plutarch's “*LIFE OF ANTONY*.” — “It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs), got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly use to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: — ‘My lords of Athens, I have a little yard in my house, where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I mean to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.’”

“*All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge.*” — Act V., Scene 5.

The correction in the folio, 1632, puts it as an interrogative appeal, and substitutes another word for the unusual expression, “it is not square:” —

“*All have not offended;
For those that were, is't not severe to take
On those who are, revenge?*”

Steevens altered “revenge” to *reevenges*, for the sake of the metre, and very justifiably, since the word occurs just above in the plural, but the old corrector leaves it in the singular.

“*Now the time is flush.*” — Act V., Scene 5.

A bird is said to be “flush” when his feathers are grown and he can leave the nest.

“*By humble message, and by promised means.*” — Act I., Scene 5.

That is, by promising him a competent subsistence. The Chief

Justice says to Falstaff, “Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.”

“*Here lies a wretched corse,*” &c. — Act V., Scene 5.

This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which appear in North's “*PLUTARCH*.” The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

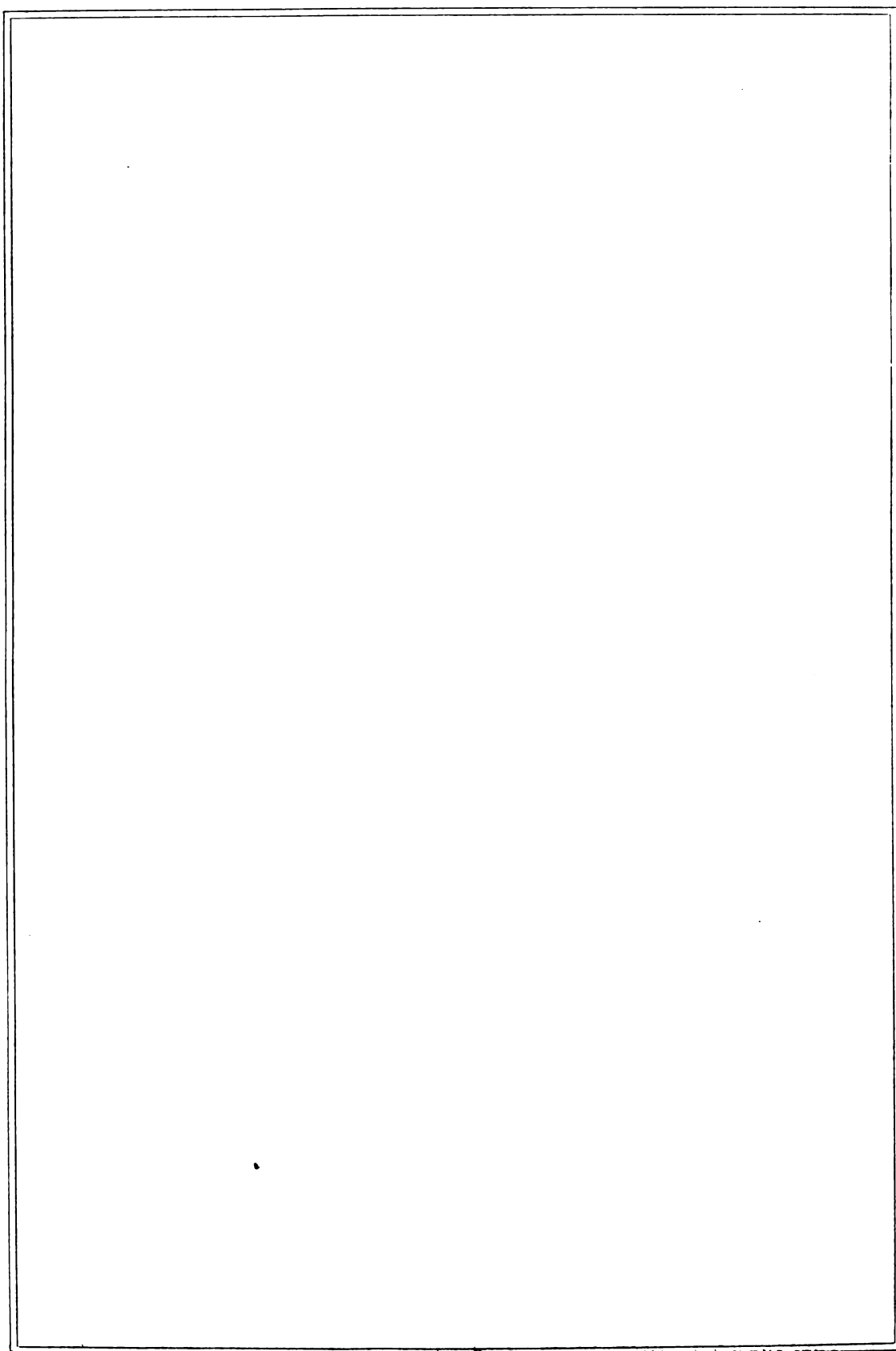
The remarks of Schlegel on this fine play are subjoined. They are worthy of the writer, although we think his estimate of the character of Timon far more severe than is warranted by the incidents of the drama: —

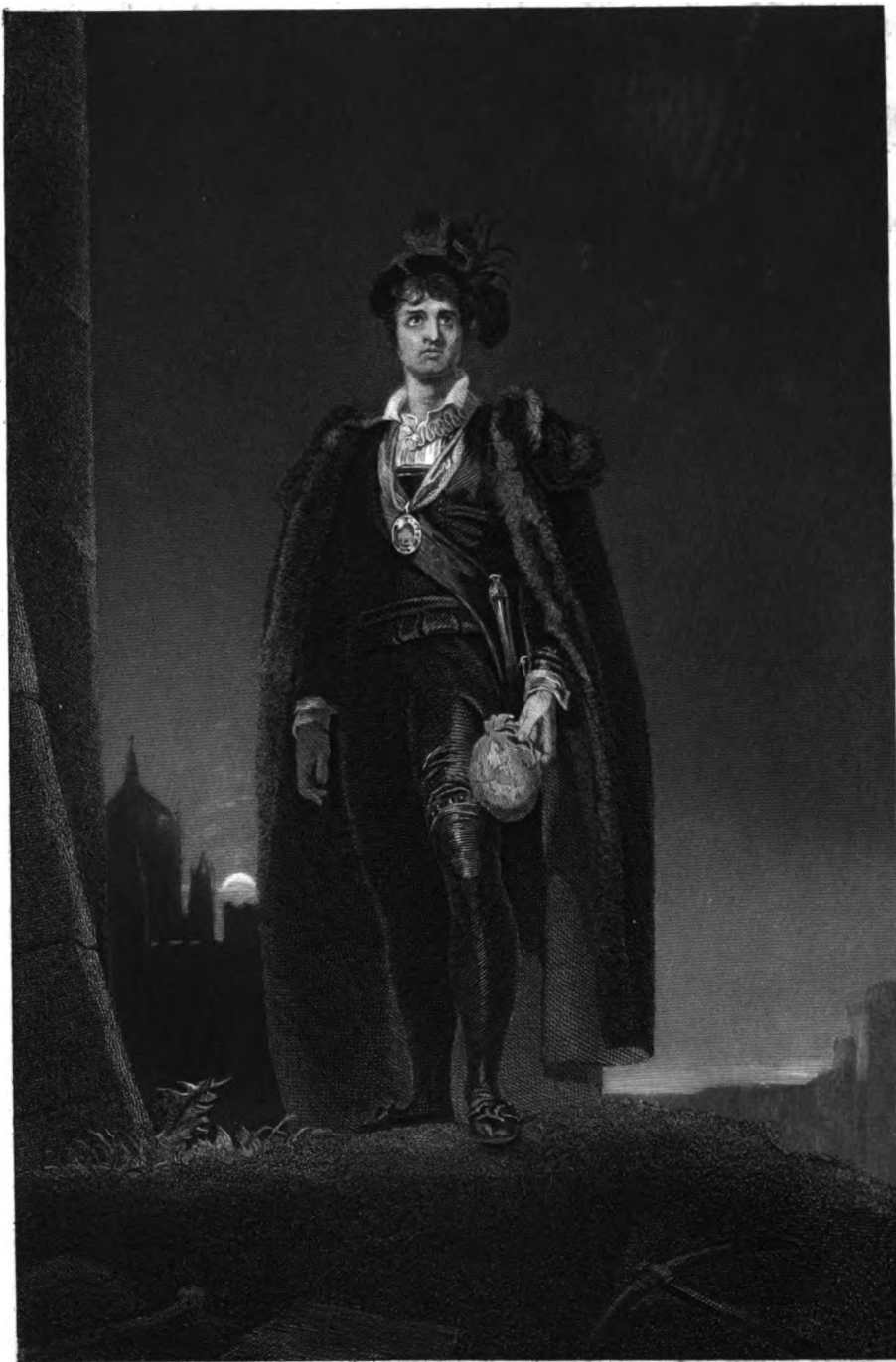
“Of all the works of Shakspeare, ‘*TIMON OF ATHENS*’ possesses most the character of a satire: a laughing satire, in the picture of the parasites and flatterers; and a Juvenalian, in the bitterness and the imprecations of Timon against the ingratitude of a false world. The story is treated in a very simple manner, and is definitely divided into large masses. In the first act, the joyous life of Timon; his noble and hospitable extravagance, and the throng of every description of suitors of him: in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need: in the fourth and fifth Acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode, is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude: the one, of a state towards its defender; and the other, of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviors are no less different: Timon frets himself to death; Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by violence.

“If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; he is a madman in his discontent; he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables men in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though, when he digs up a treasure, he spurns at the wealth which seems to solicit him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both parts of the play, had some share in his liberal selfforgetfulness, as well as in his anchoretical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy; the cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he had been long following of his own free choice; and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the cynic. As in this subject, the effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features, in the variety of the shades an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakspeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries, and empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors whom the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he has been revisited by fortune. In the speeches of Timon after he is undeceived, all the hostile figures of language are exhausted; it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecation.” —

Alas! the error of hapless Timon lay not (as the critic supposes) in the “vanity of wishing to be singular,” but in the humility of not perceiving that he really was so, in the boundless and unsuspecting generosity of his disposition. Timon is not to be considered an object of imitation: but it is plain, that had he not thought as well of others as of himself, he would not have been overwhelmed with horror and astonishment on the discovery of his fatal mistake.

**HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.**

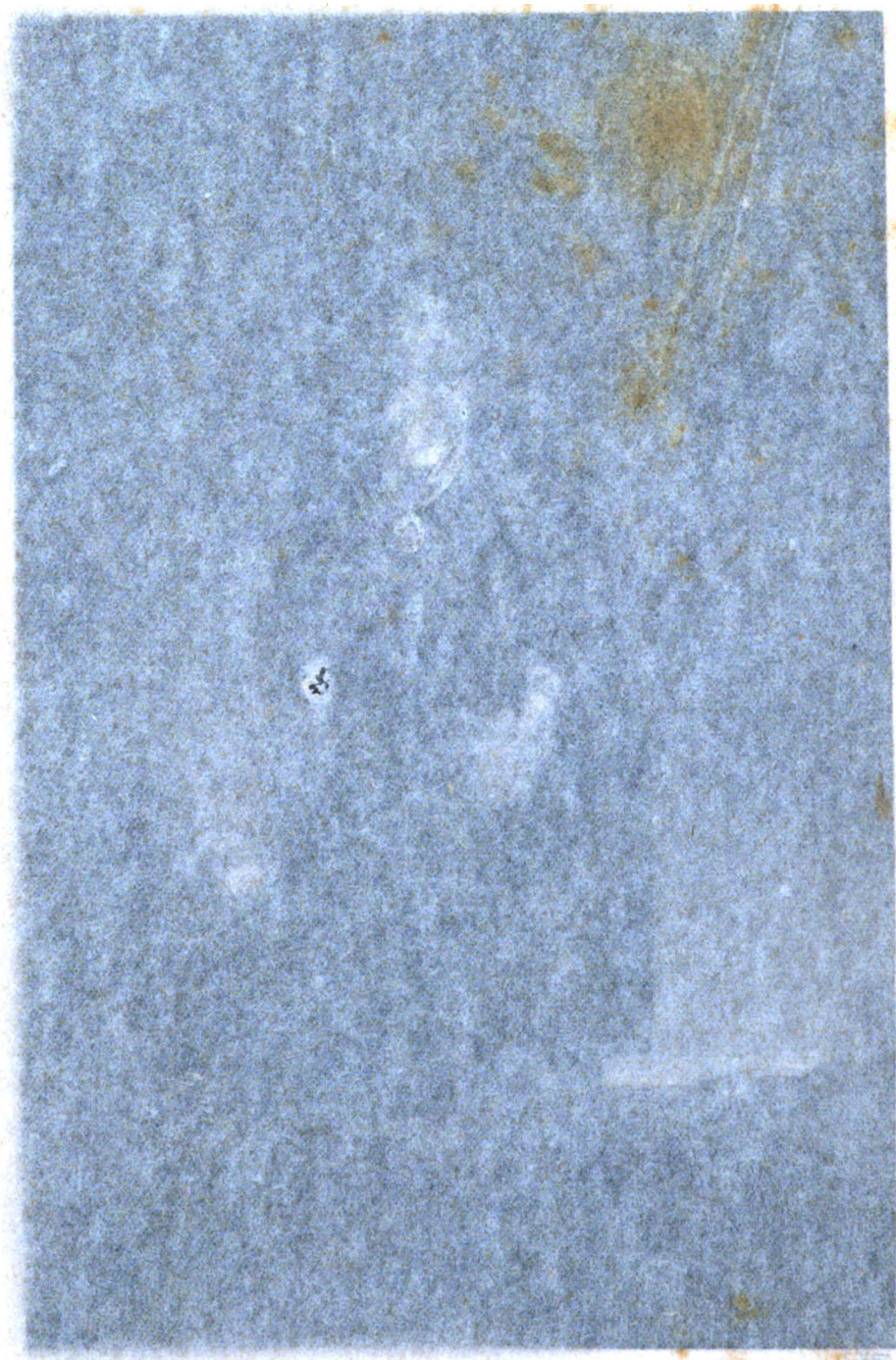




Str. Thomas Lawrence.

C. Mass.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL



ntroductory Remarks.

Among the numberless exquisite portraits delineated, for the delight and instruction of the world, by the hand of the great Dramatic Master, there is one which in a pre-eminent degree solicits and detains the universal gaze; — “the observed of all observers.” It is that of a young and amiable Prince, in whom the traits of intellect and of feeling are admirably blended: his fine and varied countenance exhibits humor and sensibility, wit and philosophy, in the justest proportions: yet over all, and through all, there is still visible that “pale cast of thought,” which might lead even the mere unacquainted spectator to infer, that the possessor had been burthened with a weight of mysterious care, which long oppressed, and finally overwhelmed him. This is that interesting and ever-eloquent friend, with whom we have held delightful converse from boyhood, even to the present hour; whose thoughts have penetrated to the innermost parts of our being; and whom, in despite of his occasional waywardness, weakness, and inconsistency, we have ever loved and respected as a dear and intimate personal friend.—This, in a word, is HAMLET.

Of all human compositions, there is, perhaps, not one which in the same compass contains so much just, original, and profound thought, as this gigantic effort of genius; none so suggestive, so imaginative, and yet so practical; none which in an equal degree charms alike the philosopher and the simple rustic, — the poet and the man of the world. From the hour of its first appearance, it has been the especial darling of all classes; and has thus tended, more than anything else, to shew the high capabilities of the universal human mind; — to justify the high eulogium which Hamlet himself, “the general favorite, as the general friend,” pronounces so emphatically on his kindred “quintessence of dust.” In reference to this point, it may be appropriately mentioned, that in the most remote eastern minor theatre—a locality which an inhabitant of more genial theatric climes would be apt to regard as a mere Bœotia, helplessly devoted to Pantomime and Melodrame—even here, the subtle wisdom and poetic beauty of the play before us, drew crowded houses, at a recent period, for upwards of sixty nights in a single season!

The main incidents on which the play of “HAMLET” is founded, are related by Saxo-Grammaticus, the Danish historian. The story is also told in the novels of Belleforest, and in a small black-letter volume, entitled “THE HISTORIE OF HAMBLETT.” Shakspeare’s drama was first printed in 1608; a copy of this edition (supposed to be unique), was discovered of late years, and reprinted in 1825. The title runs thus: — “The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, by William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell.” The title to the second quarto edition, published in 1604, states the play to have been “enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie.” It exhibits also some variations, both of plot and in the names of the characters, as compared with the original sketch. There were reprints of the enlarged quarto in 1605, 1609, and 1611; besides another edition without date. These various evidences of the great popularity of the play, were all precursors of the general folio collection, published by the Poet’s “fellows,” in 1623. Some further remarks on the different versions of “HAMLET” will be found in the Notes.

A black and white illustration of various weapons. In the foreground, several spears with long shafts and pointed heads stand upright. To the left, a battle-axe with a large, flat head is visible. In the lower right, a sword with a hilt and a scabbard lies on the ground. The background features stylized, dark, vertical shapes representing trees or foliage. The entire illustration is rendered in a woodcut or engraved style with fine lines and cross-hatching for shading.

HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.

HORATIO, Friend to HAMLET.

VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, } Courtiers.

Another Courtier.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS, } Officers.
BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, a Soldier.

REYNALDO, Servant to POLONIUS.

A Captain.

An Ambassador.

Ghost of HAMLET's Father.

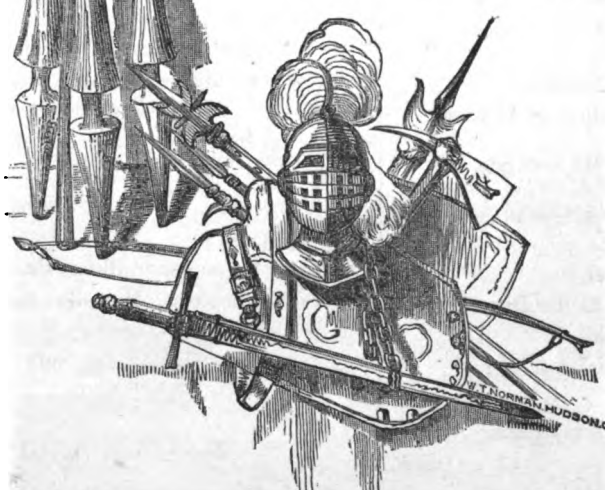
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

GERTRUDE, Queen of DENMARK, and Mother of HAMLET.

OPHELIA, Daughter of POLONIUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Players, Clowns, Sailors,
Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Elsinore.



Hamlet.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there.

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis new struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 't is bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them:—Stand, ho? Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

[*Exit.*

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appeared again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the
pole,

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it
comes again!

Enter Ghost (armed).

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee,
speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appeared to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteemed him)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a sealed compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as by the same cov'nant,
And carriage of the article designed,
His fell to Hamlet. — Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Sharked up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. ***
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events
(As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on)

Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen. —

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !
I 'll cross it, though it blast me. — Stay, illusion !
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me :

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me :

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak !

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.]

Speak of it : stay, and speak ! — Stop it, Marcellus !

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here !

Hor. 'T is here !

Mar. 'T is gone !

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence ;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine : and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm ;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :
Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet : for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do 't, I pray ; and I this morning
know

Where we shall find him most convenient.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — *The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, LORDS, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green ; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometimes sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were, with a defeated joy
(With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole),
Taken to wife : nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along : — for all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleague'd with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not failed to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. — So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.

Thus much the business is : — We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, —
Who, impotent and bed-ridden, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress
His further gait herein ; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject : — and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. } In that, and all things, will we shew
Vol. } our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?
You told us of some suit ; what is 't, Laertes ?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice : what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France ;
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark,
To shew my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? what says Polonius ?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,

My laborious petition ; and, at last,
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent :
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,

And thy best graces : spend it at thy will. —

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son :

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so, my lord ; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy night-like color off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not forever, with thy veiled lids,

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :

Thou know'st 't is common ; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath, —
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem ;
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within which passeth show ;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost his : and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow : but to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief :
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven :

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient ;

An understanding simple and unschooled.

For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,

Take it to heart ? Fie ! 't is a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd ; whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died to day,

" This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe ; and think of us

As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. — For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet:

I pray thee stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark. — Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away!

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c. POLONIUS,
and LAERTES.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! — O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't, O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. — That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? — why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month, —
Let me not think on 't; — Frailty, thy name is
woman! —

A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she, —
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,

Would have mourned longer, — married with mine
uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: — within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: — O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, — or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that
name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? —
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord, —

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even,
sir. —

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trust of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's fu-
neral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student:

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio.

My father! methinks I see my father.

Hor. O, where,

My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio?

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear!

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered:—A figure like your
father,

Armed at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length: whilst they, be-
chilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform, where we
watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honored lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord

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Ham. Armed, say you?

All. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like,
Very like. Stayed it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell
a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.

Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled?—no?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you; farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and
BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were
come!

Till then, sit still my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [Exit

SCENE III. — *A Room in POLONIUS' House.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

Laer. My necessities are embarked; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute; —
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear:
His greatness weighed, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head: then, if he says he loves
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular sect and force
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,

Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then: best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: 'but good, my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;

The winds sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for: there, — my blessing
with you:

[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Be-
ware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
ment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and sta-
tion,

Are of a most select and generous choice in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell : my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit.]

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :

'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :

If it be so (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honor.
What is between you ? — give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? pooh ! you speak like a green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus) you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honorable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, — extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making, —
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows : for they are brokers ;
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all : —
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you to squander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you ; so now come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. — *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ! I heard it not ; it then draws
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't :

But to my mind, — though I am native here,
And to the manner born, — it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations :
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though performed at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose its origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we
do ?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again : I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still : —
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled ; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[*Ghost beckons.*

Still am I called ; — unhand me, gentlemen :

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me :

I say, away ! — Go on ; I'll follow thee !

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 't is not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this
come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Den-
mark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A more remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to lasting fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: — List, list, O list! —
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —

Ham. O, heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;

'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgéd process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be: — Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And in a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despoil'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouselled, disappointed, unanelled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! Most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnéd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. *[Exit.]*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!
What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie!—Hold, hold, my
heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnéd villain!
My tables:—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now, to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."

I have sworn 't.

Hor. [within]. My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [within]. Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [within]. Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [within]. Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man
once think it?

But you 'll be secret?

Hor. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Mar. }

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all
Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offense, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, Ho-
ratio,

And much offense too. Touching this vision
here,—

It is an honest ghost; that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword; indeed.

Ghost [beneath]. Swear!

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?

Come on;—you hear this fellow in the cellarage: Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my sword.

Ghost [beneath]. Swear!

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we will shift our ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost [beneath]. Swear by his sword!

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come:—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall, With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As “Well, well, we know;” or, “We could, an if we would;” or, “If we list to speak;” or, “There be, an if they might;”—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note That you know aught of me:—this do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost [beneath]. Swear!

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in POLONIUS' House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvelous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry

Of his behavior.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding, By this encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it: Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him;

As thus: “I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him.” Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. “And, in part, him;—but,” you may say, “not well:

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;

Addicted so and so;”—and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonor him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling,

Drabbing:—you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonor him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 't were a thing a little soiled i' the working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty,—be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence:

"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or gentleman,"—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man and country:—

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?

By the mass, I was about to say something:
Where did I leave?

Rey. At "closes in the consequence."

Pol. At "closes in the consequence;" ay,
marry;

He closes with you thus: "I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis;" or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale"
(Videlicet, a brothel); or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son:—you have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [Exit

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's
the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry, —
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I feared he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my
jealousy!

It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: what it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot deem of. I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbored to his youth and humor,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,

So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talked
of you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. — Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Amen!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors of Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully returned.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,

I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the train of policy so sure
As it hath used to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first-admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er hasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my
good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appeared
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better looked into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
[*Gives a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more considered time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

Pol. This business is well ended. —
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: — Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is 't to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend:

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise

Reads.

— "To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautiful Ophelia; —

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus: —

Reads.

"In her excellent white bosom, these."

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

Reads.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu!

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had played the desk or table-book;
Or given my heart a working mute and dumb;
Or looked upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulséd (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),

That I have positively said, "Tis so,"

When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know of.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[Pointing to his head and shoulder.

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter: if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are!—a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you sir! [To POLONIUS.
[Exit POLONIUS.

Guil. My honored lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern?—ah, Rosencrantz!—Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over-happy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet.—What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular; what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies; and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggar's shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. } We'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, at halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then, I have an eye of you [*Aside*].
— If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. — What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, “Man delights not me!”

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o’ the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. — What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in; the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for’t: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better), their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. ’Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is King of Denmark; and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which I tell you must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you, too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. — You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 't was then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome, —

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honor, —

Ham. "Then came each actor on his ass, —"

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, —

"One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. Still on my daughter. *[Aside.]*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then you know,

"It came to pass, As most like it was."

The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more; for look where my abridgments come.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all: — I am glad to see thee well: — welcome, good friends. —

O, old friend! why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? — What, my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. — Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to it like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1st Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, — but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million: 't was caviarie to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter savory: nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation: but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see; —

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast, —

'T is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, — he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion

1st Player.

— Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seemed in the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so, after Pyrrhus' pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam. —
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.
— Pr'y thee, say on: he's for a jig, or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

1st Player.

But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen —

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1st Player.

Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teeming loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport,
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;

The instant burst of clamor that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,
And passionate the gods.

Pol. Look whether he has not turned his color,
and has tears in 's eyes! — Pr'y thee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the
rest of this soon. — Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be
well used; for they are the abstracts and brief
chronicles of the time: after your death you were
better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report
while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: use
every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape
whipping? Use them after your own honor and
dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play
to-morrow. — Dost thou hear me, old friend; can
you play the murder of Gonzago?

1st Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You
could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen
or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and
insert in't? could you not?

1st Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. — Follow that lord; and look
you mock him not. [Exit Player]. My good friends
[To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN], I'll
leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you. — Now I am
alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wanned;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing?
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motives and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make transgression bitter: or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain!

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,—
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!—About, my brains!—Humph!
I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told
him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 't were by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia:

Her father and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit QUEEN.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;

[*To OPHELIA.*]

That show of such an exercise may color
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er

The devil himself.

King. O, 't is too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautified with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word;

O, heavy burden! [*Aside.*]

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord. [*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer

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The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—

No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the poor man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honored lord, you know right well
you did;

And with them, words of so sweet breath composed

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your
honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
bawd, than the force of honesty can translate
beauty into his likeness: this was some time a pa-
radox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love
you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we
shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indif-
ferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better my mother had not
borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambi-
tious; with more offenses at my back than I have
thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them
shape, or time to act them in. What should such
fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth!
We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us:
go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he
may play the fool nowhere but in's own house.
Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this
plague for thy dowry: — Be thou as chaste as ice,
as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: or, if thou wilt
needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know
well enough what monsters you make of them.
To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well
enough; God hath given you one face, and you

make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and
you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make
your wantonness your ignorance: — Go to; I'll
no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say we
will have no more marriages: those that are mar-
ried already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall
keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his
soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down: — He shall with speed to Eng-
land,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. — How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. — My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
To shew his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: if she find him not,

To England send him : or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Terinagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

1st Play. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature ; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

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1st Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them : for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord ? will the king hear this piece of work ?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. —

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Will you two help to hasten them ?

Ros. } Ay, my lord.
Guil. }

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. What, ho ; Horatio !

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation could withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor
be flattered ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself : for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks : and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please : give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. — Something too much of this. —
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I pr'y thee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnéd ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be
idle:
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,
POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
STERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's
dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot
feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played
once in the university, you say? [*To POLONIUS.*]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a
good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed
i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so cap-
ital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your pa-
tience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more at-
tractive.

Pol. O, ho! do you mark that? [*To the KING.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! you only jig-maker. What should
a man do, but be merry? for look you how cheer-
fully my mother looks, and my father died within
these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear
black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O, heavens!
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then
there's hope a great man's memory may outlive
his life half-a-year: but, by'r-lady, he must build
churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking
on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For
O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!"

Trumpets sound. The Dumb Show follows.

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen
embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of
protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his
head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers;
she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow,
takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's
ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead,
and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two
or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her.
The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the
Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but
in the end accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it
means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of
the play.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the play-
ers cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you 'll shew him :
be not you ashamed to shew, he 'll not shame to
tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I 'll
mark the play.

PROLOGUE.

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a
ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a KING and QUEEN.

P. KING.

Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. QUEEN.

So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. KING.

'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honored, beloved; and haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. QUEEN.

O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who killed the first.

Ham. That 's wormwood.

P. QUEEN.

The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. KING.

I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favorite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. QUEEN.

Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If she should break it now,—

[To OPHELIA.]

P. KING.

'T is deeply sworn. Sweet leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

[Sleeps.]

[Aside.]

P. QUEEN.

Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offense in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest? no offense i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mousetrap. Marry, how? — tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista; you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? Your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands, — Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; —

— The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

LUCIANUS.

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing!
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden, for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away. —

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two Provincial roses on my raised shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very very — peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning, —

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! — Come, some music; come, the recorders. —

“For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.”

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history

Guil. The king, sir, —

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvelous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir : pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment : if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseased : but sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ; or rather, as you say, my mother : therefore, no more, but to the matter : My mother, you say. —

Ros. Then thus she says : your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother ! — But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? — impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper ? — you do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but " While the grass grows," — the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with recorders.

O, the recorders : let me see one. — To withdraw with you : — why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'T is as easy as lying : govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by. — They fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by-and-by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit POLONIUS.]

Ham. " By-and-by " is easily said. — Leave me, friends. [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, HORATIO, &c.]

'T is now the very witching time of night ;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world : now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my
mother. —

O heart, lose not thy nature : let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals, never, my soul, consent !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *A Room in the same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armor of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulph, doth draw
What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. } We will haste us.
Guil. }

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him
home :

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'T is meet that some more audience than a
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder ! — Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin ;
And both neglect. What if this curséd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offense ?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force, —
To be forestalléd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul mur-
der ! —

That cannot be ; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder ?
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offense ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked purse itself
Buys out the law : but 't is not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O liméd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and heart, with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! —
All may be well! [*Retires, and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged? That would be scanned;
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:—
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

The KING rises, and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay
home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
with;
And that your grace hath screened and stood be-
tween
Much heat and him. I'll sounce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

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Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not. Withdraw; I hear him coming.
[*POLONIUS hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-
fended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much of-
fended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—'would it were not so—you are my
mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not mur-
der me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*behind*]. What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*]
Dead, for a ducat, dead!
[*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*]
Pol. [*behind*]. O, I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*]
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*Lifts up the arras and draws forth POLONIUS.*]
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good
mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To POLONIUS.*]
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger. —
Leave wringing of your hands : peace ; sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
If damnéd custom hath not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul : and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act,

Queen. Ah me, what act.
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :
This was your husband. — Look you now what
follows :

Here is your husband ; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome breath. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
You cannot call it love : for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment : and what judgment
ment

Would stoop from this to this ? Sense sure you
have,
Else could you not have motion : but sure that
sense

Is apoplexed : for madness would not err ;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserved some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense,
Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grainéd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseaméd bed ;
Stewed in corruption ; honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty !

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears :
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villain :
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord : a vice of kings :
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches ! —

Enter Ghost (unarmed).

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards ! — What would your gra-
cious figure ?

Queen. Alas ! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in fume and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look ! amazement on thy mother sits :

O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! — Look you, how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals
away!

My father, in his habit as he lived;
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin, and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my
virtue:

For, in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord,

[*Pointing to POLONIUS.*]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night! —
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. —
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed:
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him
know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters sealed: and my two schoolfellows, —
Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged, —
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: — let it work;
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most sweet,
And in one line two crafts directly meet! —
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room. —
Mother, good night. — Indeed, this counselor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you. —
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally*; HAMLET dragging in
POLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Elsinore. — *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.*

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound
heaves
You must translate; 't is fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. —

[*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN,
who go out.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? — How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrained, and out of
haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath killed:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. — Ho, Guilden-
stern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged
him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the
body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander, —
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poisoned shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. — Safely stowed, —

ROSENCRANTZ, &c., within.

Hamlet! lord Hamlet!

Ham. But soft; what noise? who calls on Hamlet? — O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! — what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing —

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's loved of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offense. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all. — How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! — where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of palated worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, — for thine especial safety,

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, — must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But
come; for England! — Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother. Father and mother is man
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my
mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with
speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for everything is sealed and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make
haste.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us), thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me, greet the Danish
king;

Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
STERN, &c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, — Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend
it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrisoned.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thou-
sand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw!
This is the imposthume of much wealth and
peace;

That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. — I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little
before.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]
How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? — a beast, no more.
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event, —
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part
wisdom,

And ever three parts coward, — I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause, —
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain! — O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. — *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says,
she hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats
her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'T were good she were spoken with; for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in. [*Exit HORATIO.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beautous majesty of Den-
mark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA sings.

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle-hat and staff,
And his sandal-shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark:

Sings.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a green grass turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia, —

Oph. Pray you, mark:

Sings.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, —

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.





West. P. A.

1871. 10. 12. 11.

OPHELIA *sings*.

Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you do, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we
are, but know not what we may be. God be at
your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you what it means, say you this:—

Sings

Good morrow, 't is St. Valentine's day.
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine;
Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dugged the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an
end on 't.

Sings.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't if they come to 't;
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be
patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think
they shall lay him i' the cold ground. My brother
shall know of it, and so I thank you for your
good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night,
ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good
night. [*Exit*.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch,

I pray you, [*Exit HORATIO*.

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death.—O, Gertrude, Ger-
trude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddled,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within*.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend:

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the
door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him,
lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds,

"Laertes shall be king; Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry;

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within*.

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you
all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. — O, thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims
me bastard;

Cries "cuckold" to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would, —
Acts little of his will. — Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed? — Let him go, Ger-
trude; —

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? — I'll not be juggled
with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand, —
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will; not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your re-
venge
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and
foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms;

And, like the life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes [*within*]. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws
and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! —
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! —
O heaven! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and where't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

OPHELIA sings.

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rained many a tear; —

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you
call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel becomes
it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's
daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray you, love, remember: and there is
pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness: thoughts and
remembrance fitted!

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:
— there's rue for you; and here's some for me;
we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may
wear your rue with a difference. — There's a
daisy: I would give you some violets; but they

withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end, —

Sings.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy, —

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favor and to prettiness!

OPHELIA sings.

And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Gone to his death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll;

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! *[Exit OPHELIA.]*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

His means of death, his obscure funeral, —
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation, —
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;

And where the offense is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir; they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. — *[Exit Servant.]*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1st Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let Him bless thee too.

1st Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please Him.
There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the
ambassador that was bound for England; if your
name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO reads.

"Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor; and in the grapple I boarded them; on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

"He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.

King. O, for two special reasons ;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-
sinewed,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which),
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear
him :

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyres to graces ; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aimed them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost ;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections ! but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you
must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more :

I loved your father, and we love ourself ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine —
How now ? what news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! Who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say : I saw them
not. They were given me by Claudio ; he re-
ceived them of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them. — Leave
us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

KING reads.

“High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on
your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon

thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more
strange return.

“HAMLET.”

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come
back ?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'T is Hamlet's character. “Naked,” —
And, in a postscript here, he says, “Alone.”
Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him
come ;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
“Thus diddest thou.”

King. If it be so, Laertes, —
As how should it be so ? how otherwise ? —
Will you be ruled by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turned,

(As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it), I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall :
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe :
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled ;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. — Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy, —
I have seen myself, and served against, the French,

And they can well on horseback : but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't : he grew unto his seat ;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast : so far he topped my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was 't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed
If one could match you : the scrimers of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this, —

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think you did not love your
father ;

But that I know love is begun by time ;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much : that we would do,
We should do when we would ; for this "would"
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the
ulcer :

Hamlet comes back : what would you undertake,
To shew yourself indeed your father's son
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise ;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, — keep close within your chamber ?

Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home :
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,

And wager on your heads : he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal : I'll touch my point
With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
Weigh what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,

'T were better not assayed ; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft ; let me see :
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings, —
I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry
(As make your bouts more violent to that end),
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferred
him

A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what
noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drowned,
Laertes.

Laer. Drowned! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the
brook,

That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do "dead-men's fingers" call
them:

There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drowned?

Queen. Drowned, drowned.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are
gone,

The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*]

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1st Clo. Is she to be buried in christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2nd Clo. I tell thee she is; therefore make her
grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and
finds it christian burial.

1st Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2nd Clo. Why, 't is found so.

1st Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point:—If I drown my-
self wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath
three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to per-
form: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2nd Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: if the man go

to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he,
nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the
water come to him, and drown him, he drowns
not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his
own death, shortens not his own life.

2nd Clo. But is this law?

1st Clo. Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest law.

2nd Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this
had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of christian burial.

1st Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more
pity, that great folks shall have countenance in
this world to drown or hang themselves, more
than their even christian. Come, my spade.
There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners,
ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's
profession.

2nd Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1st Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2nd Clo. Why, he had none.

1st Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself, —

2nd Clo. Go to.

1st Clo. What, is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2nd Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1st Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stranger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2nd Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2nd Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1st Clo. To't.

2nd Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1st Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughn, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. *[Exit 2nd Clown.]*

1st Clown *digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1st Clown *sings.*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God; might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't! Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

1st Clown *sings.*

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For — and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and calves'-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st Clo. Mine, sir.

Sings.

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1st Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, and not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1st Clo. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1st Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1st Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1st Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1st Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1st Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1st Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1st Clo. 'Faith e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1st Clo. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1st Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1st Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1st Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1st Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? • [Takes the skull.

1st Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfaln? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come: make her laugh at that. — Pr'y thee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[Throws down the skull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it:—as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft; but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA; LAERTES, and Mourners, following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maiméd rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'T was of some estate:
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1st Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;

Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1st Priest. No more be doné!
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,

And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that curséd head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing*]. What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wondering stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr' thee take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, shew me what thou 'lt do :

Woul 't weep? woul 't fight? woul 't fast? woul 't
tear thyself?

Woul 't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I 'll do 't: I 'll do 't. — Dost thou come here to
whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres upon us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! — Nay, an thou 'lt
mouth,

I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir:

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever. But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon
him. — [Exit HORATIO.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's
speech; [To LAERTES.

We 'll put the matter to the present push. —

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. —

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see
the other; —

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, — let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should
teach us,

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark

Groped I to find out them: had my desire;

Fingered their packet; and, in fine, withdrew

To mine own room again: making so bold,

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal

Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,

A royal knavery; an exact command, —

Larded with many several sorts of reasons,

Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life, —

That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,

No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,

My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here 's the commission; read it at more
leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,

They had begun the play: — I sat me down;

Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:

I once did hold it, as our statists do,

A baseness to write fair, and labored much

How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know

The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king, —

As England was his faithful tributary;

As love between them like the palm might flourish;

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,

And stand a comma 'tween their amities;

And many such like "As's" of great charge, —

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,

He should the bearers put to sudden death,

Not shriving-time allowed.

Hor. How was this sealed?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal: —
Bolted the writ up in form of the other;
Subscribed it; gav't the impression; placed it
safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next
day

Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment,
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incenséd points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
upon?
He, that hath killed my king, and whored my
mother;
Popped in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect con-
science
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be
damned,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his. I'll count his favors:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

x

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. — Dost know
this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is
a vice to know him. He hath much land, and
fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib
shall stand at the king's mess. 'T is a chough;
but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at lei-
sure, I should impart a thing to you from his
majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence
of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 't is for
the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind
is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and
hot; or my complexion —

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, —
as 't were, — I cannot tell how. — My lord, his
majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid
a great wager on your head: sir, this is the mat-
ter, —

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes:
believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most
excellent differences, of very soft society, and
great showing: indeed, to speak freely of him, he
is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall
find in him the continent of what part a gentleman
would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition
in you; — though, I know, to divide him inven-
torially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory;
and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick
sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him
to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of
such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction
of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else
would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap
the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir.—Yet in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts; most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if we would carry a cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that I know the drossy age dotes on), only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it : I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit: we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir : I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punished with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honor, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was 't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If 't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honor
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honor,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till that time,
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play, —
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. —
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord:

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all
a length? *[They prepare to play]*

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table: —

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordance fire;

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown hath worn. Give me the
cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannonier without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

"Now the king drinks to Hamlet." — Come, begin;

And you the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. *[They play.]*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well, — again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl
is thine;

Here's to thy health. — Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come. — Another hit: what say you? *[They play.]*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath. —

Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son :
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam, —

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord : I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup ; it is too late.

[*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by-and-by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now :

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but delay :

I pray you, pass with your best violence :

I am afeared you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on. [*They play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

King. Part them, they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides. — How is it, my lord ?

Osr. How is't Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springs, Osrice :

I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink ! — O, my dear Hamlet !

The drink, the drink ; I am poisoned ! [*Dies.*

Ham. O villainy ! Ho ! let the door be locked : Treachery ! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain ;

No medicine in the world can do thee good ;

In thee there is not half an hour's life ;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenomed : the foul practice
Hath turned itself on me ; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned ;
I can no more ; — the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenomed too ! —

Then, venom to thy work. [*Stabs the KING.*

Osr. } Treason ! treason !

Lords. }

King. O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion : — Is the union here ?

Follow my mother. [*KING dies.*

Laer. He is justly served ;

It is a poison tempered by himself. —

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee ;

Nor thine on me ! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. — Wretched queen, adieu. —

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you, —

But let it be. — Horatio, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st ; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it ;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane ;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven, I'll have it.

O, good Horatio, What a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story. — [*March afar off, and shot within.*

What warlike noise is that ?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;

The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit :

I cannot live to hear the news from England :
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
Which have solicited — The rest in silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. — Good night,
sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it you would see ?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc ! — O, proud
Death !

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck ?

1st Amb. The sight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled ;
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placéd to the view ;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause ;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my 'vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more :

But let this scene be presently performed,
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mis-
chance,

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him. —

Take up the bodies : such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss. —
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*]

[*Exeunt, marching ; after which, a peal
of ordnance is shot off.*]



"BAR. *Who's there?*
FRAN. *Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.*"

Act I, Scene 1.

The striking and eminently dramatic opening of this great tragedy has been often praised: but never with more taste and congenial spirit, than by Mrs. Radcliffe.

"In nothing," says the very competent authority, "has Shakspeare been more successful, than in selecting circumstances of manners and appearance for his supernatural beings, which, though wild and remote, in the highest degree, from common apprehension, never shock the understanding by incompatibility with themselves; never compel us, for an instant, to recollect that he has a license for extravagance. — Above every ideal being, is the ghost of Hamlet, with all its attendant incidents of time and place. The dark watch upon the remote platform; the dreary aspect of the night; the very expression of the officer on guard, 'The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold;*' the recollection of a star, an unknown world, are all circumstances which excite forlorn, melancholy, and solemn feelings, and dispose us to welcome, with trembling curiosity, the awful being that draws near; and to indulge in that strange mixture of horror, pity, and indignation, produced by the tale it reveals. Every minute circumstance of the scene between those watching on the platform, and of that between them and Horatio, preceding the entrance of the apparition, contributes to excite some feeling of dreariness, or melancholy, or solemnity, or expectation, in unison with, and leading on toward, that high curiosity and thrilling awe with which we witness the conclusion of the scene. So the first question of Bernardo, and the words in reply, 'Stand, and unfold yourself.' But there is not a single circumstance in either dialogue, not even in this short one with which the play opens, that does not take its secret effect upon the imagination. It ends with Bernardo desiring his brother officer, after having asked whether he has had 'quiet watch,' to hasten the guard if he should chance to meet them; and we immediately feel ourselves alone on this dreary ground.

"When Horatio enters, the challenge — the dignified answers, 'Friends to this ground,' 'And liegemen to the Dane' — the question of Horatio to Bernardo touching the apparition — the unfolding of the reason why 'Horatio has consented to watch with them the minutes of this night' — the sitting down together, while Bernardo relates the particulars of what they had seen for two nights — and, above all, the few lines with which he begins his story, 'Last night of all' — and the distinguishing, by the situation of 'yon same star,' the very point of time when the spirit had appeared — the abruptness with which he breaks off, 'the bell then beating one' — the instant appearance of the Ghost, as though ratifying the story for the very truth itself; — all these are circumstances which the deepest sensibility only could have suggested; and which, if you read them a thousand times, still continue to affect you almost as much as at first. I thrill with delightful awe, even while I recollect and mention them as instances of the exquisite art of the poet."

The preceding excellent remarks are extracted from a posthumous paper by Mrs. Radcliffe, on "THE SUPERNATURAL IN POETRY."

* This is a lapse of memory in the writer. The words here quoted are used by Hamlet at the commencement of Scene 4. The occasion, however, is similar.

"*In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,*" &c.

Act I, Scene 1.

The whole of this fine passage is omitted in the first folio edition of Shakspeare. The second quarto (1609) is stated to be "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was;" and it is on this edition that the received text is mainly founded. It contains the passage in question, and many others of great importance which are not found in the folio. The whole of the characteristic scene in the fourth act, between Hamlet and the Captain of Fortinbras, is not in that copy: in its turn, however, it contains some valuable matter which is wanting in the quarto. Indeed, it would be highly injudicious to follow either version implicitly, although upon the whole, the quarto affords, singly considered, the most full and satisfactory text. Malone's reasons for preferring the quarto editions of those plays which did not appear for the first time in the folio, are thus stated in the preface to his edition of 1790: — Fifteen of Shakspeare's plays were printed in quarto antecedent to the first complete collection of his works, which was published by his fellow-comedians, in 1623. These plays are: 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,' 'LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST,' 'ROMEO AND JULIET,' 'HAMLET,' the Two Parts of 'HENRY IV.,' 'RICHARD II.,' 'RICHARD III.,' 'MERCHANT OF VENICE,' 'HENRY V.,' 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,' 'MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,' 'TROILUS AND CRESSIDA,' 'KING LEAR,' 'OTHELLO'.

"The players, when they mention those copies, represent them all as mutilated and imperfect; but this was merely thrown out to give an additional value to their own edition, and is not strictly true of any but two of the whole number: 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,' and 'HENRY V.' With respect to the other thirteen copies, though undoubtedly they were all surreptitious — that is, stolen from the play-house, and printed without the consent of the author or proprietors — they, in general, are preferable to the exhibition of the same plays in the folio, for this plain reason: because, instead of printing these plays from a manuscript, the editors of the folio, to save labor, or from some other motive, printed the greater part of them from the very copies which they represented as maimed and imperfect; and frequently from a late, instead of the earliest, edition; in some instances, with additions and alterations of their own. Thus, therefore, the first folio, as far as respects the plays above enumerated, labors under the disadvantage of being, at least, a second, and in some cases a third, edition of these quartos. I do not, however, mean to say, that many valuable corrections of passages, undoubtedly corrupt in the quartos, are not found in the folio copy; or that a single line of these plays should be printed by a careful editor, without a minute examination and collation of both copies; but those quartos were in general the basis on which the folio editors built, and are entitled to our particular attention and examination as first editions.

"It is well known to those who are conversant with the business of the press, that (unless when the author corrects and revises his own works) as editions of books are multiplied, their errors are multiplied also; and that, consequently, every such edition is more or less correct, as it approaches nearer to, or is more distant from, the first."

After these remarks, the writer proceeds to give, in support of his main position, "a few instances of the gradual progress of corrup-

tion:" from these instances, we will extract two, as among the most striking:—

"In the original copy of *HENRY IV.*, Part I., printed in 1598 (act iv., scene 4), we find:—

'And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a *rated sinew* too),' &c.

"In the fourth quarto, printed in 1608, the article being omitted by the negligence of the compositor, and the line printed thus:

'Who with them was *rated sinew* too;'

the editor of the next quarto (which was copied by the folio), instead of examining the first edition, amended the error (leaving the metre still imperfect), by reading:—

'Who with them was *rated firmly* too.'

The instance of gradual perversion just cited, is simply curious: that which follows has the additional value of drollery:—Malone proceeds:

"'Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And *fire-eyed* fury be my conduct now!'

says Romeo, when provoked by the appearance of his rival. Instead of this, which is the reading of the quarto (1597), the line in the quarto (1599) is thus corruptly exhibited;—

'And *fire end* fury be my conduct now!'

In the subsequent quarto copy, *and* was substituted for *end*; and accordingly, in the folio, the poet's fine imagery is entirely lost, and Romeo exclaims:—

'And *fire and* fury be my conduct now!'

From these examples, it will appear that the patient plodding of Shakespeare's editors has not been the useless and ridiculous thing it is often represented. In further justice to Malone (who has, it seems to us, been somewhat harshly censured), we subjoin his statement of the praiseworthy efforts he made to secure correctness in his own edition:—

"Having often experienced the fallaciousness of collation by the eye, I determined, after I had adjusted the text in the best manner in my power, to have every proof-sheet of my work read aloud to me, while I perused the first folio for those plays which first appeared in that edition; and for all those which had been previously printed, the first quarto copy, excepting only in the instances of *'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,'* and *'HENRY V.,'* which, being either sketches or imperfect copies, could not be wholly relied on. * * * I had, at the same time, before me a table which I had formed of the variations between the quarto and the folio. By this laborious process, not a single innovation, made either by the editor of the second folio, or any of the modern editors, could escape me."

"*The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.* * * *
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood, &c.

Act I., Scene 1.

After the word "streets," in the above quotation, a line is, with great probability, supposed to be lost, and a blank space, or a line of dashes, is usually left for it: we have, however, thought a minor mark of omission [* * *] sufficient for the purpose.—Something is evidently wanting to connect the passage commencing "*As stars with trains of fire,*" &c., with that which immediately precedes it.

"*I'll cross it, though it blast me.*"—Act I., Scene 1.

It was an ancient superstition that the person who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became thus subject to its malignant influence. Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, died young, in 1594; and among the reasons for supposing him to have been killed by witchcraft, was the following:—"On Friday, there appeared a tall man,

who twice crossed swiftly; and when the Earl of Derby came to the place where he saw this man, he fell sick."

"*The glowworm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.*"—Act I., Scene 4.

In the paper by Mrs. Radcliffe, to which we have before alluded, there are some further fine observations on the Ghost scenes of Hamlet, which we subjoin, as infinitely superior in interest to mere verbal criticism:—

"I should never be weary of dwelling on the perfection of Shakspeare, in his management of every scene connected with that most solemn and mysterious being, which takes such entire possession of the imagination that we hardly seem conscious we are beings of this world while we contemplate 'the extravagant and erring spirit.' The spectre departs, accompanied by natural circumstances as touching as those by which he had approached. It is by the strange light of the glowworm, which 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;' it is at the first scent of the morning air—the living breath—that the apparition retires.

"I have sometimes thought, as I walked in the deep shade of the North Terrace of Windsor Castle, when the moon shone on all beyond, that the scene must have been present in Shakspeare's mind when he drew the night scenes in Hamlet: and as I have stood on the platform, which there projects over the precipice, and have heard only the measured step of a sentinel, or the clink of his arms, and have seen his shadow passing by moonlight, at the foot of the high eastern tower, I have almost expected to see the royal shade, armed cap-a-pe, standing still on the lonely platform before me. The very star—"you same star, that's westward from the pole"—seemed to watch over the western towers of the Terrace, whose high dark lines marked themselves upon the heavens. All has been so still and shadowy, so great and solemn, that the scene appeared fit for 'no mortal business, nor no sound that the earth owes.' Did you ever observe the fine effect of the eastern tower, when you stand near the western end of the North Terrace, and its tall profile rears itself upon the sky, from nearly the base to the battled top; the lowness of the parapet permitting this? It is most striking at night, when the stars appear at different heights, upon the tall dark line, and when the sentinel on watch moves a shadowy figure at its foot."

It is in this congenial spirit that Shakspeare should be read. Such poetic associations give additional interest even to the time-honored towers and terraces of royal Windsor.

"*My liege, and madam, to expostulate,
What majesty should be, what duty is,*" &c.

Act II., Scene 2.

Johnson has discussed the conflicting qualities in the character of Polonius, in one of his best notes. "Polonius," he remarks, "is a man bred in courts; exercised in business; stored with observation; confident in his knowledge; proud of his eloquence; and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application; he is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his depositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties; he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle and falls into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."

*And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;" &c.*

Act II., Scene 2.

It is observed by Warburton, that "the ridicule of the character of Polonius is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humor of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find—

'Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.'

*"For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing
carriion—Have you a daughter?"—Act II., Scene 2.*

Hamlet, by breaking off abruptly in this sentence, has been the cause of an infinite deal of ink-shedding. The old copies read, "Being a good kissing carriion." The present reading was suggested by Warburton, and has been generally adopted, as the most plausible that has yet been proposed. His labored comment on the passage, in which he endeavors to prove that Shakespeare intended it as a vindication of the ways of Providence in permitting evil to abound in the world, has not been so well received. Malone has traced in a less exalted, though more probable strain, the train of thought in Hamlet's mind: Hamlet has just remarked, 'that honesty is very rare in the world.' To this, Polonius assents. The prince then adds, 'that, since there is so little virtue in the world; since corruption abounds everywhere, and maggots are bred by the sun, even in a dead dog, Polonius ought to prevent his daughter from walking in the sun, lest she should prove a breeder of sinners.'

*"Ros. Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality,
that it is but a shadow's shadow.*

*Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-
stretched heroes the beggars' shadows."—Act II., Scene 2.*

Meaning, according to Johnson, "If ambition is such an unsubstantial thing, then are our beggars (who at least can dream of greatness) the only things of substance; and monarchs and heroes, though appearing to fill such mighty space with their ambition, but the shadows of the beggars' dreams."

"We coted them on the way."—Act II., Scene 2.

The term "coted" is derived from the french cote, the side. "In the laws of coursing," says Mr. Tollet, "a cote is when a greyhound goes endways by the side of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn." Instances are given of the use of the word in the sense of overtaking or passing by.

*"The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the
sere."—Act II., Scene 2.*

That is, those who are troubled with a huskiness, or dry cough.

*"HAM. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in repu-
tation and profit, was better both ways.*

*Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innova-
tion."—Act II., Scene 2.*

The "innovation" here alluded to appears to have been the public performance of the "Children of the Revels," the "Children of St. Paul's," &c., which for a time attracted the town, and thereby in effect "inhibited" or prevented the performance of the regular players at their old stations, and compelled them to "travel." In "JACK DRUM'S ENTERTAINMENT" (1601), we find:—

*"I sawe the children of Powle's [Paul's] last night;
And troth they pleased me prettie, prettie well;
The ajes in time will do it handsomely."*

In the first quarto edition of the play (1603), the passage stands thus:—

"Ham. How comes it that they travel? do they grow restle?

Gal. No, my lord; their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

*Gal. I' faith, my lord, novelty carries it away; for the principal
public audience that came to them, are turned to private plays, and
to the humor of children."*

There is still, however, some obscurity connected with this matter, since we cannot be certain that the passage in the present text refers to the same period of time as the corresponding one in the earliest quarto. In June, 1600, an order of council passed "for the restraint of the immoderate use of playhouses." It prescribes that "there shall be about the city two houses, and no more, allowed for the use of the common stage plays." This order may, with some probability, be deemed the origin of the "inhibition" and "innovation" referred to in the text.

"O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!"

Act II., Scene 2.

In Percy's "RELIQUES," there is an imperfect copy of the old ballad to which Hamlet here refers. It has been since entirely recovered, and is printed entire in Mr. Evans's "COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS" (1810). The first stanza comprises the various quotations in the text:—

"I have heard that many years agoe,

When Jepha, judge of Israel,

Had one fair daughter, and no more;

Whom he loved passing well.

As by lot, God wot,

It came to passe most like as it was,

Great wars there should be,

And who should be the chiefe, but he, but he."

"When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin?"—Act III., Scene 1.

The word "quietus" signifies discharge or acquittance. Every sheriff receives his "quietus" on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. "Bodkin" was the term in use to signify a small dagger.

"To grunt and sweat under a weary life."—Act III., Scene 1.

This is the true reading, according to all the old copies; "although," as Johnson observes, "it can scarcely be borne by modern ears." On this point, Malone remarks, "I apprehend that it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote; and not to substitute what may appear to the present age preferable. I have, therefore, though with some reluctance, adhered to the old copies, however unpleasing this word may be to the ear. On the stage, without doubt, an actor is at liberty to substitute a less offensive word. To the ears of our ancestors, it probably conveyed no unpleasing sound; for we find it used by Chaucer and others."

*"To split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are
capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise."—Act
III., Scene 2.*

The pit, in the early theatres, had neither floor nor benches, and was frequented by the poorer classes. Ben Jonson speaks with equal contempt of the "understanding gentlemen of the ground." Of the "dumb shows," we have a specimen in the play scene of this tragedy. "The meaner people," says Dr. Johnson, "then seem to have sat [stood] below, as they now sit in the upper gallery; who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue."

"*I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod.*"—Act III., Scene 2.

Termagant, according to Percy, was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the Old Moralities. Herod, also, was a constant character in these entertainments, and his outrageous boasting is sometimes highly amusing. Subjoined are two short specimens. The first is from the "CHESTER WHITSUN PLAYS:"—

"For I am kinge of all mankinde,
I byd, I beate, I lose, I bynde:
I master the moone:—take this in mynde,
That I am most of mighte.

I am the greatest above degree,
That is, that was, or ever shall be;
The sonne it dare not shine on me,
And I bid him go downe."

It appears that this amiable personage had no less conceit of his "bewte" than of his "boldness." In one of his "COVENTRY PLAYS," he exclaims:—

"Of bewte and of boldnes I ber evermore the belle,
Of mayn and of myght I master every man;
I dyng with my dowltness the devl down to helle,
For both of hevyn and of earth I am kyng certayn."

"*My lord, you played once in the university, you say.*"

Act III., Scene 2.

The practice of acting Latin plays in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge is very ancient, and continued to near the middle of the seventeenth century. They were performed occasionally for the entertainment of princes, and other great personages; and regularly at Christmas, at which time a "Lord of Misrule" was appointed at Oxford, to regulate the exhibitions, and a similar officer, with the title of "Imperator," at Cambridge. A Latin play, on the subject of Cæsar's death, was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582.

"HAM. *Lady, shall I lie in your lap?*"

OPH. *No, my lord.*"—Act III., Scene 2.

On the publication of the original edition of this play, which had been previously unknown to the commentators or the public, some remarks upon it appeared in a morning journal, from which we select the following, as well worthy of attention, in reference to this scene, and to some other parts of Shakspeare's text which the reader, without being affectedly delicate, may be pardoned for wishing away:—

"Many striking peculiarities in this edition of Hamlet tend strongly to confirm our opinion, that no small portion of the ribaldry to be found in the plays of our great poet, is to be assigned to the actors of his time, who flattered the vulgar taste with the constant repetition of many indecent, and not a few stupid jokes, till they came to be considered, and then printed, as part of the genuine text. Of these, the two or three brief but offensive speeches of Hamlet to Ophelia, in the play scene (act iii.), are not to be found in the copy of 1603; and so far are we borne out in our opinion; for it is not to be supposed that Shakspeare would insert them upon cool reflection, three years after the success of his piece had been determined. Still less likely is it that a piratical printer would reject anything actually belonging to the play, which would prove pleasing to the vulgar bulk of those who were to be the purchasers of his publication."

We have no desire to be numbered among those who are in the habit of visiting the sins of Shakspeare, real or imaginary, on the heads of the actors; but there is certainly something in the fact here stated that deserves consideration. In justice both to poet and players, we subjoin Mr. Campbell's judicious comment on the remarks just cited:—

"I am inclined, upon the whole, to agree with these remarks, although the subject leaves us beset with uncertainties. This copy of the play was apparently pirated; but the pirate's omission of the improper passages alluded to, is not a perfect proof that they were absent in the first representation of the piece; yet it leads to such a presumption; for, looking at the morality of Shakspeare's theater in the main, he is none of your poetical artists who resort to an impure

influence over the fancy. Little sallies of indecorum he may have now and then committed; but they are few, and are eccentricities from his general character, partially pardonable on account of the bad taste of his age. What a frightful contrast to his purity is displayed among his nearest dramatic successors—love in relations of life where nature forbids passion! Shakspeare scorns to interest us in any love that is not purely natural."

"*Your only jig-maker.*"—Act III., Scene 2.

A "jig" signified not only a dance, but also a ludicrous prose or metrical composition. Many of these jigs are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company.

"*Let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.*"

Act III., Scene 2.

Meaning, probably, a suit that shall be expressive of the reverse feeling to sorrow or humiliation. "A suit of sables (says Malone) was, in Shakspeare's time, the richest dress worn by men in England. Wherever his scene might happen to be, the customs of his own country were still in his thoughts." By the statute of apparel (24 HEN. VIII.), it is ordained that none under the degree of an earl may use sables.

"*For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!*"—Act III. Scene 2.

The banishment of the hobby-horse from the May games is frequently lamented in the old dramas. The line quoted by Hamlet appears to have been part of a ballad on the subject of poor Hobby. He was driven from his station by the Puritans, as an impious and pagan superstition; but restored on the promulgation of the "Book of Sports." The hobby-horse was formed of a pasteboard horse's head, and probably a light frame made of wicker-work, to form the hinder parts; this was fastened round the body of a man, and covered with a footcloth which nearly reached the ground, and concealed the legs of the performer. Similar contrivances, in burlesque pieces, are not unusual at this day, in the London minor theatres.

"HOR. *Half a share.*

HAM. *A whole one, I.*"—Act III., Scene 2.

Actors, in Shakspeare's time, had not annual salaries, as at present. The whole receipts of each theatre were divided into shares, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or "house-keepers," as they were called, had some; and each actor had one or more shares, or parts of a share, according to his merit.

"*Offense's guided hand may shove by justice,
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself,
Buys out the law.*"—Act III., Scene 3.

We need no great persuasion to make us believe that we ought to read, as a manuscript note tells us,—

"*And oft 't is seen, the wicked purse itself
Buys out the law.*"

"*I'll silence me e'en here.*"—Act III., Scene 4.

That this is a misprint we might guess without any hint from the corrected folio, 1632, which thus gives the words,—

"*I'll 'sconce me even here.*"

Johnson felt obliged to explain that "I'll silence me e'en here" meant "I'll use no more words." In "The Merry Wives," Falstaff says, "I will ensconce me behind the arras," which is exactly what Polonius does. 'Sconce and ensconce are constantly used figuratively for *hide*

"*For, at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?*"—Act III., Scene 4.

i. e. from his father to his uncle: Hamlet is exalting the first, and

debasement the last; and the expression, "Would step from this to this," is feeble and inexpressive, while a slight alteration in one word makes a vast difference:—

*"And what judgment
Would stoop from this to this?"*

"Hide fox, and all after." — Act IV., Scene 2.

This, no doubt, was the name of a juvenile sport of the poet's age; it is supposed to be the same as is now called "hide and seek."

"Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet," &c. — Act IV., Scene 3.

The folios omit "politic," probably unintentionally, but possibly because it was not clearly understood why the worms should be called "politic." The old corrector of the folio, 1632, leads us to suppose that "politic" was misprinted, or miswritten, for an epithet, certainly more applicable in the place where it occurs, in reference to the taste of the worms for the rich repast they were enjoying:—

"A certain convocation of palated worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we eat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots."

It is easy to suppose that "politic," a word with which the scribe was familiar, was misheard by him for the unusual word *palated*. Shakespeare employs to *palate* as a verb in "Coriolanus," Act III., Scene I., and in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V. Scene II.; and it is doing no great violence to imagine that he here uses the participle of the same verb. If the text had always stood "*palated worms*," and it had been proposed to change it to "politic worms," few readers would for an instant have consented to relinquish an expression so peculiarly Shakspearian.

"Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?" — Act IV., Scene 5.

It is remarked by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that there is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, more pathetic than this scene; which he supposes to arise from the utter insensibility of Ophelia to her own misfortunes. "A great sensibility (says he), or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter case, the audience supply what is wanting; and with the former they sympathize."

In reference to "the sweet Ophelia," Hallitt eloquently exclaims:—"Ophelia is a character almost too exquisitely touching to be dwelt upon. 'Oh, rose of May!' oh, flower too soon faded! Her love, her madness, her death are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakespeare could have drawn in the way he has done; and to the conception of which there is not the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads."

Mrs. Jameson also, in her "CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," has a beautiful passage on the same pathetic theme:—"Once at Marano, I saw a dove caught in a tempest: perhaps it was young, and either lacked strength of wing to reach its home, or the instinct which teaches to shun the brooding storm: but so it was—and I watched it, pitying as it flitted, poor bird! hither and thither, with its silver pinions shining against the black thunder-cloud, till after a few giddy whirls it fell blinded, affrighted, and bewildered, into the turbid wave beneath, and was swallowed up for ever. It reminded me of the fate of Ophelia; and now, when I think of her, I see again that poor dove, beating with weary wing, bewildered amid the storm."

*"How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle-hat and staff,
And his sandal-shoon." — Act IV., Scene 5.*

The habiliments mentioned in the last two lines were appropriated to pilgrims. Warburton remarks, "that while this kind of devotion was in favor, love intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence

the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell was an emblem of an intention to go beyond sea."

"They say the owl was a baker's daughter." — Act IV., Scene 5.

This transformation is said to be a common tradition in Gloucestershire. It is thus related by Mr. Douce:—"Our Savior went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat: the mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough in the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size: the dough, however, immediately began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size, whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Savior to transform her into that bird, for her wickedness." The story is told to deter children from illiberal behavior to the poor.

"Where are my Switzers?" — Act IV., Scene 5.

The Swiss, in Shakespeare's time, were already in the habit of entering as mercenaries into foreign service. In Nashe's "CHRIST'S TEARS OVER JERUSALEM" (1594), we find:—"Law, logic, and the Switzers, may be hired to fight for anybody."

*"There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would."*

Act IV., Scene 5.

For "hedge" the first quarto reads "wall."—As a genuine instance of royal confidence, an anecdote of Queen Elizabeth is quoted from Chettle's "ENGLAND'S MOURNING GARMENT";—"While her Majesty was on the Thames, near Greenwich, a shot was fired by accident, which struck the royal barge, and hurt a waterman near her. The French ambassador being amazed, and all crying 'Treason, treason!' yet she, with an undaunted spirit, came to the open place of the barge, and bade them never fear; for if the shot were made at her, they durst not shoot again. Such majesty had her presence, and such boldness her heart, that she despised fear, and was as all princes are, or should be, so full of divine fulness, that guilty mortality durst not behold her but with dazzled eyes."

"O, how the wheel becomes it!" — Act IV., Scene 5.

The terms "wheel" and "a-down-a" both signify the round or burthen of a ballad.

*"No, no, he is dead;
Gone to thy death-bed," — Act IV., Scene 5.*

ought to run, as we may very well believe,—

*"No, no, he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again."*

It has always hitherto been printed, "*Go to thy death-bed*," and we can scarcely think the proposed change merely arbitrary. For

"His beard was as white as snow,"

the correction in manuscript is,—

"His beard was while as snow."

In the folios it is, "His beard as white as snow," and the variation may be deemed immaterial. When Ophelia makes her exit, it is stated that she goes out *dancing distracted*, although she had sung such a melancholy ditty just before, and had taken such a sad farewell. It is the last we see of her.—

"In youth, when I did love, did love," &c.— Act V., Scene 1.

The stanzas, of which the clown gives his imperfect version, are attributed to Lord Vaux; they were published in "SONNETS AND SON-

swete," by Lord Surrey and others (1576). The original runs thus:—

"I loth that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires: for my behove
Methinks they are not mete.

* * * * *

"For Age with steling steps
Hath clawde me with his crouch;
And lusty Youthe awaye he leapes,
As there had bene none such.

* * * * *

"A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete."

"To play at loggats with them?" — Act V., Scene 1.

"Loggats" is a game still much used in some country parts, particularly Norwich, and its vicinity. A stake is fixed in the ground, at which the loggats (small logs or pieces of wood) are thrown. The sport may be considered a rude kind of quoits.

"It was that very day that young Hamlet was born."

Act V., Scene 1.

This is possibly a slip of memory in the poet. It appears, from what the Gravedigger subsequently says, that Hamlet must have been at this period thirty years old; and yet, in the early part of the play, we are told of his intention to return to school at Wittenberg. In the first quarto, Yorick's skull is said to have lain in the earth twelve years, instead of *three-and-twenty*, as at present:—"Look you, here's a skull hath been here this dosen year; let me see, ay, ever since our last King Hamlet slew Fortinbrasse in combat:—young Hamlet's father: he that's mad."

It is probable that, in the reconstruction of the play, Shakspeare perceived that the general depth of Hamlet's philosophy indicated a mind too mature for the possession of a very young man.—In reference to Hamlet's demeanor in this transcendent scene, Boswell the younger says (in his edition of Malone), "The scene with the Gravedigger shews, in a striking point of view, his good-natured affability. The reflections which follow afford new proofs of his amiable character. The place where he stands, the frame of his own thoughts, and the objects which surround him, suggest the vanity of all human pursuits; but there is nothing harsh or caustic in his satire; his observations are dictated rather by feelings of sorrow than of anger; and the sprightliness of his wit, which misfortune has repressed, but cannot altogether extinguish, has thrown over the whole a truly pathetic cast of humorous sadness. Those gleams of sunshine, which serve only to shew us the scattered fragments of a brilliant imagination, crushed and broken by calamity, are much more affecting than a long uninterrupted train of monotonous woe."

"I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?" — Act V., Scene 1.

The line clearly wants two syllables; and the corrector of the folio, 1632, makes Hamlet emphatically repeat, "I'll do't," which perfects the measure:—

"I'll do't: I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?"

This repetition was probably omitted by the printer accidentally.

"He's fat and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows."

Act V., Scene 2.

In the folios, the passage is merely this:—

"He's fat and scant of breath.—
Here's a napkin, rub thy brows."

The second line is obviously defective, and the corrector of the folio, 1632, does not, in this instance, cure it by adopting the text of the quartos, but that of some independent authority; perhaps his emendation here, as in some other places, represents the passage as it was delivered by the player of the part of the Queen:—

"He's fat and scant of breath.—
Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son."

—"Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally." — Act V., Scene 2.

Many efforts have been made to render the character of Hamlet perfectly consonant with that idea of moral perfection which we are anxious to attach to him; but none, it appears to us, with perfect success; nor are such attempts necessary, except for those who are anxious to worship an idol, rather than to discuss the merits of a human being. As regards the main incident of his life, his merits and deficiencies are delineated with great delicacy and discrimination by the hand of Goethe:—"It is clear to me that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty, upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense, I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak planted in a china vase, proper to receive only the most delicate flowers: the roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether. All his obligations are sacred to him; but this alone is above his powers. An impossibility is required at his hands; not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him. Observe how he shifts, turns, hesitates, advances and recedes; how he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, which he, nevertheless, in the end, seems almost entirely to lose sight of; and this without ever recovering his former tranquillity."

In reference to the disputed question of Hamlet's sanity, Boswell makes some judicious remarks, in which he maintains that the prince's great intellect is essentially sound, though weakened and disturbed:—

"The sentiments which fall from Hamlet in his soliloquies, or in confidential communication with Horatio, evince not only a sound, but an acute and vigorous understanding. His misfortunes, indeed, and a sense of shame, from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother, have sunk him into a state of weakness and melancholy; but though his mind is enfeebled, it is by no means deranged. It would have been little in the manner of Shakspeare to introduce two persons in the same play whose intellects were disordered; but he has rather, in this instance, as in 'KING LEAR,' a second time effected what, as far as I can recollect, no other writer has ever ventured to attempt—the exhibition on the same scene of real and fictitious madness in contrast with each other.—In carrying his design into execution, Hamlet feels no difficulty in imposing upon the King, whom he detests; or upon Polonius, and his school-fellows, whom he despises: but the case is very different indeed in his interviews with Ophelia: aware of the submissive mildness of her character, which leads her to be subject to the influence of her father and her brother, he cannot venture to intrust her with his secret. In her presence, therefore, he has not only to assume a disguise, but to restrain himself from those expressions of affection which a lover must find it most difficult to repress in the presence of his mistress. In this tumult of conflicting feelings, he is led to overact his part, from a fear of falling below it; and thus gives an appearance of rudeness and harshness to that which is, in fact, a painful struggle to conceal his tenderness."

Dr. Johnson's appreciation of Shakspeare is, unfortunately, not in general such as to tempt us to transcribe his summary remarks on

each play; but as the opening paragraph of his estimate of "HAMLET" is more laudatory than usual, we willingly give it currency:—

"If the dramas of Shakspeare were to be characterized, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity: with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the Apparition that in the first Act chills the blood with horror, to the Fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt."

As a specimen of the great difference between the first edition of "HAMLET" and the finished play, we subjoin a scene from the former, in which the prince's return is announced to his mother. It should be premised that, in the earlier edition, the Queen's innocence of the murder is distinctly asserted by herself; as it is also in the black-letter "HISTORIE OF HAMBLETT:"—

Enter HORATIO and the QUEEN.

Hor. Madam, your son is safe arrived in Denmark,
This letter I even now received of him,
Whereas he writes how he escaped the danger
And subtle treason that the King had plotted,

Being crossed by the contention of the winds,
He found the packet sent to the King of England,
Wherein he saw himself betrayed to death,
As at his next conversion with your grace
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queen. Then I perceive there's treason in his looks,
That seemed to sugar o'er his villainies:
But I will sooth and please him for a time,
For murderous minds are always jealous;
But know not you, Horatio, where he is?

Hor. Yes, madam, and he hath appointed me
To meet him on the east side of the city
To-morrow morning.

Queen. O fall not, good Horatio, and withal commend me
A mother's care to him, bid him awhile
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Fall in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, never make doubt of that;
I think by this the news be come to court
He is arrived: observe the King, and you shall
Quickly find, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his mind.

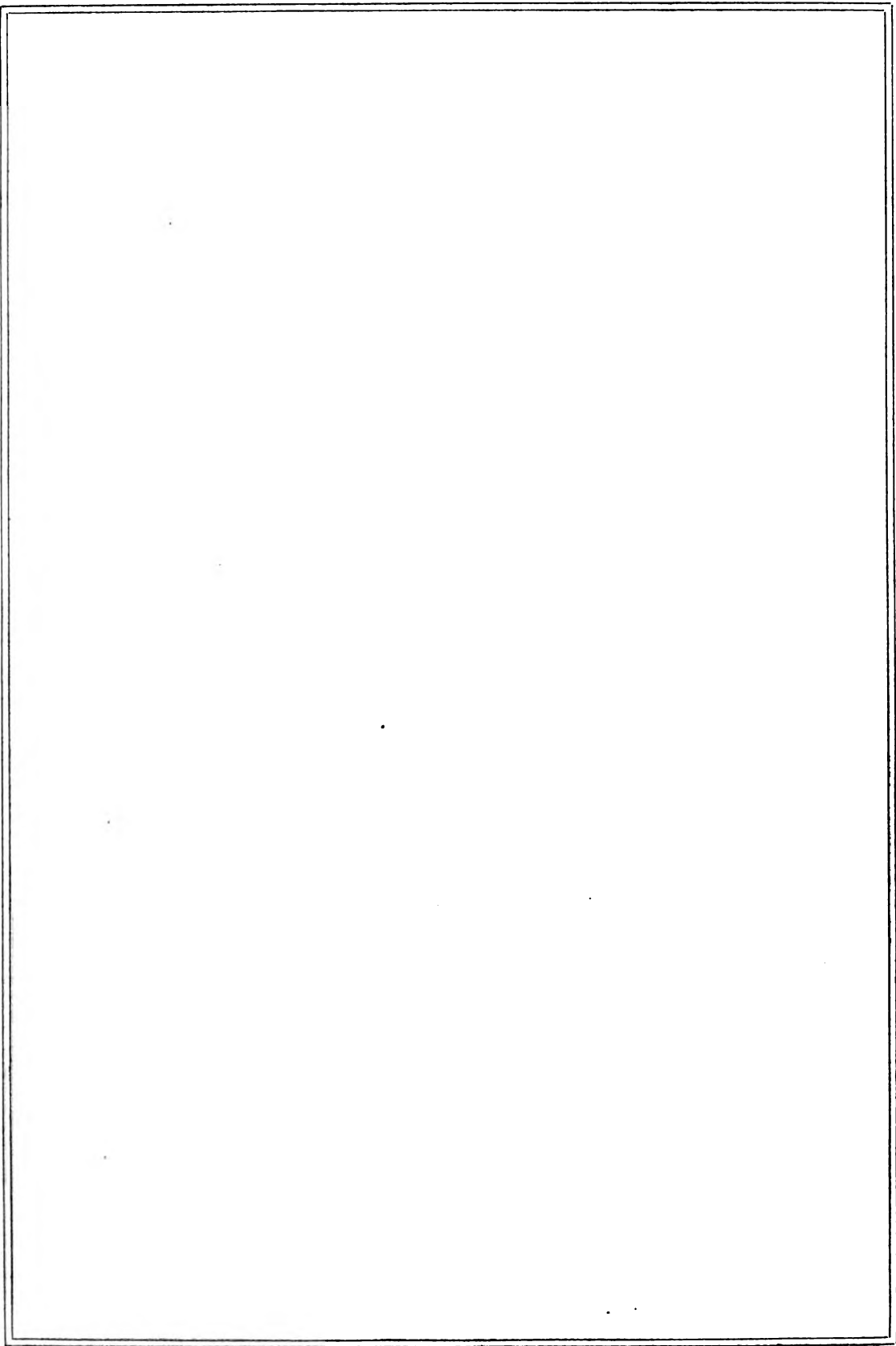
Queen. But what became of Glisterstone and Rosencraft?

Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England,
And in the packet there writ down that doom
To be performed on them 'pointed for him:
And by great chance he had his father's seal,
So all was done without discovery.

Queen. Thanks be to heaven for blessing of the prince.
Horatio, once again I take my leave,
With thousand mother's blessings to my son.

Hor. Madam, adieu!

CYMBELINE.



ntroductory Remarks

Of all the loved and loving female characters of Shakspeare — although some may display a lustre more intense — there is not one that cheers the eye with a more mild and modest radiance than the spotless jewel, Imogen. Harsh and difficult as sometimes is the diction of the play, the sweetness of her nature o'erinforms it with delightful associations; we think of her as of the pine-apple in its prickly enclosure; or as of the delicious milk in the husky shell of the cocoa-but. In the clear heaven of that unclouded mind, the wearied spirit obtains glimpses of human truth and unsuspecting gentleness that well, indeed, "may make us less forlorn." No impure thought can dwell in the atmosphere that is perfumed by her breath; her bed-chamber becomes the very temple of Diana; and we not only feel the poetic beauty, but could almost believe the literal truth of Iachimo's splendid hyperbole: —

"The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the unclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct."

Posthumus displays one of those respectable, but imperfect natures, whose innocence (in more senses than one) disposes them to be "as tenderly led by the nose as asses are." In yielding to the suggestions of Iachimo, to the disparagement of such a being, and one so well known to him, as Imogen, he appears, for the moment, little less guilty, and a great deal more provoking, than the villain himself. His bitter repentance, however, and general demeanor in the last Act, induce us to forgive him, were it but in humble imitation of his charming Wife: and the same feeling, founded on similar penitence and remorse, may almost be extended to the acute, unprincipled Iacemo, when we consider that the credulity of the one, combined with the scoundrelism of the other, has been the unconscious cause of so much delightful incident and poetry. The minor characters — Cymbeline and his Queen, the Brothers of Imogen, Belarius, Cloten, Lucius, and the rest — are all instinct with the life-giving power of Shakspeare, although he has not put out his greatest strength in their delineation.

In order properly to enjoy this exquisite, though irregular drama, we must cast aside the "considering cap" of scientific criticism, and follow the Poet guilelessly, wherever he may choose to "wander at his own sweet will." The dim and remote era in which the action is supposed to pass, will dispose the really "gentle reader" to dispense with much of that probability, which he naturally looks for in productions of more definite pretensions. He must consider the play as a dramatic romance; and when he has mastered its occasional difficulties of versification, he will read it again, and again, and again — as all poetry should be read to be properly appreciated — and find it a "perpetual source of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns." The mountain scenes between the Brothers and their supposed Father; the instinctive affection which immediately displays itself between Imogen and the noble boys; all the delicate and pathetic circumstances attending her supposed death; these, and a hundred other beauties in the language, breathe the very air of Nature in her loveliest aspect. They exhibit all the out-of-door sweetness and simplicity of Isaak Walton, mingled with a poetry and passion of a far higher and more recondite description.

"CYMBELINE" was first published in the original folio. Its domestic incidents appear to have been mainly derived from "BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON" (ninth story, second day), though probably filtered through various channels before they reached the dramatist. The historic portion is founded on "HOLINSHED'S CHRONICLE;" according to which, Cymbeline, or Kymbeline, became king of the Britons in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus.

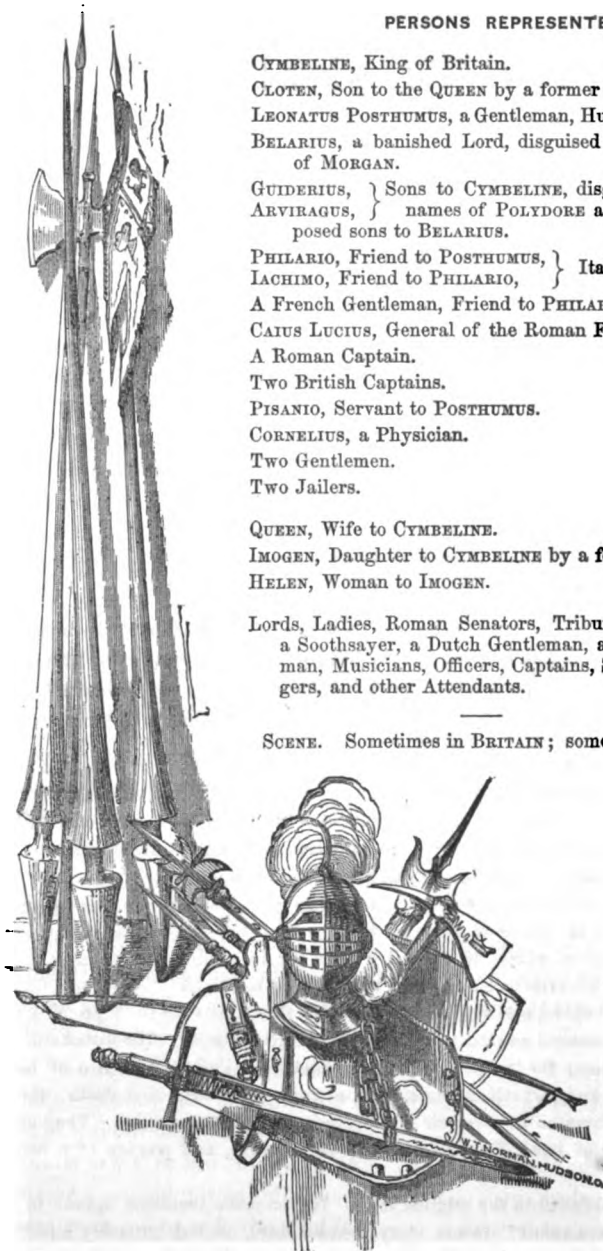
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
 CLOTEN, Son to the QUEEN by a former **Husband**.
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, **Husband to IMOGEN**.
 BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised **under the name**
 of MORGAN.
 GUIDERIUS, } Sons to CYMBELINE, disguised **under the**
 ARVIRAGUS, } names of POLYDORE and CADWAL, **sup-**
 posed sons to BELARIUS.
 PHILARIO, Friend to POSTHUMUS, } **Italians**.
 IACHIMO, Friend to PHILARIO, }
 A French Gentleman, Friend to PHILARIO.
 CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman **Forces**.
 A Roman Captain.
 Two British Captains.
 PISANIO, Servant to POSTHUMUS.
 CORNELIUS, a Physician.
 Two Gentlemen.
 Two Jailers.

 QUEEN, Wife to CYMBELINE.
 IMOGEN, Daughter to CYMBELINE by a former **Queen**.
 HELEN, Woman to IMOGEN.

 Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, **Apparitions**,
 a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a **Spanish Gentle-**
 man, Musicians, Officers, Captains, **Soldiers**, **Messen-**
 gers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Sometimes in BRITAIN; sometimes in ITALY.



Cymbeline.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Britain. *The garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1st Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns :
our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2nd Gent. But what's the matter ?

1st Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son (a widow
That late he married), hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : she 's wedded ;
Her husband banished ; she imprisoned : all
Is outward sorrow ; though I think the king
Be touched at very heart.

2nd Gent. None but the king ?

1st Gent. He that hath lost her, too : so is the
queen,
That most desired the match : but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2nd Gent. And why so ?

1st Gent. He that hath missed the princess is a
thing

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her
(I mean, that married her — alack, good man ! —
And therefore banished) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2nd Gent. You speak him far.

1st Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself ;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2nd Gent. What's his name and birth ?

1st Gent. I cannot delve him to the root : his
father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success ;
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand ; for which their
father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection ; calls him Posthumus Leonatus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber ;
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, — which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was ministered,
And in his spring became a harvest : lived in court
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved :
A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,

A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banished, — her own price
Proclaims 'how she esteemed him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of a man he is.

2nd Gent. I honor him
Even out of your report. But 'pray you tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1st Gent. His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) : the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in know-
ledge

Which way they went.

2nd Gent. How long is this ago ?

1st Gent. Some twenty years.

2nd Gent. That a king's children should be so
conveyed !

So slackly guarded ! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1st Gent. Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2nd Gent. I do well believe you.

1st Gent. We must forbear : here comes the
gentleman,
The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The same.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 't were good
You leaned unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
202

The pangs of barred affections : though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O, dissembling courtesy ! How fine this
tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds ! — My dearest hus-
band,

I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserved my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me : you must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend ; to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. — Yet I'll move him.

[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ? —
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death ! — Remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : — for my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*]

Imo. O, the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence from my sight !

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation : I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my
queen !

Imo. O blessed that I might not ! I chose an
eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar would have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman ; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What ! art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : Heaven restore me ! —

Would I were
A neatherd's daughter ; and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son !

Re-enter QUEEN:

Cym. Thou foolish thing ! —
They were again together : you have done
[*To the Queen.*]

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience : — Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace : — Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly ! [*Exit.*]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie ! — you must give way :
Here is your servant. — How now, sir ? what
news ?

Pisa. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pisa. There might have been,
But that my master rather played than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes
his part. —

To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir !
I would they were in Afric both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. — Why came you from your
master ?

Pisa. On his command : he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven : left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honor
He will remain so.

Pisa. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,

I pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1st Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it — Have I hurt him?

2nd Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1st Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2nd Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2nd Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[*Aside.*]

1st Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own : but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2nd Lord. As many inches as you have oceans. — Puppies!

[*Aside.*]

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2nd Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2nd Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

[*Aside.*]

1st Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2nd Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2nd Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1st Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2nd Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost
As offered mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was, "His queen, his queen!"

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pisa. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I! — And that was all?

Pisa. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
cracked them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, followed him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye and wept. — But, good
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pisa. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say! Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,—comes in my
father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them des-
patched.—

I will attend the queen.

Pisa. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in PHILARIO'S
House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir. I have seen him in Britain:
he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove
so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name
of: but I could then have looked on him without
the help of admiration, though the catalogue of
his endowments had been tabled by his side, and
I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less fur-
nished than now he is with that which makes him,
both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had
very many there could behold the sun with as firm
eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daugh-
ter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her
value than his own), words him, I doubt not, a
great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that
weep this lamentable divorce, and her dolours are
wont wonderfully to extend him; be it but to
fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery
might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more
quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with
you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together;

to whom I have been often bound for no less than
my life.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained
amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your
knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech
you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom
I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how
worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather
than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Or-
leans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for
courtesies which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay
still.

French. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I
was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it
had been pity you should have been put together
with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon
importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young
traveler; rather shunned to go even with what I
heard, than in my every action to be guided by
others' experiences: but, upon my mended judg-
ment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my
quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitre-
ment of swords; and by such two that would, by
all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or
have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners ask what was the
difference?

French. Safely, I think; 't was a contention in
public, which may, without contradiction, suffer
the report. It was much like an argument that
fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise
of our country mistresses: this gentleman at that
time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affir-
mation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste,
constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any
the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gen-
tleman's opinion, by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours
of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France,

I would abate her nothing ; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many : but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her : so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you !

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours ; but you know strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds : your ring may be stolen too : — so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honor of my mistress ; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress ; make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation : and, to bar your offense herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

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Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion : and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse : — though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more ; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this ; it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbor's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold as dear as my finger ; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return. — Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours : — provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us : — only, thus far you shall answer. If you make good your vauntage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have

prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste: who has the note of them?

1st Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. — [*Exeunt* Ladies.]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace (without offense; My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been Thy pupil long? hast thou not learned me how To make perfumes; distil; preserve? yea, so That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded (Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none human), To try the vigor of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.* Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio? — Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word. [*To* PISANIO.]

Cor. [*aside*]. I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damned nature: those she has Will stupify and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy master: greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being, Is to exchange one misery with another; And every day that comes, comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect, To be depend on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[The QUEEN drops a box: PISANIO takes it up.]
 So much as but to prop him? — Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor:
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeemed from death: I do not know
 What is more cordial. — Nay, I pr'y thee take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the
 king

To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, — I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, — am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
 Think on my words. *[Exit PISANIO.]* — A sly and
 constant knave;

Not to be shaken: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord. I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too. — So, so; well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet. — Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. *[Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.]*

Pisa. And shall do:
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
 . *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a stepdame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banished. — O that hus-
 band!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

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Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. — Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pisa. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
 You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich!
[Aside.]

If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
 She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
 Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN reads.

— He is one of the noblest note, to whose kind-
 nesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him ac-
 cordingly as you value your trust. —

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
 But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. —
 What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
 eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
 O'er sea and land; which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, and the twinned stones
 Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
 Partition make, with spectacles so precious,
 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
 monkeys,
 'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
 Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judg-
 ment;

For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running), ravening first
The lambs, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. — 'Beseech you,
sir, desire [To PISANIO.
My man's abode, where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveler.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness; and oftentimes
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs,
cries "O!

Can my sides hold, to think that man, — who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, — will his free hours languish for
Assuréd bondage!"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
know

Some men are much to blamo.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be used more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you, — which I count his, beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wander, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born), discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damned then!)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
With labor); then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; — it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces,

That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart

With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! to be part-
nered

With tomboys, hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ven-
tures,

That pay with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature; such boiled
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true
(As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse), — if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! — I do contemn mine ears, that
have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. — What, ho! Pisanio! —
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court

He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. — What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:

The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit! — Blesséd live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country called his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affianced
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest mannered; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honored with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all other, chaffless. Pray you pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord: myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honor for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,

Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night :
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no !

Iach. Yes, I beseech : or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise,
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night.
I have out-stay'd my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Court before CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when
I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away !
I had an hundred pound on 't : and then a whore-
son jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as
if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not
spend them at my pleasure.

1st Lord. What got he by that ?—you have
broke his pate with your bowl.

2nd Lord. If his wit had been like him that
broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths :
ha ?

2nd Lord. No, my lord ; nor [*aside*] crop the
ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ?
'Would he had been one of my rank !

2nd Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at anything in the
earth.—A pox on 't ! I had rather not be so noble
as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of
the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his
belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down
like a cock that nobody can match.

2nd Lord. You are a cock and capon too ; and
you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou ?

1st Lord. It is not fit your lordship should
undertake every companion that you give offense to.

Clo. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should
commit offense to my inferiors.

2nd Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1st Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's
come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger ! and I not know on 't !

2nd Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and
knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1st Lord. There's an Italian come ; and 't is
thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal : and he's
another, whatsoever he be.—Who told you of this
stranger ?

1st Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is there
no derogation in 't ?

1st Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2nd Lord. You are a fool granted ; therefore
your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I
have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him.
Come, go.

2nd Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! A woman that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !

Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband; than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand
To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II. — *A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk.*

IMOGEN, *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then: mine eyes
are weak.

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'y thee call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps.

LACHIMO, *from the trunk.*

The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded. — Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do't. — 'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. — But my de-
sign:

To note the chamber, I will write all down:
Such and such pictures: there the window: such

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The adornment of her bed: the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the
story:

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! — Come off, come off:

[Taking off her bracelet.

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!

'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast,
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honor. No more. To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turned down,
Where Philomel gave up. — I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that
dawning

May dare the raven's eye. I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three: — Time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes

SCENE III. — *Without the Palace, under IMOGEN'S
Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1st Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man
in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1st Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship: you are most hot
and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into cour-
age. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should

have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1st Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it; — and then let her consider.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is; — My lady sweet, arise.
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horsehairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2nd Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good-morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits, and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials Increase your services: so seem, as if

You were inspired to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends; And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honor of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us, We must extend our notice. — Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us: we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our queen.

[Exeunt CYMBELINE, QUEEN, Lords, and Messenger.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still and dream. — By your leave, ho!

[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her: what If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 't is gold Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief;

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what

Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself. By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? — The princess —

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were
my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,

With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, — not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under hangman of his kingdom; and hated,
For being preferred so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than
come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. — How now,
Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and angered worse: — Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pisa. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit PISANIO.*]

Clo. You have abused me:
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be revenged :
His meanest garment ? Well ! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — Rome. *An Apartment in PHILARIO's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honor
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these feared
hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Ere look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their
courage

Worthy his frowning at : their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known

To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo ?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;

And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon.

Post. And therewithal, the best ; or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approached.

Post. All is well yet. —
Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I had lost,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain : for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring : and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours : if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,

Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where I confess I slept not ; but profess
Had that was well worth watching), it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value ; which, I wondered,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't 't was —

Post. This is most true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honor injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves ; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honor ! —
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance), the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*

Be pale ; I beg but leave to air this jewel : see !
And now 't is up again. It must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !

Once more let me behold it : is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir (I thank her), that :
She stripped it from her arm : I see her yet :
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and
said

She prized it once.

Post. May be she plucked it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ; 't is true. Here, take this
too ; [Gives the ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. — Let there be no honor
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ;
love,

Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing. —
O, above measure false !

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 't is not yet won :
It may be probable she lost it ; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her ?

Post. Very true ;
And so I hope he came by 't. — Back my ring :
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears : by Jupiter he
swears.

'T is true ; nay, keep the ring — 't is true. I am
sure

She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honorable : they induced to steal it !
And by a stranger ! No, he hath enjoyed her :
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this ; she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly. —

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient !
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on 't ;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, — under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kissed it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million †

Iach. I'll be sworn, —

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father: I'll do something — *[Exit.]*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! — You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warmed old Saturn; that I
thought her

As chaste as unsunned snow. — O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was 't not?
Or less, — at first. Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorned boar, a foaming one,
Cried, "O!" and mounted: found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: — be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell
knows,

Why, hers in part, or all; but rather, all:
For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still.
One vice but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: — yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Britain. *A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it), for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee
lately

Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of
conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with
shame

(The first that ever touched him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-
ping

(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars:
other of them may have crooked noses; but to
owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with
a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will
pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more trib-
ute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-
bition

(Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world), against all color, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordnained our laws (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry): Mulmutius
made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and called
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy :
Receive it from me, then : — War and confusion,
In Cæsar's name, pronounce I 'gainst thee ; look
For fury not to be resisted. — Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me : my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gathered honor ;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
Which not to read would shew the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day or two, or longer : if you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find
us in our salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of
it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's
an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine :
All that remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO, reading a letter.

Pisa. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write
you not

What monster's her accuser ? — Leonatus !
O, master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear ? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing ? — Disloyal ? No :
She's punished for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O, my master !
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. — How ! that I should murder her,
Upon the love, and truth, and vows which I
Have made to thy command ? I, her ? her blood ?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to ? — “ Do't : the
letter

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.” O damned paper !
Black as the ink that's on thee ! Senseless bau-
ble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pisa. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord ? Leo-
natus ?

O, learned indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters ;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
Let what is here contained relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not
That we two are asunder ; let that grieve him
(Some griefs are med'cinable ; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love) ; — of his content,
All but in that ! — Good wax, thy leave. Blessed
be,

You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike :
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news,
gods !

Reads.

“ Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O
the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with
your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Mil-
ford-Haven : what your own love will, out of this, advise
you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that re-
mains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

“ LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.”

O, for a horse with wings ! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day ? Then, true Pisanio

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord: who long'st, —

O, let me bate, — but not like me: yet long'st, But in a fainter kind: — O, not like me;

For mine's beyond beyond), say, and speak thick (Love's counselor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense), how far it is To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy as To inherit such a haven: but, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse: — but first, how get hence:

Why should excuse be born or ere begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'y thee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour.

Pisa. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf. — But this is foolery:

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife.

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'y thee; Do as I hid thee: there's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you

To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs Are arched so high, that giant's may jet through And keep their impious turbands on, without Good-morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: up to yon hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off. And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: This service is not service, so being done, But being so allowed: to apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see: And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life Is nobler than attending for a check; Richer than doing nothing for a bob; Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk: Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine, Yet keeps his book uncrossed: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we poor unfledged, Have never winged from view o' the nest, nor know not

What air's from home. Haply this life is best, If quiet life be best: sweeter to you, That have a sharper known; well corresponding With your stiff age: but unto us, it is A cell of ignorance; traveling abed; A prison for a debtor, that not dares To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of, When we are old as you? When we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December, how, In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:

We are beastly; subtile as the fox, for prey; Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat: Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage

We make a quire, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor; which dies i' the
search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this
story

The world may read in me: my body's marked
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one
night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bear to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Followed my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my
world:

Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But up to the moun-
tains;

This is not hunter's language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys.

[*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little they are sons to the king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think they are mine: and, though trained up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do
hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father called Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek; he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in pos-
ture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cad-
wal

(Once Arviragus), in as like a vigor
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honor to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand: ne'er longed my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh

From the inward of thee? One but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication: put thyself

Into a 'havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look uptender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. — My husband's
hand!

That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man: thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pisa. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man! a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

IMOGEN reads.

"Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in
my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I
speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong
as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge.
That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be
not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own
hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity
at Milford-Haven; she hath my letter for the purpose:
where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it
is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor, and equally
to me disloyal."

Pisa. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already. — No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. — What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,
Is it?

Pisa. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness. — Iach-
imo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks
Thy favor's good enough. — Some jay of Italy,
Who smothers her with painting, hath betrayed
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripped: to pieces with me! — O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pisa. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,
Were in his time thought false: and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthu-
mus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjured,
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou
honest;

Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st
him,

A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pisa. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That craven's my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart: —

Something's afore 't: soft, soft; we'll no defense;
Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are be-
trayed

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe:

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely followers, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me.—Pr'y thee, des-
patch:

The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pisa. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pisa. I'll crack mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. And wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretense? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labor?
The time inviting thee? the perturbed court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pisa. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have considered of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pisa. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pisa. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pisa. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pisa. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, empty nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pisa. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where, then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'y thee think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pisa. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,—and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger,—you should tread a course
Privy, yet full of view: yea, haply near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pisa. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self), to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy !) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pisa. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit
('T is in my cloak-bag), doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy (which you 'll make him
know

If that his head have ear in music), doubtless
With joy he will embrace you : for he 's honorable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad,

You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'y thee away :
There 's more to be considered, but we 'll even
All that good time will give us : this attempt
I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'y thee.

Pisa. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well ;

Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box : I had it from the queen ;
What 's in 't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and
Lords.*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over-land, to Milford-Haven. —
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office ;

The due of honor in no point omit :
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly : but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : fare you well. •

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have crossed the Severn. — Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honors
us

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'T is all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britian.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business ;
But must be looked to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty of the day : she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty.
We have noted it. — Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired

Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches unto her : she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes are death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked ; and there's no an-
swer
That will be given to the loudest of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close ;
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wished me to make known ; but our great
court

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
fear
Prove false ! *[Exit.]*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. — *[Exit CLOTEN.]*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !
He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized
her ;

Or, winged with fervor of her love, she 's flown
To her desired Posthumus : gone she is
To death, or to dishonor ; and my end
Can make good use of either : she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son !

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : may
This night forestall him of the coming day ! *[Exit.]*

Clo. I love, and hate her : for she 's fair and
royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her, therefore : but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what 's else rare is choked ; and in that
point

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall — Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither : ah, you precious pander ! Villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pisa. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus.
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pisa. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she
missed?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pisa. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word ; — no more of worthy lord :
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pisa. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. *[Presenting a letter.]*

Clo. Let's see 't. — I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pisa. Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough ; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger. *[Aside.]*

Clo. Humph !

Pisa. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pisa. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. — Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, — that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, — I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pisa. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For, since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pisa. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pisa. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pisa. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: — I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon: — Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, — and when my lust hath dined (which as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll knock her back, — foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pisa. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pisa. She can scarcely be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Milford; 'would I had wings to follow it! — Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pisa. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,

Were to prove false (which I will never be) To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's speed Be crossed with slowness; labor be his meed!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. — *Before the Cave of BELARIUS.*

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. — Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio shewed thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 't is A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fullness

Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars. — My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before I was At point to sink for food. — But what is this? Here is a path to it: 't is some savage hold. I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. — Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend. — Ho! No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens!

[*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best wood-
man, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant: 't is our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savory: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. — Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse
on that,

Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*]
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon! — Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here I called; and thought
To have begged or bought that which I have took:
good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
had found
Gold strewed o' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 't is no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offense.

Bel. Pr'y thee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother: —
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers? — Would it had been so that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*]

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience sealed them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth,
come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the
lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. — Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1st Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are

Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2nd Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1st Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant. The words of your commis-
sion

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Forest near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should
meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit
his garments serve me! Why should his mistress,
who was made by him that made the tailor, not be
fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word)
for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits.
Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak
it to myself (for it is not vain glory for a man and
his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean),
the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no
less young, more strong, not beneath him in for-
tunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time,
above him in birth, alike conversant in general
services, and more remarkable in single opposi-
tions: yet this perverse, errant thing loves him in
my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy
head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders,
shall within this hour be off; thy mistress en-
forced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face;
and all this done, spurn her home to her father;
who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough
usage; but my mother, having power of his testi-
ness, shall turn all into my commendations. My

horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore
purpose! Fortune put them into my hand! This
is the very description of their meeting-place; and
the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well [*to IMOGEN*]: remain
here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To IMOGEN.*]
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; — yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To ðne not sociable: I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here ;
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how, how ?

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father ; not this youth."

Bel. O noble strain ! *[Aside.]*
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal and bran ; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father ; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, loved before me. —
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health. — So please you, sir.

Imo. *[aside.]* These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart sick. — Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him :
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me : yet said, here-
after
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field. —
We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. • Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. • And shalt be ever. *[Exit IMOGEN.]*
This youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath
had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots
in characters ;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arr. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come ; away. —
Who's there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mocked me. — I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he. We are held as outlaws : hence.

Gui. He is but one : you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clo. Soft ! what are you
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such. — What slave art thou ?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
"A slave" without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who ? to thee ! What art thou ? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather : he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee ?

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool ;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder,
spider,

'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the
wise :

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : you did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favor
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

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Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTEN's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,
There was no money in't : not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's
head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who called me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where (thank the gods !) they
grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us : then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge and executioner all himself ;
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on ; but, in all safe reason,
We must have some attendants. Though his
humor

Was nothing but mutation, — ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, — not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head : the which he
hearing

(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in : yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it : howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten ;
That 's all I reckon. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear 't will be revenged :
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't ! though
valor

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me ! — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much
Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would re-
venges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done :
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry thee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : to gain his color,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head : and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned ; honor untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed ! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpole down the stream,

In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ! Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? Since death of my
dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in
his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crure
Might easiliest harbor in ? — Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made ;
but I,
Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy ! —
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at : his right
cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept ; and
put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
ness

Answered my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female faires will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath : the ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !), bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are
none,
To winter-guard thy corse.

Gui. Pr'y thee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. — To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so ;
And let us Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,
As once our mother ; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust ; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely ;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east ;

My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So, — begin.

GUIDERIUS *sings.*

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

ARVIRAGUS *sings.*

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art passed the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS.

Fear no more the lightning flash ;

ARVIRAGUS.

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone :

GUIDERIUS.

Fear not slander ; censure rash :

ARVIRAGUS.

Thou hast finished joy and moan ;

Both.

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS.

No exorciser harm thee !

ARVIRAGUS.

Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

GUIDERIUS.

Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

ARVIRAGUS.

Nothing ill come near thee!

Both.

Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—

You were as flowers, now withered: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

Imo. [awaking]. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush? Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikens! can it be six miles yet?

I have gone all night.—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But soft! no bed-fellow.—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't.—I hope I dream;
For lo! I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 't is not so;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his legs: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;

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The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven? How? 't is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forg'd letters,—damned Pisanio,
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?

Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be?
Pisanio?

'T is he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? that confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!
Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrisoned in Gallia,
After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirred up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

Be mustered; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,

What have you dreamed of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shewed me a vision

(*I fast' and prayed for their intelligence*): Thus : I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged From the spongy south to this part of the west, There vanished in the sunbeams : which portends (Unless my sins abuse my divination) Success to the Roman host,

Luc. Dream often so, And never false. — Soft, ho ! what trunk is here, Without his top ? The ruin speaks that sometime It was a worthy building. — How ! a page ! Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather : For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. —

Young one, Inform us of thy fortunes ; for it seems They crave to be demanded. Who is this Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? or who was he That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath altered that good picture ? What's thy interest

In this sad wreck ? how came it ? who is it ? What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master, A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain. — Alas ! There are no more such masters : I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth, Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding : say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. — If I do lie, and do No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope They'll pardon it [*aside*]. Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same : Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say Thou shalt be so well mastered ; but be sure,

No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes can dig : and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ; And rather father thee than master thee. — My friends, The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and partisans A grave : come, arm him. — Boy, he is preferred By thee to us ; and he shall be interred As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes : Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 't is with her.

A fever with the absence of her son ; A madness, of which her life's in danger. — Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen, The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time When fearful wars point at me, her son gone, So needful for this present : it strikes me past The hope of comfort. — But for thee, fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharp torture.

Pisa. Sir, my life is yours, I humbly set it at your will : but, for my mistress, I nothing know where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness, Hold me your loyal servant.

1st Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten, .
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
[*To PISANIO.*
Does yet depend.

1st Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen !
I am amazed with matter.

1st Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more
you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pisa. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain : 't is strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasures, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts,
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mus-
tered

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have lived ; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see not wore
him

From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised ;
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is it that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had

A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you,
boys:

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead! — The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE 1. — *A field between the British and Roman
Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wished
Thou shouldst be colored thus. You married
ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little! — O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But
alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each later worse;
And make men dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me blessed to obey! — I am brought
hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress: peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valor in me than my habits shew.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The same.*

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Ro-
man army; at the other side, the British army;
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor
Soldier. They march over, and go out. A-
larums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHI-
MO and POSTHUMUS; he vanquisheth and dis-
armeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors,
borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

If that thy gentry, Britian, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwinked.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turned strangely: — or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did:

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damned

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditched, and walled
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, —
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country; — athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may
save,

But to look back in frown. Stand, stand!" —
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many
(For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, "Stand,
stand!"

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness (which could have
turned

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, — part, spirit renewed; that some,
turned coward

But by example (O, a sin in war
Damned in the first beginners!), 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made. And now our
cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door
open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they
wound!

Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their
friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chased by
one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:

Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance :
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? here is one :
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell: you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going? — This is a Lord! O noble
misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me! —
To-day, how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charmed,
Could not find Death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly
monster,

'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. — Well, I will
find him:

For being now a favorer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Romans; great the answer be
Britons must take; for me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1st Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is
taken. 'T is thought the old man and his sons
were angels.

2nd Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly
habit,
That gave the front with them.

1st Cap. So 't is reported :
But none of them can be found. — Stand! who is
there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.

2nd Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have pecked them here. He brags
his service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUI-
DERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman
Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS
to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Jailer;
after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. — A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Jailers.

1st Jail. You shall not now be stolen; you have
locks upon you;

So graze, as you find pasture.

2nd Jail. Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Jailers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
way,

I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had
rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, Death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fettered

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrained: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my jail.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coined it:
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every
 stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figures sake:
 You rather mine, being yours: and so great
 powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. *[He sleeps.]*

*Solemn Music. Enter, as an apparition, SICILIUS
 LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man,
 attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an
 ancient Matron, his wife, and mother to POS-
 THUMUS, with music before them. Then, after
 other music, follow the two young LEONATI,
 brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they
 died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS
 round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died whilst in the womb he stayed,
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report
 Thou orphans' father art)
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserved the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.
1st Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel;
 Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
 To be exiled, and thrown
 From Leonati' seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy;
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villany?
2nd Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honor to maintain.
1st Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline performed:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourned
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turned?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.
2nd Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting
 upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The
 Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you,
 ghosts,
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents oppressed ;

No care of yours it is ; you know 't is ours.

Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,

The more delayed, delighted. Be content :

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. — Rise, and fade !

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;

And so, away : no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder : his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle

Stooped, as to foot us ; his ascension is

More sweet than our blessed fields : his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,

As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is entered

His radiant roof. Away ! and, to be blessed,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*waking*]. Sleep, thou hast been a grand-sire, and begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers : but (O, scorn !)

Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.

And so I am awake. — Poor wretches that depend

On greatness' favor, dream as I have done ;

Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I swerve :

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steeped in favors ; so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O

rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,

As good as promise.

Reads.

“When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking, find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped

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branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.”

'T is still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both or nothing :

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,

The action of my life is like it, which

I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death !

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir : but the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills : which are often the sadness
of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint
for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink :
sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you
are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty : the
brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light,
being drawn of heaviness : O ! of this contradiction you
shall now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord ! it
sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor
and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come,
the discharge : — your neck, sir, is pen, book, and
counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
tooth-ache : but a man that were to sleep your sleep,
and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would
change places with his officer ; for, look you, sir, you
know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head then ; I
have not seen him so pictured : you must either be
directed by some that take upon them to know ; or
take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not
know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril :
and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think
you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want

eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news: I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hanged, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. — CYMBELINE's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepped before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promised nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pisa. He hath been searched among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.] By whom, I grant, she lives. 'T is now the time To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees: Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. — Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confessed I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks, Were present when she finished.

Cym. Pr'y thee, say.

Cor. First, she confessed she never loved you; only Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty; was wife to your place; Abhorred your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: And but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter whom she bore in hand to love With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,

But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off my poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman? — Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess
she had.

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; opened, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatched were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming: it had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded: POSTHUMUS be-
hind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit

That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threatened

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request; which, I'll make bold, your
highness

Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he hath served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favor is familiar to me. —

Boy, thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why nor where-
fore

To say live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, —
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplexed?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on? Speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art, my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arr. One and another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pisa. It is my mistress: [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir [to IACHIMO],
step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. — On; speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [Aside.]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrained to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember, — Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) — it was in Rome (ac-
cursed

The mansion where!) — 't was at a feast (O' would
Our viands had been poisoned! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) — the good Post-
humus

(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones), sitting sadly
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye: —

Cym. I stand on fire: —
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. — This Post-
humus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity — there it be-
gins!

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wagered with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honored finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;

And would so had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'T wixt amorous and villanous. Being thus
quenched

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely! for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed,
That I returned with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens, thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
(O, cunning, how I got it!), nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
Methinks I see him now, —

Post. Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*]

Italian fiend! — Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter: — villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: — the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she, herself.
Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 't was! — O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear!

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scorn-
ful page.

There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

Pisa. O, gentlemen, help

Mine and your mistress. O, my lord Posthumus!

You ne'er killed Imogen till now. — Help, help!
Mine honored lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me

Pisa. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pisa. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pisa. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing. I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still!

Imo. It poisoned me.

Cor. O gods! —

I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing POSTHUMUS.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not; [*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

You had a motive for it.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her
it was

That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pisa. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth, Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foamed at the mouth, and
swore

If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: by accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oaths to violate
My lady's honor: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he
did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thy own tongue thou art condemned, and
must

Endure our law: thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king;
This man is better than the man he slew;
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? — How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two of us are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then. —
By leave: — thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was called Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banished traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banished man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my
knee:

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished:

Your pleasure was my mere offense, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffered,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such and so they are), these twenty years
Have I trained up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't;
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are
worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st,
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tellest. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased a while. —
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more! — Blessed may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! — O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;

I have got* two worlds by 't. — O, my gentle
brothers,

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. — Where? how
lived you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court; and whither?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. —
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed, .
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three,
In poor beseeching; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then followed.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again; [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doomed:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joyed are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appeared to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads,

“When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking, find, and be embraced by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be
lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall
after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow;
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.”

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[*To CYMBELINE.*

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some meaning.

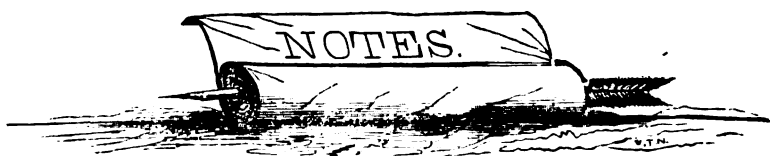
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers),
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished: for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanished: which forshewed our princely eagle,
The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blessed altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*



—“*His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius.*”—Act I., Scene 1.

Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of Cassibelan's elder brother Lud, on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. He repulsed the Romans on their first attack; but, being vanquished on Caesar's second invasion, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son (the elder brother, Androgeus, having fled to Rome), was established on the throne, of which they had been deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan: according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the last account to be the true one.

“*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*”
Act I., Scene 2.

Holinshed's “CHRONICLE” probably supplied Shakspeare with the beautiful name “Imogen.” In the old black letter, it is scarcely distinguishable from “Innogen,” the wife of Brute, King of Britain. From the same source, the Poet may have derived the name of Cloten, who, when the line of Brute became extinct, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was King of Cornwall.—Leonatus (the prefix of Posthumus) is a name found in Sydney's “ARCADIA.” It is that of the legitimate son of the blind King of Pophlagonia, on whose story is founded the episode of Gloucester, Edgar, and Edmund, in “KING LEAR.”

“*Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.*”—Act I., Scene 2.

Such, however, has not been the punctuation in ancient or modern editions; and the fact appears to be, that it was not intended as a question, for a slight manuscript alteration in the folio, 1632, makes it run, —

“*Thou took'st a beggar would have made my throne
A seat for baseness.*”

that is, “a beggar, who would have made my throne,” &c., by a very common ellipsis: Imogen's indignant counter-assertion, “No; I rather added a lustre to it,” seems to render it probable that a question was not intended.

“*A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.*”—Act I., Scene 2.

That is — the most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired.

—“*If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offered mercy is.*”—Act I., Scene 4.

The meaning probably is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her (Imogen) as the loss of a pardon to a condemned crim-

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inal. A thought resembling this occurs in “ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:”—

“*Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried.*”

“*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*”—Act I., Scene 5.

The name of Giacomo occurs in the “TWO GENTLEMEN OF VENICE,” a novel which immediately follows that of “ROMEO AND JULIETTA,” in the second tome of Painter's “PALACE OF PLEASURE.”—The behavior of the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who are stated to be present during this animated scene, is in humorous accordance with the apathy and taciturnity usually attributed to their countrymen. Neither the Don nor Mynheer utters a syllable. “What was Imogen to them, or they to Imogen, that they should speak of her?”

“*Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colors, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.*”—Act I., Scene 5.

Johnson tells us that “under her colors” is to be understood as “by her influence.” Surely not: Posthumus was not banished by the influence of Imogen, but in direct opposition to her wishes. How does the annotator of the folio, 1632, explain the matter? By showing that here occurs another of the many gross mistakes of the scribe, or of the printer, which have been from time to time pointed out: “under her colors” ought to have been and *her colours*. But besides this error, there are several others in the sentence, together with the omission of the verb *wont*, carelessly excluded, because, perhaps, as the next word begins with *won*, the compositor missed what is almost essential to the intelligibility of the passage: then, near the close, we have “less” for *more*, although Malone, not aware of any of the preceding defects, strives hard to justify “less.” Read the whole, therefore, as the corrector says it was written, and nothing can well be plainer:—

“*Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce and her colours, are wont wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality.*”

“*Let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy.*” &c.—Act I., Scene 5.

The word “voyage” is a misprint, in part, perhaps, occasioned by the omission of an adjective which ought almost immediately to precede it: Posthumus observes, that if Iachimo make good his boast, then Imogen would not be worth anger: he therefore says, —

“*Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make good your vantage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy.*”

It seems probable that *good* was left out in the manuscript, and that the compositor mistook *vantage*, and printed “voyage,” knowing that Iachimo must necessarily cross the sea, in order to carry out his project.

— "Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart."

Act I., Scene 6.

Johnson's indignant comment on these lines is highly honorable to his feelings. It tends to justify Goldsmith's remark, that he had nothing of the bear but the skin: — "There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practiced tortures without pity, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings."

To what particular "experiments" the moralist alluded, we are not at present aware: but the great duty which both he and the Poet seek to inculcate, that of mercy towards the inferior creatures, is of imperishable application.

"What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
O'er sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach," &c.— Act I., Scene 7.

For *cope* the ordinary text has been "crop," for *O'er* "Of," and for *th' unnumber'd* "the number'd." We may in future safely adopt these emendations, which require no explanation. *O'er* is proposed for the first time.

"Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!" — Act II., Scene 1.

Cloten is here describing his fate at bowls. The subject is mentioned in the notes to "TRAIULUS AND CRESSIDA." It is objected by Steevens to the character of Cloten, that "he is represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and cruel, without that subtlety of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in 'HAMLET,' and the Nurse in 'ROMEO AND JULIET.'" — Such inconsistency is, however, far more puzzling than unnatural. Miss Seward (as quoted by Mr. Singer) assures us, in one of her letters, that singular as the character of Cloten may appear, it is the exact prototype of a being she once knew: — "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever and ague fits of valor; the froward techneness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character; but in the sometime Captain C—n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."

"Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!" — Act II., Scene 2.

The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions "the dragon yoke of night" in "IL PENSIEROSO;" and in his "MASQUE AT LUDLOW CASTLE" we find "the dragon womb of Stygian darkness."

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." — Act II., Scene 3.

The same highly poetic hyperbole occurs in Milton's "PARADISE LOST;" (book v.): —

— "Ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend."

Also in Shakespeare's 29th Sonnet: —

"Like to the lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

And again in "VENUS AND ADONIS:" —

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"Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty."

— "Your mother too;
She's my good lady." — Act II., Scene 3.

This is said ironically. "My good lady" is equivalent to "my good friend." So in "HENRY IV.," Part 2, Falstaff says to Prince John: — "And when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray in your good report."

"If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold," &c. — Act II., Scene 4.

The old corrector makes him answer, with much more apparent propriety, —

"If I had lost,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;"

and from thence he proceeds to show that he had not lost, but, in fact, had won the wager.

— "The story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride." — Act II., Scene 4.

Johnson observes of this scene, that "Iachimo's language is such as a skillful villain would naturally use, — a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety; and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art."

— "Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands." — Act II., Scene 4.

The andirons of our ancestors were sometimes costly pieces of furniture; the standards were often, as in this instance, of silver, representing some terminal figure or device; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakespeare here calls the brands, properly brandirons. Upon these the Cupids which formed the standards "nicely depended," seeming to stand on one foot.

— "Her attendants are
All sworn and honorable." — Act II., Scene 4.

It was anciently the custom for attendants on the nobility (as it is now for the servants of the sovereign) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office.

— "Under her breast
(Worthy the pressing)." — Act II., Scene 4.

The original folio reads, "worthy her pressing." Rowe made the correction. We mention the matter merely as it affords an opportunity of saying, in justice to Rowe, that in his edition he made many other verbal emendations of unquestionable taste and correctness, which are now incorporated with the received text.

"Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers." — Act II., Scene 5.

This bitter sarcasm of Posthumus (which, by the way, is in reality caused by the villainy of a man, not by the frailty of a woman) probably suggested to the similar sentiment that Milton has put into the mouth of Adam: —

— "O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once

With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?"

"Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a Iarmen on,
Cry'd oh, and mounted."—Act II., Scene 5.

There is an evident misprint, and the emendator of the folio, 1632, points out what it was:—

"Like a full acorn'd boar, a foaming one,
Cried oh! and mounted."

"Which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordained our laws," &c.—Act III., Scene 1.

The clumsy contrivance of making Cymbeline use the expression, "We do say, then, to Cæsar," has proceeded (as an emendation in the folio, 1632, shows) from a blunder on the part of the compositor or of the copyist, who made one of Cloten's impertinent interjections a portion of the speech of Cymbeline. This part of the dialogue is there divided as follows:—Cymbeline ends,—

"Which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clot. We do.
Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws," &c.

"Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and called
Himself a king."—Act III., Scene 1.

The title of the first chapter of Hollinshed's third book of the "HISTORY OF ENGLAND," is:—"Of Mulmutius, the first King of Britain who was crowned with a golden crown, his laws, his foundations, &c.

"Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease, began his reign over the whole monarchy of Britain in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English by Alfred, King of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned:—and because he was the first that bare a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors. Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell: and further, he caused sore and strait orders for the punishment of theft."

—"Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me: my youth I spent
Much under him."—Act III., Scene 1.

Hollinshed throws light on this passage also:—"Kymbeline (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favor with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not.—Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refused to pay that tribute.—But whether the controversy which appeared to fall forth between the Britons and Augustus was occasioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch.—Kymbeline reigned

thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus."

—"Good wax, thy leave. Blessed be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables."—Act III., Scene 2.

The meaning is, that the bees are not blessed by the man who is sent to prison for forfeiting a bond, which is sealed with their product—wax, as they are by lovers, for whom the same substance performs the more pleasing office of sealing letters.

"O! this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bride;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk."

Act III., Scene 3.

The passage, properly printed, appears to be this:—

"O! this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer, than doing nothing for a bob," &c.

—"What should we speak of,
When we are old as you."—Act III., Scene 3.

This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.—JOHNSON.

"He sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech," &c.—Act III., Scene 3.

Here *vigour* was misheard "figure" (which could only refer to the "posture" of Guiderius), and for this reason the old corrector alters the word in the margin of the folio, 1632:

"The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a vigour
Strikes life into my speech."

—"If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before."—Act III., Scene 4.

A similar phrase occurs in the Poet's 98th Sonnet:—

"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell."

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;" &c.

Act III., Scene 4.

Now, for "whose mother was her painting," of all editions, we are told by the amendor of the folio, 1632, to read,—

"Some jay of Italy,
Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him."

"Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripped: to pieces with me!"

Act III., Scene 4.

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials; they were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the

sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of rich substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the wall* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens states himself to have seen, at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, one of these dress repositories, which had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

—“Come, here’s my heart:—
Something’s afore’t: soft, soft; we’ll no defense.”
Act III., Scene 4.

In this passage, we have another of Rowe’s happy verbal corrections. The original copy reads, “Something’s afoot.”

“Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain?”—Act III., Scene 4.

It seems probable that here, as also on a similar occasion in “*RICHARD II.*,” Shakespeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lily’s “*EUPHUES*”:—“Nature hath given to no man a country, no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished that had the sun, air, water, and earth, that he had before: where he felt the winter’s blast, and the summer’s blase; where the same sun and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.”

—“True to thee,
Were to prove false (which I will never be)
To him that is most true.”—Act III., Scene 5.

Pisanio, notwithstanding his master’s letter commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him true; supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both.

—“The bird is dead
That we have made so much on.”—Act IV., Scene 2.

The sweet and wholesome pathos of this scene has been thus noted by Mrs. Radcliffe—“No master ever knew how to touch the accordant springs of sympathy by small circumstances, like our own Shakespeare. In ‘*CYMBELINE*,’ for instance, how finely such circumstances are made use of to awaken, at once, solemn expectation and tenderness, and, by recalling the softened remembrance of a sorrow long past, to prepare the mind to melt at one that was approaching; mingling at the same time, by means of a mysterious occurrence, a slight tremor of awe with our pity. Thus, when Belarius and Arviragus return to the cave where they had left the unhappy and worn-out Imogen to repose, while they are yet standing before it, and Arviragus—speaking of her with tenderest pity as ‘poor sick Fidele’—goes out to inquire for her, solemn music is heard from the cave, sounded by that harp of which Guiderius says, ‘Since the death of my dearest mother, it did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.’ Immediately Arviragus enters with Fidele senseless in his arms:—

Arv. The bird is dead that we have made so much on. * * *
Bel. How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see: thus smiling.
* * * I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.
Gul. Why, he but sleeps. * * *
Arv. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, AND I LIVE HERE, FIDELLE,
I’ll sweeten thy sad grave.’

Tears alone can speak the touching simplicity of the whole scene.”

—“The ruddock would
With charitable bill.”—Act IV., Scene 2.

The ruddock is the redbreast. It is so called by Chaucer and Spenser. The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to this bird by Drayton, in his poem called “*THE OWL*” (1604):—

“Covering with moss the dead’s unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity.”

“Yea, and furr’d moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.”—Act IV., Scene 2.

The puzzle has been the compound verb “to winter-ground;” and Warburton insisted upon “winter-gown,” while Malone and Steevens were for preserving the text unaltered. Warburton was right in treating “winter-ground” as a blunder, but no farther; and when we show, from the corrected folio, 1632, what must have been the poet’s language, it will be seen that the compositor’s mistake was an easy one:—

“Yea, and furr’d moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-guard thy corse:”

—“Reverence
(That angel of the world).”—Act IV., Scene 2.

Reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.—JOHNSON.

“Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages.”

Act IV., Scene 2.

“This,” says Warburton, “is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian.”—In the same strain of regret and tender envy, it may be added, Macbeth speaks of his slaughtered victim Duncan: feeling, at the very instant when he should rejoice in the consummation of his wishes, the utter nothingness of perturbed earthly pleasures, when compared with the peaceful slumbers of the innocent dead.

Collins has given an imitation, rather than a version, of this beautiful dirge. It exhibits his usual exquisite taste and felicity of expression, although inferior to the original in condensation and characteristic simplicity:—

“To fair Fidele’s grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rise all the breathing spring.

“No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

“No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

“The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

“When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

“Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be truly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity’s self be dead.”

"Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wished
Thou shouldst be clored thus."—Act V., Scene 1.

The handkerchief spoken of is the token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing Act, determined to send to Posthumus.—This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated, and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine that, having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but, as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.—JOHNSON.

"You some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift."

Act V., Scene 1.

The passage stands thus, as amended in the folio, 1632:—

"You some permit
To second ills with ills, each later worse,
And make men dread it, to the doer's thrift."

— "Althwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter.)"

Act V., Scene 3.

This stoppage of the Roman army by three persons is probably an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed, in his "HISTORY OF SCOTLAND":—

"There was, near to the place of the battle, a long lane, fenced on the sides with ditches and walls made of turf, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten down by the enemies on heaps. Here Hay, with his sons, supposing they might best stay the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe, but down they went all such as came within their reach; wherewith divers hardy personages cried unto their fellows to return back unto the battle."

"JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning."—Act V., Scene 4.

It appears from "ACOLASTUS," a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to King Henry VIII. (bl. 1. 1540), that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state:—"Of which the like thing is used to be shewed now-a-days in stage-plays, when some god or some saint is made to appear forth of a cloud, and succoreth the parties which seemed to be towards some great danger through the Soudan's cruelty."

In reference to this scene of the apparitions, Schlegel ingeniously reasons thus:—"Pope, as is well known, was strongly disposed to declare whole scenes to be interpolations of the players; but his opinions were not much listened to. However, Steevens still accedes to the opinion of Pope, respecting the apparition of the ghosts and of Jupiter in Cymbeline, while Posthumus is sleeping in the dungeon. But Posthumus finds, on waking, a tablet on his breast, with a prophecy on which the *dénouement* of the piece depends. Is it to be imagined that Shakespeare would require of his spectators the belief in a wonder without a visible cause? Is Posthumus to dream this tablet with the prophecy? But these gentlemen do not descend to this objection. The verses which the apparitions deliver do not appear to them good enough to be Shakespeare's. I imagine I can discover why the Poet has not given them more of the splendor of diction. They are the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus, who, from concern for his fate, return from the world below: they ought,

consequently, to speak the language of more simple olden time, and their voices ought also to appear as a feeble sound of wailing, when contrasted with the thundering oracular language of Jupiter. For this reason, Shakespeare chose a syllabic measure, which was very common before his time, but which was then getting out of fashion, though it still continued to be frequently used, especially in translations of classical poets. In some such manner might the shades express themselves in the then existing translations of Homer and Virgil. The speech of Jupiter is, on the other hand, majestic; and in form and style bears a complete resemblance to the Sonnets of Shakespeare."

"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again."—Act V., Scene 5.

On this little loving incident a pleasant comment has been written by Mr. Pye:—"Imogen comes up to Posthumus, as soon as she knows that the error is cleared up; and, hanging fondly on him, says (not as upbraiding him, but with kindness and good-humor) 'How could you treat your wife thus?'—in that endearing tone which most readers who are fathers and husbands will understand, who will add *poor to wife*. She then adds, 'Now you know who I am, suppose we were on the edge of a precipice, and throw me from you:'—meaning, in the same endearing irony, to say, 'I am sure it is as impossible for you to be intentionally unkind to me, as it is for you to kill me.' Perhaps some very wise persons may smile at part of this note: but however much black-letter books may be necessary to elucidate Shakespeare, there are others which require some acquaintance with those familiar pages of the book of nature,

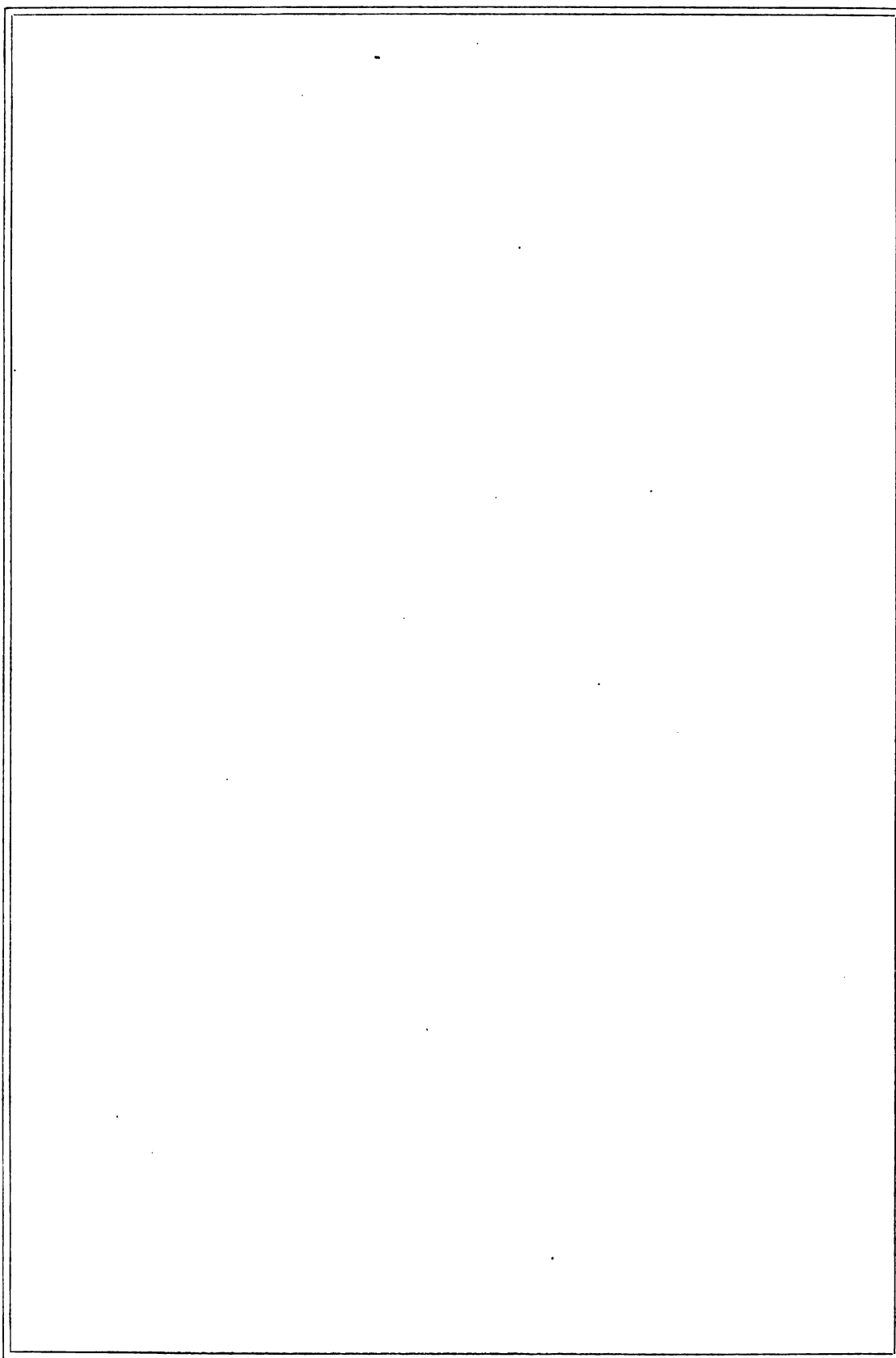
'Which learning may not understand,
And wisdom may disdain to hear.'"

Something approaching to an adequate eulogy is also given by Schlegel to the general merits of "CYMBELINE." He pronounces it to be "one of Shakespeare's most wonderful compositions, in which the Poet has contrived to blend together, into one harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen not a feature of female excellence is forgotten:—her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride; her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery,—form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting.

"The two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has imparted vigor and hardihood, but who are unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a native heroism, which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valor, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship, with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy (in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister); when, on returning from the chase, they find her dead, sing her to the ground, and cover the grave with flowers;—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination.

"The wise and virtuous Belarius, who, after living long as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure;—the dexterous dissimulation and quick presence of mind of the Italian, Iachimo, is quite suitable to the bold treachery he plays;—Cymbeline, the father of Imogen (and even her husband, Posthumus), during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise;—the false and wicked Queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten, whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humor, are got rid of, by merited punishment, before the conclusion."

ROMEO AND JULIET.



Introductory Remarks.

LOVE, the universal inspirer of poetry and enthusiasm, has found in the young, impassioned Capulet and Montague, the truest exponents of his divinest and profoundest oracles. Their names are identified with his purest, most fervid worship; and "Juliet and her Romeo" can never die while sympathy controls the youthful heart, or glorious intellect asserts its genial sway o'er all mankind. Victims to the senseless feuds of their families, the lovers perish like twin roses in a tempest; but the memory of their transient passion, their keen delights and keener agonies, embalmed in Shakspeare's verse, is destined to flourish, fragrant and immortal.

To relieve the weight of woe that this sad tale of blighted love is calculated to engender, the generous Poet, pursuing his usual plan of shewing human life in all its phases, has conjured up the sprightly antidote, Mercutio: "a fellow" certainly "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;" but, unluckily, as ready for a fray as even the fiery and brutal Tybalt. Their encounter is the bitter spring from whence flow Romeo's banishment, and all the suffering of the gentle, hapless pair: — even as the harmless, glittering pinnace, freighted with joy and beauty, perishes by a random shot, from its unsought proximity to two contending burly ships of war. — Peace, however, to the brave Mercutio: he meets his early fate with characteristic gaiety; and remembering his riotous spirits, and glowing picture of Queen Mab, it is impossible to think of him as "a grave man," despite his own prediction to the contrary.

The Friar, like others of his profession, as delineated by Shakspeare, presents a grateful relief to the perturbed and clashing elements at work around him. He looks with compassionate interest on the woes and contentions of active life, — its fierce and feverish alternations, — from which the rules of his order, and his own calm good sense, alike contribute to secure himself. The freshness of innocence and early day seems odorous to the moral sense, in the cell soliloquy, when, in his own sweet phrase, —

"The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light," —

And the benevolent Friar goes forth to moralize, and to collect his medicinal herbs and precious flowers, —

"Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry."

In the Nurse, we have an instance of the falseness of those conventional and stilted notions that would confine the language of tragedy to eminent persons and sounding rhythm. The garrulity and coarseness of this ignorant, half-kind, half-selfish old crone, bring out with double force the grace and purity that wait on Juliet. — The numerous other subordinate characters of the drama, are all essential to the plot, and, whether grave or gay, are invariably supported with unflagging spirit.

There were several separate editions of "ROMEO AND JULIET," previous to its appearance in the original folio. The first was published in 1597, with this title: "An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicly by the Right Hon. the L. of Hunsdon his seruants." The second edition appeared in 1599, "Newly corrected, augmented, and amended." There were also three other separate editions, all mainly founded on that of 1599. In addition to these strongest evidences of public liking, a passage in Marston's tenth satire (1599) tends to shew that the play at once acquired that unbounded popularity which has ever since attended it: —

"Lucus, what's played to-night? — I' faith, now I know:
I see thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo."

Lord Byron states that, "Of the truth of Juliet's story, they," the Veronese, "seem tenacious to a degree; insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and shewing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves." — Some mention will be found in the Notes, of the various sources from which the Poet derived suggestions for the plot of this great effort of dramatic genius.

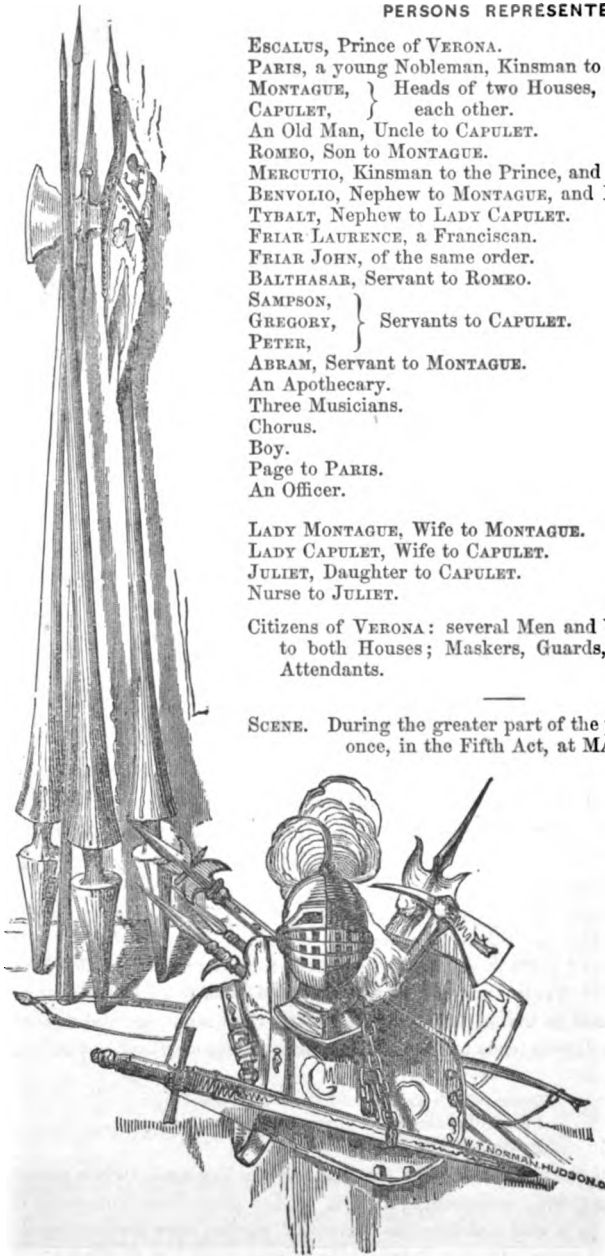
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of VERONA.
 PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
 MONTAGUE, } Heads of two Houses, at variance with
 CAPULET, } each other.
 An Old Man, Uncle to CAPULET.
 ROMEO, Son to MONTAGUE.
 MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to ROMEO.
 BENVOLIO, Nephew to MONTAGUE, and Friend to ROMEO.
 TYBALT, Nephew to LADY CAPULET.
 FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
 FRIAR JOHN, of the same order.
 BALTHASAR, Servant to ROMEO.
 SAMPSON, }
 GREGORY, } Servants to CAPULET.
 PETER,
 ABRAM, Servant to MONTAGUE.
 An Apothecary.
 Three Musicians.
 Chorus.
 Boy.
 Page to PARIS.
 An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to MONTAGUE.
 LADY CAPULET, Wife to CAPULET.
 JULIET, Daughter to CAPULET.
 Nurse to JULIET.

Citizens of VERONA: several Men and Women, relations
 to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and
 Attendants.

SCENE. During the greater part of the play, in VERONA;
 once, in the Fifth Act, at MANTUA.



Romeo and Juliet.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows

Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife. —
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the

weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: — therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one; I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads: take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well thou art not fish: if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry. — I fear these!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say "Ay?"

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say — better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*]

Enter several Partisans of both houses, who join the fray: then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1st Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! — down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? — Give me my longsword, ho!

Lady C. A crutch, a crutch! — Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! — Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet! — Hold me not; let me go.

Lady M. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel, — Will they not hear? — What, ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins! On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved Prince. — Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet and Montague, Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets; And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave besecming ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate: If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt PRINCE and Attendants; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad! —

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them : in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came who parted either part.

Lady M. O, where is Romeo? — saw you him
to-day?

Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshiped
sun

Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they are most alone,
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :
But he, his own affections' counselor,
Is to himself — I will not say, how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See where he comes : so please you, step
aside ;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes
them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favor where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled
still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all,

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this. —

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love that thou hast
shewn

Doth add more of grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being puffed, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [Going]

Ben. Soft, I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo; he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who, she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's
fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow: she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives encharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty: only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store!

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?

Rom. She hath; and in that sparing makes
huge waste:

For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way

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To call her's, exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honorable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marred are those so early
married.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part:
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love: and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-appareled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. — Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there [*gives a paper*],
and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here? It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned: — In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessened by another's anguish;

Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented, and — Good e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good-e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book:
But I pray can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read.

Reads.

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of

Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly [*gives back the note*]. Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray you come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admir'd beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these—who, often drowned, could never die—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! — the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by;
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weighed
Your lady-love against some other maid
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter LADY CAPULET, and Nurse.

Lady C. Nurse; where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead — at twelve years old —

I bade her come. — What, lamb! what, ladybird! —

God forbid! — where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now; who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady C. This is the matter: — Nurse, give leave awhile;

We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again;

I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady C. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth —

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four —

She is not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

Lady C. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! — Were of an age. — Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me: — but, as I said, On Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'T is since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was weaned — I never shall forget it —

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua: —

Nay, I do bear a brain: — but, as I said, When I did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.

"Shake," quoth the dovehouse: 't was no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband — God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man — took up the child:

"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit:

Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said "Ay:"

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said "Ay."

Lady C. Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh

To think it should leave crying, and say "Ay:"

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone:

A parlous knock: and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said "Ay."

Jul. And stint that too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace; I have done. God mark thee to His grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

Lady C. Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of. — Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honor that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse, I'd say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

Lady C. Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,

As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

Lady C. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

Lady C. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasp locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

Lady C. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait: I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady C. We follow thee. — Juliet, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. — *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torchbearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.

We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, — for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling:

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing-shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore empierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love:

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in.

[Putting on a mask.]

A visor for a visor! — what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase, —
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on; —
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. — Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with
you..

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight:

O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a counselor's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep: and then anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from
ourselves:
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! — On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1st Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not
to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a
trencher!

2nd Serv. When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too,
't is a foul thing.

1st Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard, look to the plate: — good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou
lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone
and Nell. — Antony and Potpan!

2nd Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1st Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

2nd Serv. We cannot be here and there too. — cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. *[They retire behind.]*

Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you: — Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she

I'll swear hath corns: — am I come near you now? You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a vizard, and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please: — 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up, And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. — Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well. Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet; For you and I are past our dancing days: How long is 't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

2nd Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

1st Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we masked.

2nd Cap. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

1st Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

HH

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague: — Fetch me my rapier, boy: — What! dares the slave

Come hither, covered with an antick face,

To flier and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1st Cap. Why, how now, kinsman; wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1st Cap. Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1st Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To be a virtuous and well-governed youth:

I would not, for the wealth of all this town,

Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

It is my will; the which if thou respect,

Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest: I'll not endure him.

1st Cap. He shall be endured.

What, Goodman boy! — I say, he shall; go to:

Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him! — God shall mend my soul —

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set a cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

1st Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy: — is 't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you : — I know what.

You must contrary me ! marry, 't is time —

Well said, my hearts ! — You are a princex ; go : —

Be quiet, or — More light, more light. — For shame ! —

I'll make you quiet : — what ! — Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting.

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To JULIET.*]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this, —
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrim's hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do :

They pray ; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urged !

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

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Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :
I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal :
I tell you — he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?
O dear account ! my life is my foes' debt.

Ben. Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

1st Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone :

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so ? Why, then I thank you all :

I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night : —

More torches here ! — Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah [*to 2nd CAP.*], by my fay, it waxes late ;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse : what is yon gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. Marry, that I think be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name : — if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ; what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within "Juliet."*]

Nurse. Anon, anon : —
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair for which love groaned for, and would die,
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
 Alike, bewitch'd by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-belov'd anywhere :
 But passion lends them power, time, means to meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
 [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
 [*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too. —

Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but "Ah me!" couple but — love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid. —

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not:

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. —

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him; 't would anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it and conjured it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest; and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.

Romeo, good-night: — I'll to my truckle-bed;

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. — *CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

But soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but white and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were! —

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it. —
 I am too bold; 't is not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp: her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks: —
 O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As a wingéd messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturnéd wand'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
 this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy; —
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet:
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title. — Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized:
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened
 in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee:
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
 words
 Of that tongue's utterance; yet I know the sound:
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and
 wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch
 these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
 here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
 eyes;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
 place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to in-
 quire:

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
 face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay;"
 And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say the nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear.
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all :
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in
thee,

I have no joy of this contráct to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say — "It lightens." Sweet, good-
night !

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
quest it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what pur-
pose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within : dear love, adieu ! —
Anon, good nurse ! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite :
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse [within]. Madam !

Jul. I come anon. — But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee —

Nurse [within]. Madam !

Jul. By and by I come : —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul —

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy
light. —

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! — O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night :
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee
gone:

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say "Good night," till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thy eyes, peace in thy
breast! —

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — FRIAR LAWRENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titian's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

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What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb, children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, — grace and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
Young son, it argues a distempered head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbusied youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right —
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was
mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou
been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded : both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift :

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass : but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is
here !

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not washed off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence,
then —

“ Women may fall, when there's no strength in
men.”

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave.

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow : they stumble that run
fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's : I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot
through the ear with a love-song ; the very pin
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-
shaft : — and is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.
He fights as you sing prick-song ; keeps time,
distance, and proportion ; rests me his minim rest
— one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very
butcher of a silk button ; a duelist, a duelist : a
gentleman of the very first house ; of the first and
second cause. Ah, the immortal passado ! the
punto reverso ! the hay !

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting
fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accents ! “ By
Jesu, a very good blade ! ” — “ A very tall man ! ”
— “ A very good whore. ” — Why, is not this a
lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be
thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-
mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so

much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well-flowered.

Mer. Well said. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-geese chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word "broad:" which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there; stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale, against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and Peter!

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you, what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is well said: for himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be

older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent. —

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, "lady, lady, lady." [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt gills; I am none of his skains-mates! — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw, as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let

me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very wicked dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, —

Nurse. Good heart! and i' faith I will tell her as much. Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman!

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall, at Friar Laurence's cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell! commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! — Hark you, sir.

Rom. What sayst thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, lord! when 't was a little prating thing — O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse : what of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name : R is for the dog. No ; I know it begins with some other letter : and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — Peter !

Pet. Anon ?

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse :

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him : — that's not so. —

O, she is lame ! love's herald should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over lowering hills :

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve Is three long hours ; — yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me :

But old folks, many feign as they were dead ; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes ! — O honey nurse what news ?

Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse ; — O lord ! why look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily : If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am awary ; give me leave awhile. — Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ; — good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste ? can you not stay awhile ?

Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath ? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo ! no, not he : though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. — Go thy ways, wench ; serve God. — What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no. But all this did I know before : What says he of our marriage ; what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side ; — O, my back, my back ! Beshrew your heart for sending me about To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith I am sorry that thou art not well. Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ! — why, she is within : Where should she be ? — How oddly thou repliest : “ Your love says, like an honest gentleman, — Where is your mother ? ”

Nurse. O, God's lady dear ! Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ! Is this the poultrice for my aching bones ? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks:

They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news.

Hie you to church: I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's-nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

• *Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare:

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore, love moderately: long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!

A lover may bestride the gossamers

That idle in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall: so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth:
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work:

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;

And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl:

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me
no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the
second cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed
there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy

mood as any in Italy : and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou ! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat ; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter ? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband ? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling !

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple ? O simple !

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den : a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us ? Couple it with something ; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough for that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving ?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort ! what, dost thou make us minstrels ? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords : here's my fiddlestick ; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort !

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men : Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart : here all eyes gaze on us.

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Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze :

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir ; here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery :

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ; Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this — Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. — Villain am I none ; Therefore farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injured thee ; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love : And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission ! *A la stoccata* carries it away. — [*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good King of Cat's, nothing but one of your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ; beat down their weapons : —

Gentlemen, for shame ! forbear this outrage : — Tybalt — Mercutio ! the Prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets. Hold, Tybalt ; — good Mercutio !

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt. —

A plague o' both the houses ! — I am sped. — Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch: marry, 't is enough. —

Where is my page? — go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. — A plague o' both your houses! — What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms'-meat of me: I have it, and soundly too. — Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf: my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander; Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin: — O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valor's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's
dead:
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth!

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend:
This but begins the woe: others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! —
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight: TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the Prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken: — hence! be gone! away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1st Cit. Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1st Cit. Up, sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Ladies, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: —
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady C. Tybalt, my cousin! — O my brother's
child!

O prince, — O cousin, — husband, — the blood is
spilled

Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. —
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this — uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bowed —

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel, at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

Cold death aside, and with the other send
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it home: Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, *past!*" and, swifter than
-his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lady C. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true;
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice: which thou, Prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio:
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's
friend:

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offense,
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding;
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding:
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. —
Bear hence this body, and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

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And bring in cloudy night immediately. —
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That enemies' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen! —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood thy unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,

Think true love acted, simple modesty.

Come, night! — Come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back. —

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed
night!

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. —

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it; and, though, I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not wear them. — O, here comes my
nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that
speaks

But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence. —
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?

the cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me, what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. — O Romeo, Romeo?
Whoever would have thought it? — Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "Ay,"
And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an "Ay;"
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer "Ay."
If he be slain, say "Ay;" or if not, "No:"
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —

God save the mark! — here on his manly breast.
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore blood! — I swoonéd at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart! — poor bankrout, break at once!

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary!
Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord? —
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishéd;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banishéd.

Jul. O God! — did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despiséd substance of Divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;

A damnéd saint, an honorable villain! —

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men: all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old. —

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 't is a throne where honor may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband: —

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort: wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me: I would forget it fain;
But O! it presses to my memory,
Like damnéd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banishéd:"
That "banishéd," that one word "banishéd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's
dead,"

"Thy father," or "thy mother," nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banishéd!" — to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead: — "Romeo is banishéd!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound. —

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords: — Poor ropes you are be-
guiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowéd.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — FRIAR LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fear-
ful man:

Affliction is enamored of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company.

I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

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Rom. What less than doomsday is the Prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? Be merciful, say
"death:"

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say "banishment."

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banishéd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls;
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banishéd is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death. Then banishment
Is death mitermed: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word "death" to "banish-
ment;"

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy. Heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. — More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship, lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banishéd:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banishéd.

And says thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banishéd," to kill me? "Banishéd!"
O friar, the damnéd use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and a friend professed,
To mangle me with that word "banished?"

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armor to keep off that word :
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishéd.

Rom. Yet "banishéd?" — Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom ;
It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderéd,
Doting like me, and like me banishéd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide
thyself. [*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock ! — Who's there ?
— Romeo, arise ;

Thou wilt be taken : — Stay awhile : — stand up ;

[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study : — By and by : — God's will !
What wilfulness is this ? — I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's
your will ?

Nurse [*within*]. Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand :

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse:

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where's my lady's lord ; where's Romeo ?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case ;
Just in her case !

Fri. O woful sympathy !

Piteous predicament !

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ing. —

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir ! — Well, death's the
end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own ?
Where is she, and how doth she, and what says
My cóncealed lady to our canceled love ?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps ;

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's curséd hand
Murdered her kinsman. — O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand !

Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art :
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.

Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damnd hate upon thyself ?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
earth ?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
meet

In thee at once ; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man :
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to
cherish :

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thy own ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine own defense.—
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy
too :

The law, that threatened death, becomes thy
friend,

And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou frown'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed ;
Ascend her chamber ; hence and comfort her :
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O, Lord, I could have stayed here all
the night,
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is !—
My, lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide !

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you,
sir :

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !
Fri. Go hence : good night ; and here stands
all your state :—

Either begone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand ; 't is late : farewell ; good
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee.
Farewell.

SCENE IV. — *A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I :— well we were born to die.—
'T is very late ; she'll not come down to-night.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night : commend me to your
daughter.

Lady C. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow ;
To-night she's mewed up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to-bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But soft, — what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is
too soon ;

O' Thursday let it be :— o' Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado : a friend or two :
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :

Therefore we 'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then. —

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day. —
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late that we
May call it early by and by. — Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear:
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. —
How is 't my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light? — more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke: be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune; all men call thee fickle;

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady C. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore have done: some grief shews much of love,

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him;

Jul. What villain, madam?

Lady C. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady C. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

'Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed: —
Madam, if you could but find out a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, — and cannot come to him, —

To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

Lady C. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady C. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at St. Peter's church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and when I do,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris.

Lady C. These are news indeed!

Here comes your father: tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears: the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood: the winds, thy sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife!

Have you delivered to her our decree?

Lady C. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you; take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud, doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have; but thankful that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate:

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now; chop-logic! What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not—

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blessed

That God hath lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God, ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

Lady C. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed (as they say) with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed," "I cannot love,"
"I am too young," "I pray you pardon me;"—
But an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't; I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart; advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't; bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady C. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven:
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practice strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—

What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 't is:—Romeo

Is banishéd; and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counselor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's
mind:

Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talked of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be
slowed. [*Aside.*]
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love
me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your
face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slan-
dered it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now. —

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion! —
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast
done so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past
help !

Fri. Ah, *Juliet*, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may proroque it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and *Romeo's* ; thou our
hands ;

And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring. —
Be not so long to speak : I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter : I do spy a kind of
hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it :
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents arc ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling
bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
(Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;)

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then : go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry *Paris*. Wednesday is to-morrow :
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distill'd liquor drink thou off :
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize
Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st :
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the *Capulet's* lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* in my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come ; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me ! O tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and pros-
perous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength shall
help afford.
Farewell, dear father ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in CAPULET's House.*

*Enter CAPULET LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and
Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ. —
[*Exit 1st Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2nd Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I 'll
try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

2nd Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that can-
not lick his own fingers ; therefore he that cannot
lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone. — [*Exit 2nd Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnished for this time. —
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on
her :
A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong, where have
you been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests ; and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon : — Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the County ; go tell him of this :
I 'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell ;
And gave him what becoméd love I might ;
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't ; this is well ; —
stand up :
This is as 't should be. — Let me see the County ;
Ay marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

Lady C. No, not till Thursday : there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her : — we 'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*

Lady C. We shall be short in our provision :
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush ! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her :
I 'll not to bed to-night : let me alone ;
I 'll play the housewife for this once. — What,
ho ! —

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *JULIET's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best. — But, gentle
nurse,

I pray thee leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What, are you busy ? Need you any
help ?

Jul. No, madam : we have culled such necessa-
ries

As are behovéd for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Lady C. Good night :
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell ! — God knows when we shall
meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life :
 I'll call them back again to comfort me : —
 Nurse ! — What should she do here ?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
 Come, phial. —
 What if this mixture do not work at all ?
 Must I of force be married to the County ?
 No, no : this shall forbid it : — lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
 Subtly hath ministered to have me dead ;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear it is : and yet methinks it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 I will not entertain so bad a thought. —
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me ? There's a fearful point !
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or if I live, is it not very like
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place, —
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed :
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud : where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night, spirits resort :
 Alack, alack ! is it not like that I,
 So early waking, — what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the
 earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad : —
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environéd with all these hideous fears ;
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ;
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ;
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's
 bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point ! — Stay, Tybalt, stay ! —
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself upon the bed.*]

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SCENE IV. — CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady C. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
 pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath
 crowed,

The curfew-bell hath rung ; 't is three o'clock. —
 Look to the baked meats, good Angelica :
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed : 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What ! I have watched
 ere now
 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady C. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
 your time ;
 But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood ! — Now,
 fellow,
 What's there ?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1st Serv. Things for the cook, sir ; but I know
 not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste [*Exit* 1st Servant].
 — Sirrah, fetch drier logs :

Call Peter ; he will shew thee where they are.

2nd Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out
 logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said. A merry whore-
 son ! ha,

Thou shalt be loggerhead. — Good faith, 't is day :
 The County will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near. —

Nurse ! — Wife ! — what, ho ! — what, nurse, I say !

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up :

I'll go and chat with Paris. — Hie ; make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already.
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! —
fast, I warrant her, she. —
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! why,
bride!
What, not a word! — you take your pennyworths
now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. — God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. — Will it not be?
What, drest, and in your clothes! and down
again!
I must needs wake you: — Lady, lady, lady!
Alas, alas! — Help, help! my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! —
Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho! — My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady C. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

Lady C. O me, O me! — my child, my only
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! —

Help, help! — call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame; bring Juliet forth: her lord
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack
the day!

Lady C. Alack the day! she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her: — Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff:
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accurséd time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady C. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride: — there she lies,
Flower as she was, defloweréd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all: life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady C. Accurséd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage! —
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath caught it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever I did yet behold!

O day, O day, O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorcéd, wrongéd, spited, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown! —

O love! O life! — not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distresséd, hated, martyred,
killed! —

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder, our solemnity? —

O child, O child! — my soul, and not my child! —

Dead art thou! — alack! my child is dead:

And, with my child, my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not.

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps His part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 't was your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love you love your child so ill,
That you run mad seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For thou fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, sir Paris: every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill:
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,
and FRIAR.

1st Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put
up;

For well you know this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1st Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's-ease,
heart's-ease." O, an you will have me live, play
"Heart's-ease."

1st Mus. Why "Heart's-ease?"

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays
"My heart is full of woe." O, play me some merry
dump to comfort me.

2nd Mus. Not a dump we: 't is no time to play
now.

Pet. You will not, then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1st Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek:
I will give you the minstrel.

1st Mus. Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creature's dag-
ger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll
re you, I'll *fa* you: do you note me?

1st Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

2nd Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron
dagger. Answer me like men:—

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,"—

Why "silver sound?" why, "music, with her
silver sound?"

What say you, Simon Catling?

1st Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet
sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2nd Mus. I say "silver sound," because musi-
cians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-
post?

3rd Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer:
I will say for you. It is "music, with her silver
sound," because such fellows as you have seldom
gold for sounding:—

"Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."

[*Exit* singing.

1st Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2nd Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in
here: tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Mantua. *A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering death of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think),

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.

Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona ! — How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my lady Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill :
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars ! —
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses : I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived :
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone.

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And hire those horses : I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means : — O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary, —

And hereabouts he dwells, — whom late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples : meagre were his looks ;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,

" And if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him."

O, this same thought did but forerun my need ;

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house :

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —

What, ho ! apothecary ?

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man. — I see that thou art
poor :

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have

A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer

As will disperse itself through all the veins,

That the life-weary taker may fall dead,

And that the trunk may be discharged of breath

As violently as hasty powder fired

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apoth. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Man-
tua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apoth. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold: worse poison to men's
souls;

Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
sell:

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison: go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — FRIAR LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar
John. —

Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, — the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth:
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my sell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *A Churchyard: in it, a Monument
belonging to the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and
a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and
stand aloof: —

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground:
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of grave),
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stay alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed
I strew.

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;

Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What curséd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rites?
What, with a torch! — muffle me, night, a while.

[*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching-iron.

Hold, take this letter : early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face ;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring that I must use
In dear employment : therefore hence, begone :
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs !
The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship. — Take thou that :

Live and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death.
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open :

[*Breaking open the door of the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banished haughty Montague,
That murdered my love's cousin ; — with which
grief

It is supposed the fair creature died ; —
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him. —

[*Advances.*]

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague :
Can vengeance be pursued farther than death ?
Condemnéd villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence and leave me : think upon these gone :
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither armed against myself.
Stay not, be gone : live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at
thee, boy. *They fight.*

Page. O lord ! they fight : I will go call the
watch. [*Exit.*]

Par. O, I am slain ! [*Falls.*] — If thou be
merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face :
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris ! —
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him, as we rode ? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so ; or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ? — O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave : —
A grave ? O, no ; a lantern, slaughtered youth ;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
A lightning before death : O, how may I
Call this a lightning ? — O, my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquered : beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. —
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
O, what more favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, cousin ! — Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?

For fear of that, I will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! —
Come, bitter conduct; come, unsavory guide! —
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] — O, true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves! — Who's there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,

What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then; I'll go alone. — Fear comes upon me:

O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo! [*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolored by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*]

Romeo! O, pale! — Who else? what, Paris, too;
And steeped in blood! — Ah, what an unkind
hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance! —

The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*]

Jul. O, comfortable friar, where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am. — Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise. — Lady, come from
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming:

Come, go, good Juliet. [*Noise again.*] — I dare
stay no longer. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. —
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end. —

O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop

To help me after! I will kiss thy lips:

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm!

1st Watch [*within*]. Lead, boy: — which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. — O happy
dagger! [*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]: there rust and
let me die.

[*Falls on ROMEO's Body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place: there, where the torch
doth burn.

1st Watch. The ground is bloody: search about
the churchyard.

Go, some of you ; whoe'er you find, attach.

Exeunt some.

Pitiful sight ! here lies the County slain :
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. •
Go, tell the Prince, — run to the Capulets, —
Raise up the Montagues : some others search.

[Exeunt other Watchmen.]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot with out circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2nd Watch. Here's Romeo's man ; we found
him in the churchyard.

1st Watch. Hold him in safety till the Prince
come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

3rd Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1st Watch. A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad ?

Lady C. The people in the street cry "Ro-
meo ;"
Some "Juliet ;" and some "Paris" and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our
ears ?

1st Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County
Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1st Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughtered
Romeo's man ;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens ! — O wife ! look how our
daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en, for lo ! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathéd in my daughter's bosom.

Lady C. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night :
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath :
What further woe conspires against mine age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true de-
scent :

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Meantimes forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. —
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder :
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnéd and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief ; for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale : —
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined ;
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me ;
And with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,

A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease :
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stayed by accident ; and yesternight
 Returned my letter back. Then all alone,
 At the prefixéd hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But when I came (some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening), here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy. And if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
 man. —
 Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in
 this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
 death :
 And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;
 And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter ; I will look on it. —

Where is the County's page, that raised the
 watch ? —

Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
 grave ;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
 Anon comes one with light, to ope the tomb ;
 And by and by my master drew on him :
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's
 words ;

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
 And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary ; and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
 Where be these enemies ? — Capulet ! Montague !
 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
 love !

And I, for winking at your discords, too,
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen. — All are punished !

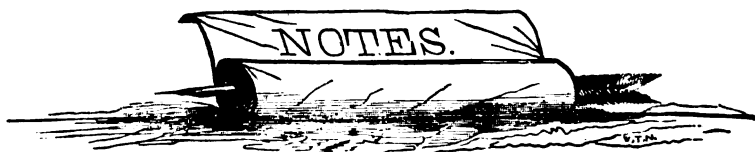
Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :
 This is my daughter's jointure ; for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
 That, while Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie :
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
 brings :

The sun for sorrow, will not shew his head.
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things :
 Some shall be pardoned, and some punishéd :
 For never was a story of more woe
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*



"Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals."— Act I., Scene 1.

This phrase was used proverbially for submitting to insult. Its origin is thus explained by Mr. Gifford:—"In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest deep there was a lower still), the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people in derision, gave the name of blackguards; a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained."

"Here comes two of the house of the Montagues."

Act I., Scene 1.

The partisans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence, throughout the play they are known at a distance. The circumstance is mentioned by Gascogne, in "A DEVISE OF A MASQUE," written for Lord Mountacute (1675):—

*"And for a further proof, he shewed in his hat
This token, which the Montagues did bear always, for that
They covet to be known from Capels, where they pass,
For ancient grudge which long ago 'tween these two houses was."*

*"I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they
bear it."*— Act I., Scene 1.

This mode of provoking a quarrel seems to have originated in Italy, but had become common in England at the date of this play. Decker says (speaking of the loungers in St. Paul's Church), "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what jussling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!"

Cotgrave thus explains the mode in which this token of contempt was given:—"Faire la nique.—To mock by nodding or lifting up of the chin; or, more properly, to threaten or defy by putting the thumb-nail into the mouth, and with a jerk (from the upper teeth) make it to nack."

*"So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."*— Act I., Scene 1.

The old copies here, instead of "to the sun," read "to the same." This prosaic termination of so beautiful a passage was altered at the suggestion of Theobald, to whom the received text is, in many instances, indebted. It is highly probable that "same" is a typographical mistake for "sunne," which was often the old orthography of the latter word. Daniel, in one of his sonnets (1694), has a passage somewhat similar:—

*"And while thou spread'st unto the rising sun
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,
Now 'joy thy time, before thy sweet be done."
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*"Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes."*

Act I., Scene 1

Johnson, Steevens, Reed, and others, have contended that "purg'd" cannot have been the poet's language; and they suggest *arg'd*, in the sense of excited. This emendation might answer the purpose, if no better were offered, but in the margin of the folio, 1632, we are told to substitute a word that exactly belongs to the place, and that might be easily misread "purg'd" by the printer:—

"Being puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes."

*"She hath Dian's wit,
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd."*

Act I., Scene 1.

Such has always been the reading since the time of Rowe; but the quarto, 1697, and the folios have,—

"From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'd."

"Uncharm'd" may here again be said to answer the purpose, by giving a clear meaning; but the alteration required by the corrector of the folio 1632, is only of a single letter, and a much more poetical turn is given to the thought:—

*"She hath Dian's wit,
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'd."*

*"For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity."*— Act I., Scene 1.

A similar thought to this is found in Shakespeare's third Sonnet:

*"Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love to stop posterity?"*

And in his "VENUS AND ADONIS":—

*"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which, by the rights of time, thou needs must have!"*

"And too soon marr'd are those so early made,"

Act I., Scene 2.

had been given in the quartos.—

"And too soon marr'd are those so early married;"

and that should seem to be the true proverbial word, for the old corrector adopts it and expunges "made."

— *"I remember it well,
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years."*

Act I., Scene 3.

How comes the Nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the

novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable that he had in view the earthquake which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz., on the 6th of April, 1680 (See Stowe's "CHRONICLE," &c.). If so, one may be permitted to conjecture that "ROMEO AND JULIET" was written in 1601.—TTRWHITT.

"Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, &c."—Act I., Scene 4.

In Arthur Brooke's heavy rhyming poem of "ROMEO AND JULIET" (which will be subsequently spoken of), there is the following mention of Mercutio:—

"At th' one side of her chair her lover Romeo,
And on the other side there sat one called Mercutio;—
A courtier that eachwhere was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speech and pleasant of device:
Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
Such was, among the bashful maids, Mercutio to behold.
With friendly gripe he seized fair Juliet's snowish hand:
A gift he had that nature gave him in his swathing band,—
That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold
As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them hold."

On this slight hint, Shakspeare founded the admirable character bearing the same name.

"Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling."—Act I., Scene 4.

A torchbearer seems to have been a constant attendant on every troop of maskers. In "WESTWARD HOE," by Decker and Webster, we find, "He is just like a torchbearer to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing."

Henry VIII., when he went masked to visit Wolsey at Whitehall, had sixteen torchbearers. The gentlemen-pensioners of Queen Elizabeth held torches while a play was acted before her, in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

"ROM. The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
MER. Tut! 'dun's the mouse; the constable's own word."

Act I., Scene 4.

"Dun's the mouse" is a proverbial expression that often occurs in the old comedies; its origin is uncertain: some allusion to the color of the animal was probably intended, but it was also occasionally used, as in the text, merely to found a quibble on the word "done." Malone observes that the phrase "seems to have meant 'peace, be still:' and hence it is said to be 'the constable's own word;' who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise."—The constable may, with at least equal probability, be thought to have appropriated the word or term, from his habit of enjoining silence to others.

"If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire, &c."

Act I., Scene 4.

In this line, the word "dun" is used to signify a dun horse. Mr. Gifford, in a note to Ben Jonson's "MASQUE OF CHRISTMAS," has thus described the rustic sport called "Dun is in the Mire":—"A log of wood is brought into the room: this is Dun (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised that he is stuck in the mire. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when "dun" is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes."

"Of healths five fathom deep."—Act I., Scene 4

A passage from "WESTWARD HOE" will best explain the practice here alluded to:—"Troth, sir, my master and Sir Goslin are gussling: they are dabbling together fathom deep. The knight has drunk so much health to the gentlemen, yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs."

—"This is that very Ma!
That plats the manes of horses in the night."

Act I., Scene 4.

This line alludes to a very singular superstition, not yet forgotten in some parts of the country. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places, assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plating them in inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals and the vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William Auvergne, Bishop of Paris, in the thirteenth century.

There is a very uncommon old print by Hans Burgmaier, relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch; and previously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practises her enchantments on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the nightmare.—DOUCE.

"Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet."—Act I., Scene 5.

The "cousin Capulet" of this scene is doubtless the "uncle Capulet" mentioned in the paper of invitations. Shakspeare and his contemporaries used the word cousin to denote any collateral relation of whatever degree, and sometimes even to denote those of lineal descent. The King calls Hamlet his cousin, although his nephew and step-son; the old Duchess of York, in Richard III., calls her grandson cousin; and in a subsequent scene of this play, Lady Capulet exclaims, "Tybalt, my cousin; O, my brother's child!"

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."—Act I., Scene 5.

There is an illustration similar to this in Shakspeare's twenty-seventh Sonnet:—

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new."

In the passage quoted from the text, all the quartos and the first folio read, "*It seems she hangs,*" instead of the more spirited expression, "*Her beauty hangs.*" The present phraseology is from the second folio, and is now so consecrated by general use and approval, that it would be both useless and ungracious to attempt to supersede it.

We may here take the opportunity of remarking, that the most rigid sticklers for the authority of the first folio have found it necessary in very many cases (as well in this play as in others) to prefer the readings of the earlier quartos, and in some comparatively few instances, those of the second folio. The reason is this:—we know, unfortunately, as far as the matter is susceptible of proof, that none of Shakspeare's plays were published under his own superintendence: we know also, in reference to all the earlier copies, that typographical errors, stage omissions or interpolations, the want of regular editing, and other causes, have contributed to obscure, and, not unfrequently, to destroy the Poet's meaning: it is, therefore, in no irreverent spirit (as is too often inculcated), but rather from a feeling of duty and gratitude, that even the most cautious commentators have felt themselves compelled to depart from the principle of taking any one edition as an invariable guide.

From two or three instances selected in the present play from numerous others, merely as illustrations of the general fact, it will be seen that the reviser who should in every case adopt the readings of the first folio, would bring upon his devoted head the merited anathema of every Shaksperian reader. We have not, however, presumed to vary from its text without anxious consideration, and constant reference to those commentators who have shown the least disposition to innovate either as to words or versification.

"Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it."—Act II., Scene 2.

Here we meet in the folio, 1632, with an emendation that calls for explanation:—

*"Her vestal livery is but white and green,
And none but fools do wear it."*

The compositor perhaps caught "sick" from a line above, where Romeo describes the moon as "sick and pale;" "white and green" must be the true reading, as is proved by what follows, where it is said that it was worn by "none but fools." [Collier.

*"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities."*

Act II., Scene 3.

This eulogium on the hidden powers of nature affords a natural introduction to the Friar's furnishing Juliet with the sleeping potion in Act IV. Here is one of the many instances in which the train of thought was suggested by Brooke's poem:—

*"But not in vain, my child, hath all my wandering been:—
What force the stones, the plants, and metals, have to work,
And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk,
With care I have sought out; with pain I did them prove."*

*"But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign."*

Act II., Scene 3.

Friar Laurence is drawing a contrast between the wakefulness of careful age, and the calm sleep of untroubled youth: the epithet "unbruised" has, therefore, little propriety, and we are instructed to amend the line thus:—

"But where unbusied youth, with unstuff'd brain," &c.

BEN. *Why, what is Tybalt?*

MER. *More than Prince of Cats.*—Act II., Scene 4.

This is an allusion to the story-book of "REYNARD THE FOX," in which Tybert is the name given to the Cat. A similar phrase occurs in many old works.

"These fashion-mongers, these pardonnes-mois, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench."—Act II., Scene 4.

It is said that during the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great "boulstered breeches," it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, to make room for those monstrous protuberances, without which those "who stood on the new form could not sit at ease on the old bench."—SINGER.

"Thisbe, a grey eye or so."—Act II., Scene 4.

Mercutio means to allow that Thisbe had a very fine eye; for, from various passages, it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology; but a grey eye undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a blue eye.—MALONE.

ROM. *What counterfeit did I give you?*

MER. *The slip, sir, the slip.*—Act II., Scene 4.

This allusion is to the old counterfeit money called a slip, which is frequently mentioned in writings of the period. Greene in his "THIEVES FALLING OUT," &c., particularly describes it:—"And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

"Why, then is my pump well-flowered."—Act II., Scene 4.

Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore pinked pumps; that is, punched with holes in figures.—JOHNSON.

It was the custom to wear ribbands in the shoes, formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So in the "MASQUE OF GRAY'S INN" (1614):—"Every masker's pump was fastened with a flower suitable to his cap."—STEEVENS.

"I am none of his skains-mates!"—Act II., Scene 4.

Skain or skean was the Irish term for a knife or dagger. By "skains-mates," the Nurse probably means swaggering companions. Green, in his "QUIF FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER," describes "an ill-favored knave, who wore by his side a skain like a brewer's bung-knife."

"Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?"

Act II., Scene 4.

By this question, the Nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary, being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance and of the affection of lovers; and, for this reason probably, was worn at weddings.

"Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name: R is for the dog!"

Act II., Scene 4.

The letter "R" puts the Nurse in mind of that sound which dogs make when they snarl. Ben Jonson, in his "ENGLISH GRAMMAR," says "'R' is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound."

*"Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church," &c.*—Act II., Scene 5.

It was not "at any news" that Juliet's cheeks would be in scarlet, but at the particular and joyful tidings brought by the Nurse, who, according to an emendation in the folio, 1632, tells her,—

*"Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news."*

"I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad."—Act III., Scene 1.

It is observed that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer.—JOHNSON.

"Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!"

Act III., Scene 1.

Thus the quarto 1607; for which the quarto 1609 has, "He goes in triumph!" This in the subsequent copies was made, "He gone," &c.—MALONE.

"He is a kinsman to the Montague;

Affection makes him false, he speaks not true."

Act III., Scene 1.

The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality.—JOHNSON.

*"And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud
'Hold friends! friends part!'"* &c.—Act III., Scene 1.

Here it is certain that the line,—

"Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,"

is abridged of a syllable, which is supplied in manuscript:—

"Retorts it home. Romeo he cries aloud," &c.

*"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen!"*

Act III., Scene 2.

Many attempts have been made to explain the term "runaway," in this passage; but none with success. The most probable solution, it appears to us, is that which supposes the poet to have meant by "runaway," the night; and by its eyes, the stars. It has been proposed to substitute "unawares, eyes may wink," for "runaway's eyes may wink." But this alteration would give a prosaic flatness to the phrase, which — to say nothing of other objections — would alone convince us that it is not the true reading.

*"Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars."*

Act III., Scene 2.

This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quartos of 1609, 1609, and the folio, read, when *I* shall die.

*"Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but 'Ay,'
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice."*

Act III., Scene 2.

In Shakespeare's time, the affirmative particle of "ay" was usually written "I," and in the above passage the editors have thought it necessary to retain the old spelling. We have, however, ventured to deviate from this unsightly practice, conceiving that there is sufficient similarity between the sounds of "ay" and "I" to point out the intended quibble. This is one of the trivial passages which we easily persuade ourselves have, by some accident or impertinence, been foisted into the genuine text.

"Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love."—Act III., Scene 3.

Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have —

"Wert thou as young as Juliet my love."

I only mention this to shew the very high value of the early quarto editions. — MALONE.

*"I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow."*

Act III., Scene 5.

Cynthia's "brow" would not occasion a "pale reflex," and by the omission of one letter the light is at once cleared: —

"'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow."

*"Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day."*

Act III., Scene 5.

The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a saying that the lark and toad had changed eyes. This tradition Dr. Johnson states himself to have heard in a rustic rhyme: —

*"To heaven I'd fly,
But that the toad beguiled me of mine eye."*

Juliet means that the croak of the toad would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure.

The "hunts-up" was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together.

— *"Ble this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed."—Act IV., Scene 1.*

The seals of deeds were formerly not impressed on the parchment itself, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to it. Hence in *KING RICHARD II.*, the Duke of York discovers, by the depending seal, a covenant which his son, the Duke of Aumerle, had entered into: —

"What seal is that which hangs without thy bosom?"

*"Then (as the manner of our country is),
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier."*

Act IV., Scene 1.

The Italian custom here alluded to is still continued. Mr. Rogers, in his poem on Italy, describes a scene of the kind: —

"But now by fits

*A dull and dismal noise assailed the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet:
And now a strange fantastic troop appeared!
Thronging they came, as from the shades below;
All of a ghostly white! — "O say (I cried),
Do not the living here bury the dead?
Do spirits come and fetch them? What are these
That seem not of this world, and mock the day;
Each with a burning taper in his hand?" —
'It is an ancient brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man:
The living masked, the dead alone uncovered.
But marked!' — And, lying on her funeral couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 't were her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last, — and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birth-day feast!"*

*"If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand."*

Act V., Scene 1.

Sleep is often resembled to death, and death to sleep; and when Romeo observes, as the correction in the folio, 1632, warrants us in giving the passage, —

"If I may trust the flattering death of sleep;"

he calls it "the flattering death of sleep" on account of the dream of joyful news from which he had awaked: during this "flattering death of sleep," he had dreamed of Juliet, and of her revival of him by the warmth of her kisses.

*"My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts."*

Act V., Scene 1.

These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakespeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. — JOHNSON.

*"Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me."—Act V., Scene 2.*

It was customary for friars to travel in pairs, in order that each might be a check upon the behavior of the other.

The original relator of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1520. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice, in 1535, under the title of "*LA GIULIETTA.*"

In 1554, Bandello published at Lucca a novel on the same subject (tom. ii., nov. 9); and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars.

From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke.

Painter in the second volume of his "PALACE OF PLEASURE" (1567), published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled "ROMEO AND JULIETTA." Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or from some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke.

This is proved decisively by the following circumstances:—1. In the poems, the Prince of Verona is called Escalus: so also in the play. In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named Signor Escala, and sometimes Lord Bartholomew of Escala.—2. In Painter's novel, the family of Romeo are called the Monteschies: in the poem and in the play, the Montagues.—3. The messenger employed by Friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo, to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called Anselme: in the poem and in the play, Friar John is employed in this business.—4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel.—5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original and in Painter, is called Villa Franca: in the poem and in the play, Freetown.—6. Several passages of Romeo and Juliet appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original.—MALONE.

Romeo and Juliet is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too rough for this tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings, created for each other, feel mutual love at

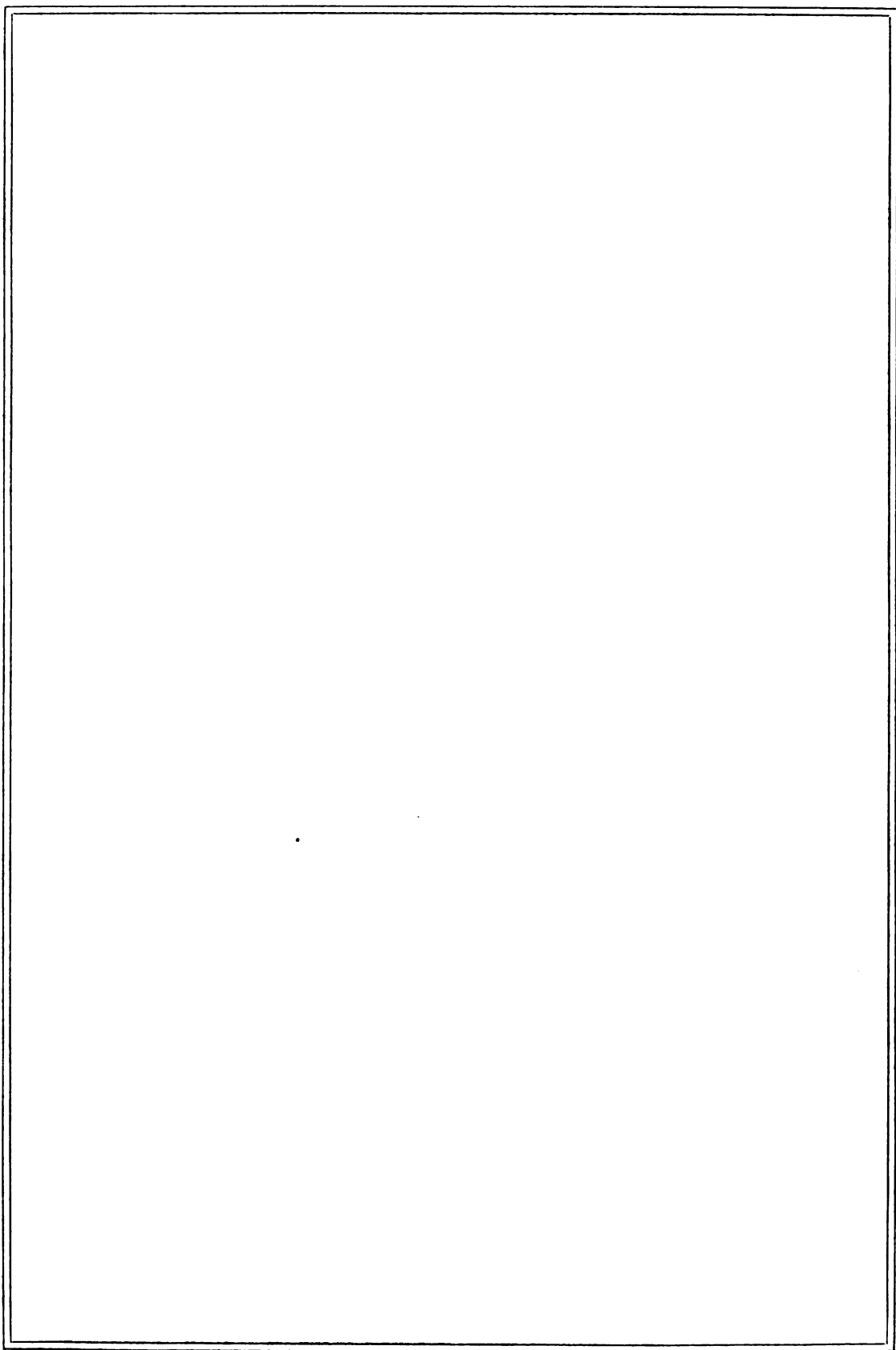
first glance; every consideration disappears before the invisible influence of living in one another: they join themselves secretly, under circumstances in the highest degree hostile to the union, relying merely on the protection of an irresistible power. By unfriendly events following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till, forcibly separated from each other, they are united in the grave to meet again in another world.

All this is to be found in the beautiful story which Shakspeare has not invented: and which, however simply told, will always excite a tender sympathy: but it was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul; and at the same time is a melancholy elegy on its frailty, from its own nature and external circumstances: at once the dedication and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are almost in the same moment set on fire and consumed.

Whatever is most intoxicating in the odor of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem. But, even more rapidly than the first blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union: then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power.

The sweetest and the bitterest love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fullness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other: and all these contrasts are so blended, in the harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh.—SCHLEGEL.

KING LEAR.



ntroductory Remarks

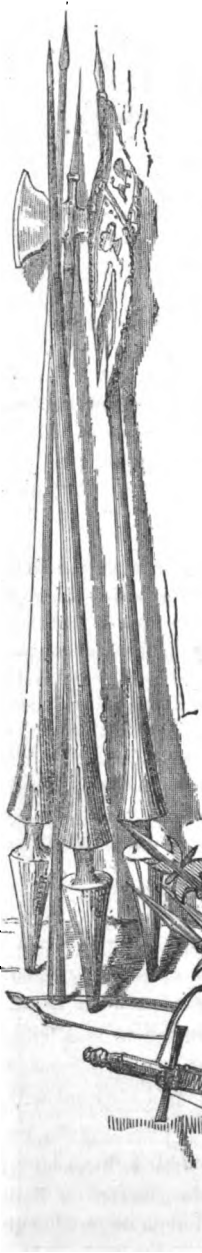
BUILDING wisely on legendary tale and simple ballad, — those sure foundations for him who seeks to interest the public heart, — the mighty architect has raised, in “*LEAR*,” a structure before whose giant beauties Criticism stands rebuked, in silent and boundless admiration: — as the traveler ascending the Peak of Teneriffe intent to measure its height, suspends his scientific labors in spell-bound contemplation of the magnificent scene that on every side lies spread before him.

The story of the aged monarch, self-willed and impetuous, yet still “more sinned against than sinning,” is told, with various modifications, by many ancient writers; but the narrative of Holinshed was probably the immediate source of the poet’s inspiration. There is, moreover, an older play than Shakspeare’s on the subject, called “*The true Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella.*” Of this very inferior, although not meritless effort, he has undoubtedly availed himself, but not to such extent as to impugn the essential originality of his own great work.

It is remarkable that both Holinshed and the older dramatist have given a prosperous termination to the legend, so far at least as Lear himself is implicated. In so doing, they have doubtless fallen in with the general yearning for poetic justice: but whether it were wise to wish that Shakspeare had in this respect adhered to his supposed authorities, may well admit of question. The force and splendor of his execution naturally induce the thought that he has chosen for the best in working out his plot: let us, then, be content to inherit the invaluable legacy on such conditions as the donor has imposed, nor seek to tamper with the genuine document. The profane attempts at emendation, by Tate’s berouged and smirking muse, are so amusingly vile, that indignation soon relieves itself in laughter. Lear, as a suitable climax to much previous fustian, is made, in the last Act, to call upon the winds to catch certain joyous sounds, “and bear them on their *rosy* wings to heaven.” The love passages, too, between the daring laureate’s facetiously “wretched Edgar,” and no less comical “Cordelia, royal fair,” betray a master in the school of unconscious burlesque: they are sacrifices dear to Momus, although Melpomene affects them not.

In Percy’s “*RELIQUES*,” there is a reprint of “*A lamentable Song of the Death of King Leir and his three Daughters*,” in which the o’er-afflicted father expires with grief for the loss of Cordelia, who is slain in the battle fought to recover his kingdom. This production was originally published without a date, but is, with great probability, thought to have appeared before the play of Shakspeare: and from this popular ballad he may have derived the tragic catastrophe he has deemed it expedient to adopt. The episode of Edmund and Edgar, so skilfully interwoven with the main plot of “*LEAR*,” is founded on the story of the blind King of Paphlagonia, in Sidney’s “*ARCADIA*.” The Leonatus of the tale is Edgar in the play.

Shakspeare’s “*LEAR*” was first published in 1608, with this “full and particular” title-page: — “*Mr. William Shake-speare, his true Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of Edgar, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of Gloucester, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaide before the King’s Majesty at White-hall, upon S. Stephens Night, in Christmas Holidiaes. By his Majesties Servants playing usually upon the Banck-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul’s Churchyard, at the signe of the Pied Bull, neere St. Austin’s Gate, 1608.*” There were two other editions of the play published by the same bookseller, in the same year; but, notwithstanding these indubitable evidences of popularity, “*KING LEAR*,” for some inexplicable reason, was not again reprinted till its appearance in the original folio of 1623.



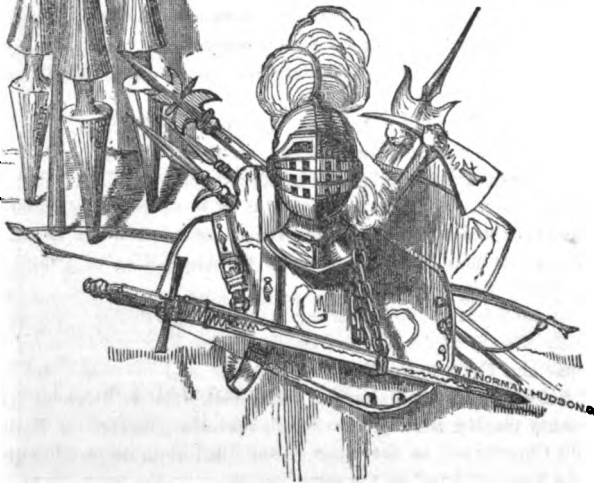
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of BRITAIN.
DUKE OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, Son to GLOSTER.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to GLOSTER.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OSWALD, Steward to GONERIL.
Old Man, Tenant to GLOSTER.
Physician.
Fool.
An Officer, employed by EDMUND.
Gentleman, attendant on CORDELIA.
A Herald. Servants to CORNWALL.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } Daughters to LEAR.
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the KING, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE. Britain.



King Lear.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room of State in KING LEAR'S Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair: there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. — Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. — The King is coming.

[Trumpets sound within.]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[Exit GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. — Know that we have divided

In three, our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburdened crawl toward death. — Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answered. — Tell me, my daughters

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state),
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we are largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it. — Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. I do love you more than words can wield
the matter :

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honor :

As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be
silent. [*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. — What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love :
Only she comes too short, — that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious sphere of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia ! [*Aside.*
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirmed on Goneril. — Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least ; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interested ; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

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Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond : nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech
a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit ;
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty :

Sure I shall never marry, like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so : — thy truth, then, be thy
dower :

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be, —
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent?

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. — Hence, and avoid my sight !

[*To CORDELIA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! — Call France : —
who stirs?

Call Burgundy. — Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. — Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name and all the additions to a king ;
The sway,

Revénue, execution of the rest,
Belovéd sons, be yours : which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honored as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my aged patron, thought on in my prayers, —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn : make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old
man ?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness
honor's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy
doom ;

And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter dost not love thee least ;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies : nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal ! miscreant !

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }

Kent. Do : kill thy physician, and the fee
bestow

Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !

On thine allegiance hear me ! —
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet) and with strained
pride

To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear) ;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world ;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if on the tenth day following
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away ! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, King : since thus thou
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said. —

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love. —

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu :

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivaled for our daughter : — What, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir: for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great king,
[To FRANCE.]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate: therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor! Sure her offense
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouched affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend,

I'll do 't before I speak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonored step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor:
But even for want of that for which I am richer:
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue

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That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? — My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects that stand
Aloof from the entire point? Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing I have sworn: I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father,

That you must lose a husband. [To CORDELIA.]

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:

Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect. —

Thy dowerless daughter, King, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy

Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me. —

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:

Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

That face of hers again: — therefore, be gone,

Without our grace, our love, our benison. —

Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with washed eyes

Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our
father :

To your professéd bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study

Be to content your lord ; who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scantied,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides :

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you : next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is :
the observation we have made of it hath not been
little. He always loved our sister most : and with
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, ap-
pears too grossly.

Reg. 'T is the infirmity of his age : yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash : then must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-en-
grafted condition, but therewithal the unruly way-
wardness that infirm and choleric years bring with
them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you, let us
hit together : if our father carry authority with
such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of
his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Hall in the* EARL OF GLOSTER'S
Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ; wherefore base ;
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us
With base ; with baseness ; bastardy ; base, base ;
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake ? — Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. "Fine word, — legitimate !" —
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow : I prosper. —
Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banished thus ; and France in choler
parted !

And the king gone to-night : subscribed his power :
Confined to exhibition ! All this done
Upon the gad ! — Edmund ! how now ? what news ?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
letter ?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading ?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No ? what needed, then, that terrible des-
patch of it into your pocket ? the quality of noth-
ing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see :
come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a
letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-
read : for so much as I have perused, I find it not
fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an assay or taste of my virtue.

GLOSTER reads.

"This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter in the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,

EDGAR."

Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue!"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course:

where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretense of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent affects:—love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offense, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[*Exit.*]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behavior), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars:—as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine

thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous!—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

And pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging,

from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly: nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices rides easy!—I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him: say I am sick.

If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well: the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question:

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used

With checks, as flatteries, — when they are seen abused.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you :

What grows of it, no matter : advise your fellows so. I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak. — I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course. — Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. — Now, banished
Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. *Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner : go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] — How now ; what art thou ?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess ? what wouldst thou with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve him truly that will put me in trust ; to love him that is honest ; to converse with him that is wise and says little ; to fear judgment ; to fight when I cannot choose ; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou ?

Kent. Service.

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Lear. Who wouldst thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me : if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho, dinner ! — Where's my knave ; my fool. Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you sirrah, where's my daughter ? —

Stew. So please you, — [*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there ? Call the clotpoll back. — Where's my fool, ho ? — I think the world's asleep. — How, now ; where's that mongrel ?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him ?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not !

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont : there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha ! sayst thou so ?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception : I have perceived a most faint neglect

of late : which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into 't. — But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. — Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. — Go you, call hither my fool.

Re-enter Steward.

O, you, sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whorson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord: I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow: thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away: I'll teach you differences: away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to. Have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushing the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: — here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his cap.*]

Lear. How, now, my pretty knave; how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favor. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear

my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine: beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah: the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel: he must be whipt out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: —

Have more than thou shewest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more,
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer: you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy: nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'y thee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes too: he will not believe a fool.

[*To KENT.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad: teach me.

Fool. That lord that counseled thee

To give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me, —

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there! —

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other title thou hast given away: that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies, too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. — Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Sings.

"Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish;
And well may fear their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish."

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

Sings.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'y thee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that

frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning: now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*To GONERIL*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some. —

That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to LEAR*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endur'd riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance: which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offense, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young, —
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? — Whoop, Jug! I love thee

Lear. Does any here know me? — Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied. — Sleeping or waking? — Ha! sure 't is not so. — Who is it that can tell me who I am? — Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters —

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disordered, so debauched and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train:
And the remainder that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! —
Saddle my horses; call my train together. —
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disor-
dered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents! — O, sir, are
you come?
Is it your will? [*To ALBANY.*] Speak, sir. — Pre-
pare my horses. —
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. — O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of na-
ture
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all
love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[Striking his head.]
And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so my lord. —
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear! —
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt: that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! — Away, away! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes
this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee; — Life and death! I am
ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[To GONERIL.]
That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,
Should make thee worth them. — Blasts and fogs
upon thee?

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond eyes,
Beweeep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. — Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so: — yet have I left a daughter,
Who I am sure is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald,
ho! —

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the
fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel! — A
hundred knights!

'T is politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shewed the unfitness, — How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [Exit Steward.] — No,
no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attacked for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot
tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then, —

Alb. Well, well; the event. [Exit.

SCENE V. — Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool. •

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these let-
ters: acquaint my daughter no further with any-
thing you know than comes from her demand out
of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I
shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have de-
livered your letter. [Exit.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were
't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'y thee, be merry; thy wit shall
not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee
kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does
to a crab. — Thou canst tell why one's nose stands
't the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his
nose: that what a man cannot smell out, he may
spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong: —

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I either: but I can tell why a snail
has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in: not to give it
away to his daughters, and leave his horns without
a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. — So kind a fa-
ther! — Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. — The rea-
son why the seven stars are no more than seven, is
a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: — thou wouldst make a good
fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the EARL OF GLOSTER.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I: 'pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 't wixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night! The better; best:

This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune work!—
Brother, a word: descend.—Brother, I say:

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place:
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party, 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word,

Edm. I hear my father coming:—Pardon me: In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—

Yield; come before my father: light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother.—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[Exit EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[Wounds his arm.]
Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. He stood here in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his suspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could,—

Glo. Pursue him, ho! Go after. —

[*Exit Servant.*]

By no means, what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father: — Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarumed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether ghastr'd by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, dispatch'd. The noble duke, my
master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake:
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threatened to discover him; he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee,
Make thy words faith'd? No: what should I
deny

(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character), I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damn'd practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? — I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark! the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes. —

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape:
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture

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I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came
hither
(Which I can call but now), I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is cracked; it's
cracked!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
life?

He, whom my father named? your heir, your
Edgar!

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam: 't is too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, yes; he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill
affected:

'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revénues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed of them; and with such cau-
tions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. —

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A childlike office.

Edm. It was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm; make your own purpose
How in my strength you please. — For you,
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the-several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.— *Before GLOSTER's Castle.*

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of the
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'y thee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Finsbury pinfold, I
would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken
meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-
suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking
knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a
whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical
rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst
be a bawd, in way of good service; and art nothing
but the composition of a knave, beggar, cow-

oo

ard, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel
bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whin-
ing, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addi-
tion.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,
thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee,
nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to
deny thou know'st me! Is it two days ago since
I tripped up thy heels and beat thee, before the
king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night,
the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moon-
shine of you. Draw, you whoreson cullionly bar-
ber-monger; draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters
against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part
against the royalty of her father. Draw, you
rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks,—draw,
you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand:
you neat slave, strike! [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER,
and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What's the matter?—Part!

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please:
come, I'll flesh you; come on young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter
here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the
king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your
valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in
thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make
a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a
painter could not have made him so ill, though
they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared

At suit of his grey beard, —

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! — My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. — Spare my grey beard, you wagtail!

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinse t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs but following. —
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot?

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offense?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. — He cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain; he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. —

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These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
That twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front, —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offense you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.

It pleased the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct and flattering his displeasure,
Tripped me behind: being down, insulted, railed,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued:
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart,

We'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
In whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I have life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of. — Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't : — your proposed low cor-
rection

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches;
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punished with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs.

[*KENT is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my good lord ; away.

[*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend : 't is the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and
traveled hard :
Some time I shall sleep out ; the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good-morrow.

Glo. The duke's to blame in this : 't will be ill
taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the com-
mon saw ;
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun ! —
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter ! — Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery. — I know 't is from Cordelia ;
Who hath most fortunately been informed
Of my obscuréd course ; and shall find time
From this enormous state, — seeking to give
Losses their remedies. — All weary and o'er-
watched,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night : smile once more ; turn thy
wheel ! [*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III. — *A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaimed ;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escaped the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself : and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grim with filth ;
Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots ;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometimes with
prayers,
Enforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood ! poor
Tom !
That's something yet : — Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. — *Before GLOSTER's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart
from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. How !
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha ; look ! he wears cruel garters !
Horses are tied by the heads ; dogs and bears by
the neck ; monkies by the loins, and men by the
legs : when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she;

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do 't: 't is worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth,
From Goneril his mistress, salutations:
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summoned up their meiny, straight took
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceived had poisoned mine
(Being the very fellow that of late
Dislayed so saucily against your highness),
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —

But, for all this, it follows,

Thou shalt have as many dolor

For thy daughters dear

As thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio! — Down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! — Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not:

Stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offense than what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no laboring in the winter. All
that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but
blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty
but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy
hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it
break thy neck with following it: but the great
one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.
When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give
me mine again: I would have none but knaves
follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The fool turns knave that runs away;

The knave no fool, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick;
they are weary;

They have traveled hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fixed he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —
Fiery! what quality? — Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have informed
them so.

Lear. Informed them! Dost thou understand
me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall:
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak; commands her
service:

Are they informed of this! — My breath and
blood!

Fiery! the fiery duke! — Tell the hot duke, that —
No, but not yet: — may be he is not well:
Infirmary doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound: we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppressed, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. — Death on my state! where-
fore [Looking on KENT.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry — "Sleep to death."

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! — but
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to
the eels when she put them i' the paste alive: she
rapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried,
"Down, wantons, down." 'T was her brother
that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and
Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace.

[KENT is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are: I know what
reason

I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress. O, are you free?

[To KENT.

Some other time for that. — Belovéd Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here: —

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe
Of how depraved a quality — O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old:

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than yourself. Therefore I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say you have wronged her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness!

Do you but mark how this becomes the mouth: —
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old:
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly
tricks.

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart. —
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse;

Thy tender-hearted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
[*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know 't; my sister's: this approves her
letter

That she would soon be here. — Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stocked my servant? Regan, I
have good hope
Thou didst not know of 't. — Who comes here?
O, heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part! —

Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? —

[*To GONERIL.*]

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? — How have
I offended?

All's not offense that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed!
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl:
Necessity's sharp pinch! — Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. — Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'y thee, daughter, do not make me
mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child: farewell:
We'll no more meet; no more see one another. —
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee:
Let shame come when it will; I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir:
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken, now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty fol-
lowers!

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many; sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 't is hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced
to slack you,
We would control them. If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord: no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favored!

When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise: — I'll go with thee:
[*To GONERIL.*]

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady:
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. — But for true
need, —

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! — No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall — I will do such things —
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep: —

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. — O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw: 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his
people
Cannot be well bestowed.

Gon. 'T is his own blame: he hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Corn. Followed the old man forth. — He is re-
turned.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild
night:

My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Heath.*

A Storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.

Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you: where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curv'd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease: tears his white hair:

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labors to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be covered
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?) servants, who seem no less;

Which are to France the spies and spectators
Intelligent of our state: what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them hath borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings: —

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But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scattered kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To shew their open banner. — Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The King hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall), shew her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know. — Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all
yet:
That when we have found the King (in which
your pain
That way; I'll this), he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. — *Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the
cocks! —

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! — And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here 's
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout,
rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness:
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription: why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure: here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man: —
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head piece.

The codpiece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse:
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

— for there was never yet fair woman but she
made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience:
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace and a codpiece: that 's
a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you there? Things that
love night,
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was
man,

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Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice: hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjured, and thou similar man of virtue
That art incestuous! caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life! — Close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace! — I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bareheaded! —
Gracious, my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest:

Repose you there; while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 't is raised;
Which even but now demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return and force
Their scantred courtesies.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. —
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. — Come, your
hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool.

He that has a little tiny wit, —
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain, —
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. — Come, bring us to
this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
 When brewers mar their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailor's tutors;
 No heretics burned but wenches' suitors;
 When every case in law is right;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
 When slanders do not live in tongues;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
 And bawds and whores do churches build;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.
 Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
 That going shall be used with feet.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
 his time. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. — *A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the King. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the King, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. *[Exit.]*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me that which my father loses; no less than all:—The younger rises when the old doth fall. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. — *A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
 For nature to endure. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break my own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee:

But where the greater malady is fixed,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear:
 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
 Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
 mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude!
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
 For lifting food to 't? — But I will punish
 home: —

No, I will weep no more. — In such a night
 To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
 all: —

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that!

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'y thee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go in:
 In, boy; go first. *[To the Fool.]* — You houseless
 poverty, —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp:

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within*]. Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit:

Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! he says his name's a poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters;
and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters under his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge: made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. — Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. — O do de, do de, do de. — Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, — and there, — and there, — and there again; and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass? —

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowliness but his unkind daughters. —
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? —
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's hill! —
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. — Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, ha, no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. — Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings! Come: unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Pr'y thee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in. — Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small

spark, all the rest of his body cold. — Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock: he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the world;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cawdung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. — Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modo he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands. Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher. — What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. —

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord; His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death. — Ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus. — Poor banished man! —

Thou sayst the King grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself. I had a son, Now outlawed from my blood: he sought my life, But lately, very late. I loved him, friend; No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace, —

Lear. O, cry you mercy: —

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him:

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

EDGAR.

Child Rowland to the dark tower came:
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum;
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.**Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*aside*]. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *A Chamber in a Farmhouse, adjoining the Castle.**Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.*

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. — The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'y thee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman

to his son: for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them! —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight: —

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; —

[*To EDGAR.*]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*] — Now, you she-foxes! —

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! — Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me: —

Fool.

Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. — Bring in the evidence. —

Thou robéd man of justice, take thy place; —

[*To EDGAR.*]

And thou his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*]

Bench by his side. — You are of the commission;

Sit you too.

[*To KENT.*]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sleep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy ; I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of. — Stop her there !
Arms, arms, sword, fire ! — Corruption in the place !

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

Edg. Bless thy five wits !

Kent. O pity ! — Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them : —
Avaunt, you curs !

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons, if it bite ;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym ;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail ;
Tom will make them weep and wail :
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de de ; sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns. — Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan ; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts ? — You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only I do not like the fashion of your garments : you will say they are Persian attire ; but let them be changed. [To EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains : so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning : so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend : where is the King, my master ?

Kent. Here, sir : but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'y thee take him in thy arms :

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready : lay him in 't.

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assuréd loss. Take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps : —
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. — Come, help to bear thy master :

Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exit KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool,
bearing off the KING.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;

Leaving free things and happy shows behind :

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend makes the King
bow :

He childed as I fathered ! — Tom, away :

Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee,

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the King !

Lurk, lurk.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. — A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ;

shew him this letter: the army of France is landed.
— Seek out the villain Gloster.

• [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. — Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath conveyed him hence:

Some five or six-and-thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they
boast

To have well-arméd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell. — Go, seek the traitor
Gloster:

Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there; the
traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Corp. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What means your grace? — Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard. — O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. — Villain, thou
shalt find — [*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favors
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple-answered, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic
king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not
charged at thy peril —

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first an-
swer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand
the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up,
And quenched the stelléd fires: yet, poor old
heart,

He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said "Good porter, turn the
key:"

All cruels else subscribed. — But I shall see
The wingéd vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never. — Fellows, hold
the chair. —

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help. — O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another: the other
too.

Corn. If you see vengeance, —

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a bear upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. — What do you
mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword. — [*To another Ser-
vant.*]

A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain! — My lord, you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him. — O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. — Out, vile
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless. — Where's my
son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overtures of thy treasons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him
smell

His way to Dover. — How is't, my lord? how
look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt. — Follow me,
lady. —

Turn out that eyeless villain; — throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN. Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1st Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2nd Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1st Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

2nd Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and
whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yes, better thus unknown to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch thou hast blown unto the worst,

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Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes
here?

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.**

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,
Our wants secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [aside]. O gods! Who is 't can say, "I am at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. [aside]. And worse I may be yet. The worst is not,

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since. —

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods:
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*Aside.*] — Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'y thee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee; or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone.

cc

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. — I cannot daub it further. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [aside]. And yet I must. — Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horseway and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once: of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens plague

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. — Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That braves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me. From that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way. — Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so changed.

I told him of the army that was landed :
He smiled at it. I told him you were coming :
His answer was, "The worse." Of Gloster's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I informed him, then he called me sot,
And told me I had turned the wrong side out. —
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him :
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :

I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this : spare speech :

[*Giving a favor.*

Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air :
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster !

[*Exit EDMUND.*

O, the difference of man and man !
To thee a woman's services are due :
My fool usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition :
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself :
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more : the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savor but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugged bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-livered man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity who are punished
Ere they have done their mischief ! Where's thy drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With pluméd helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Alack ! why does he so ?"

Alb. See thyself, devil !

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend .
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changéd and self-covered thing, for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones ! — Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead :

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword

To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them felled him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath plucked him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! — But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. —
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer:
'T is from your sister.

Gon. [*aside*]. One way I like this well:
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. — I'll read and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his
eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord: I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: 't was he informed
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the
King,

And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most required
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir: she took them, read them in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her?

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smilets
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence

As pearls from diamonds dropped. — In brief,
sorrow

Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the name
of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart:

Cried, "Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies!
sisters!

Kent! father, sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the
night?

Let pity not be believed!" — There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moistened; then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King returned?

Gent. No; since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distressed Lear is
i' the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him. His
own unkindness,

That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not ?

Gent. 'T is so ; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile :
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. — *The same. A tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 't is he ! Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexéd sea : singing aloud ;
Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all' the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. — A century send forth :
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. *[Exit an Officer.]*

— What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereavéd sense ?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam.
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks : that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blessed secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress ! — Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam ;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'T is known before : our preparation stands

In expectation of them. — O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about :
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right :
Soon may I hear and see him ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. — *A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Stew. Madam, with much ado :
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live : where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund I think is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life : moreover, to desecry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow : stay with
us :
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam :
My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? —
Might not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something — I know not what : — I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know your lady does not love her hus-
band ;

I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,

She gave strange œiliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam!

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are, I
know it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked;

And more convenient is he for my hand

Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this:

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I
would shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. — *The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same
hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look how we
labor.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imper-
fect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived: in nothing am I
changed

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
still. — How fearful

And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice: and yon' tall anchoring bark

Diminished to her cock: her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,

That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. — I'll look no more!

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:—You are now
within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! — Go thou further off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. *[Seems to go.]*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him! —

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[He leaps and falls along.]

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell. —

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past. — Alive or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend! — Hear you, sir? speak! —

Thus might he pass indeed. — Yet he revives:

What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou hadst shivered like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound!

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell :
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn.

Look up a-height : the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. —
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit
To end itself by death ? 'T was yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :
Up : — so. — How is 't ? Feel you your legs ? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness !
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons : he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelked, and waved like the enridged sea :
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honors

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you
speak of,

I took it for a man : often 't would say,
"The fiend, the fiend !" He led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. — But
who comes here ?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining :
I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight !

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. —
There's your press-money. — That fellow handles
his bow like a crowkeeper : draw me a clothier's
yard. — Look, look, a mouse ! Peace, peace : this
piece of toasted cheese will do 't. — There's my

gauntlet : I'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the
brown bills. — O, well flown, bird ! i' the clout, i'
the clout : hewgh ! — Give the word.

Edg. Sweet majoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha ! Goneril ! — with a white beard ! —
They flattered me like a dog ; and told me I had
white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were
there. To say, "Ay" and "No" to everything I
said ! — "Ay" and "No," too, was no good divi-
nity. When the rain came to wet me once, and
the wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder
would not peace at my bidding ; there I found
them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are
not men o' their words : they told me I was every-
thing : 't is a lie ; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember :
Is 't not the King.

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes ! —
I pardon the man's life. — What was thy cause ? —
"Adultery ?" —

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery ! No :
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. —
Behold you' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow ;
That mimics virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name :

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above :

But to the girdle do the gods inherit ;
Beneath is all the fiends' : there's hell, there's
darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,
scalding, stench, consumption ! — Fie, fie, fie, pah ;
pah ! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
to sweeten my imagination : there's money for
thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mor-
tality.

Glo. O ruined piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. — Dost thou know
me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squiny at me ? No, do thy worst, blind
Cupid ; I'll not love. — Read thou this challenge :
mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see
one.

Edg. I would not take this from report : — it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your
eyes are in a heavy case ; your purse in a light :
yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how
this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine
ears : see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple
thief. Hark, in thine ear : — change places ; and,
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
thief ? — Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a
beggar ?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ?
There thou mightst behold the great image of au-
thority : a dog's obeyed in office. —
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :
Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own
back :

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend ; none, I say, none : I'll able
'em :

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now,
now, now :

Pull off my boots : — harder, harder : so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixed !
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my
eyes.

I know thee well enough : thy name is Gloster.
Thou must be patient : we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry. — I will preach to thee : mark
me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are
come

To this great stage of fools. — 'T is a good plot ? —
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt ? I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is : lay hand upon him. — Sir,
Your most dear daughter —

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. — Use me well :
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon :
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds ? all myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden waterpots ;
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir, —

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom.
What ?

I will be jovial. — Come, come : I am a king,
My masters : know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. — Nay, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa !

[*Exit, running ; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;
Past speaking of in a king ! — Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward ?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near 's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that 's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me:

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's
blows:

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaimed prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember. The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch 'ill not let go, sir, without vurther
'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass. An ch 'ud ha' been zwaggered out of
my life, 't would not ha' been zo long as 't is by a
vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man: keep
out, che vor' ye, or ise try whether your costard or
my bat be the harder. Ch 'ill be plain with you.

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Stew. Out! dunghill!

Edg. Ch 'ill pick your teeth, sir. Come: no
matter for your foins.

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me! — Villain, take
my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the British party. — O untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. —
Let's see his pockets; these letters that he
speaks of

May be my friends. — He 's dead: I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. — Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

Reads.

"Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have
many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want
not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is
nothing done if he return the conqueror: then am I the
prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.

"Your wife (so I would say) and your affectionate
servant, "GONERIL."

O unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke. For him 't is well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.*]

Glo. The King is mad: how stiff is my vile
sense,
That I stand up and have ingenuous feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be severed from my
griefs,

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father ; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. — *A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep ; Physician, Gentleman, and others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT. ●

Cor. O thou, good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness ? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth :
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.

Cor. Be better suited.
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I pr'y thee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam :
Yet to be known shortens my main intent.
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord. — How does the King ? *[To the Physician.]*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untuned and jarring senses, O wind up
Of this child-changed father !

Phys. So please your majesty
That we may wake the King ? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed

F the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed ?

Gent. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of his sleep

We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him :

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross-lightning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
With this thin helm ? — Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire : and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes : speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you ; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave. —

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide !

Phys. He's scarce awake : let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ? —
Fair daylight ? —

I am mightily abused. — I should e'en die with pity

To see another thus. — I know not what to say :
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see :
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me : —
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me :

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this
man:

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. — Do not laugh at
me:

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia!

Cor. And so I am; I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not: —

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause; they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is cured in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Till further settling.

Desire him to go in: trouble him no more

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and
Attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banished son, is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'T is time to look about: the powers o' the king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought?

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Camp of the British Forces, near
Dover.*

*Enter with drum and colors, EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose
hold;

Or whether, since, he is advised by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

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Tell me, — but truly, — but then speak the
truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honored love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way

To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:

She and the duke her husband, —

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather loose the battle than that sister

Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met. —
Sir, this I hear : the King is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the King ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reasoned ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go
with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle. [*Aside.*]—I
will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I 'll overtake you. — Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchéd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well : I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view ; draw up your
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery : but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love ;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ; one ; or neither ? Neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive. To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we 'll use
His countenance for the battle : which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia, —
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon : for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit*

SCENE II. — *A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colors,
LEAR, CORDELIA, with their Forces ; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host : pray that the right may
thrive.

If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir. [*Exit EDGAR.*

Alarums ; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man ; give me thy hand, away :
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand ; come on.

Glo. No further, sir : a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that 's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down:
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes:
The gougères shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]: go, follow
them to prison.

One step I have advanced thee: if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question: either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Offi. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou
hast done.

Mark.—I say, instantly: and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Offi. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats:
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. *Enter* ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant
strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same: and they are ready
To-morrow, or at farther space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person:
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so looked but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer From a full-flowing stomach. — General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony: Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine. Witness the world, that I create thee here My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: — Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest, This gilded serpent. [Pointing to GONERIL. —

For your claim, fair sister, I bar it in the interest of my wife: 'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord, And I, her husband, contradict your banns. If you will marry, make your love to me: My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art armed, Gloster: — let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons, There is my pledge: [Throwing down a glove.]

I'll prove it on thy heart, Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.]

Edm. There's my exchange. [Throwing down a glove.] What in the world he is That names me traitor, villain-like he lies. Call by thy trumpet: he, that dares approach, On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue: for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN, led.]

Come hither, herald: — let the trumpet sound, And read out this.

Offi. Sound, trumpet. [A trumpet sounds.]

Herald reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: — he is bold in his defense."

Edm. Sound. [1st Trumpet.]

Her. Again. [2nd Trumpet.]

Her. Again. [3rd Trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within.]

Enter EDGAR, armed, and preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes: why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality: and why you answer This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost; By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit: Yet am I noble as the adversary I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself: — what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword; That, if my speech offend a noble heart, Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine. Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors, My oath, and my profession; I protest, Maugre thy strength, skill, youth, and eminence, Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune, Thy valor, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor: False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father; Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince; And, from the extremest upward of thy head, To the descent and dust beneath thy feet.

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name :
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head :
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. — Trumpets,
speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite : thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. — Hold, sir : —
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil : —
No tearing, lady ; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say if I do : the laws are mine, not thine :
Who shall arraign me for 't ?

Alb. Most monstrous !
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate : govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charged me with, that
have I done ;

And more, much more : the time will bring it out :
'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund :
If more, the more thou hast wronged me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

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Edm. Thou hast spoken right ; 't is true :
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee :

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale :

And when 't is told, O that my heart would
burst ! —

The bloody proclamation t' escape
That followed me so near, (O our lives' sweet-
ness !

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdained ; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair ;
Never (O fault !) revealed myself unto him,
Until some half hour past. When I was armed,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : but his flawed heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall, perchance, do good. But speak you on :
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seemed a period
To such as love not sorrow : but another
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunned my abhorred society ; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him

That ever ear received : which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banished Kent ; who in
disguise
Followed his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'T is hot, it smokes :

It came even from the heart of —

Alb. Who, man ? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : — and her
sister

By her is poisoned ; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both : all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
dead ! —

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O ! 't is he.

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night :
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot ! —
Speak, Edmund, where's the King ? and where's
Cordelia ?

Seest thou this object, Kent ?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN
are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved :
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. — Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life : — some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send, —
Be brief in it, — to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia. —

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run ; O run !

Edg. To who, my lord ? who has the office ?
send

Thy token of reprieve,

Edm. Well thought on : take my sword ;
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDMUND.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and
me

To hang Cordelia in her prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she forbid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms :
EDGAR, Officers, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl ! — O, you are
men of stone !

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. — O, she is gone
for ever ! —

I know when one is dead, and when one lives :
She's dead as earth. — Lend me a looking-glass :
If that her breath will mist or stain the shine,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?

Alb. Fall, and cease !

Lear. This feather stirs : she lives ! If it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master ! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'y thee, away.

Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderous trai-
tors all !

I might have saved her : now she's gone for
ever ! —

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ? — Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low : an excellent thing in woman : —
I killed the slave that was hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best: — I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and
hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull light: are you not Kent?

Kent. The same:
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant
Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man; —

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and
decay,
Have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly. —
Your eldest daughters have foredoomed themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here. —

You lords and noble friends, know our intent:
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power: — You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited. — All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no
life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
more:

Never, never, never, never, never! —

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir. —
Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her lips, —
Look there, look there! [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints! — My lord, my lord, —

Kent. Break, heart; I pry thee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! he
hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so long:
He but usurped his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. — Our present
business

Is general woe. — Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*



"*Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.*"—Act I., Scene 1.

That is, "We have already made known our desire of parting the kingdom: we will now discover, what has not been told before,—the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition."

"*Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.*"—Act I., Scene 1.

In Holinshed this incident is thus related:—"He first asked Gonzilla, the eldest, how well she loved him; who, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of her how well she loved him; who answered (confirming her saying with great oaths) that she loved him more than tongue could express, and far above all other creatures of the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter Cordella before him, and asked her what account she made of him: unto whom she made this answer as followeth:—Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal that you have always borne towards me (for the which I may not answer you otherwise than I think and as my conscience leadeth me), I protest unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continually, while I live, love you as my natural father. And if you would more understand of the love I bear you, ascertain yourself that so much as you have so much you are worth; and so much I love you, and no more."

"*I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth.*"—Act I., Scene 1.

That is, "Estimate me at her value; my love has at least equal claim to your favor: only she comes short of me in this,—that I profess myself an enemy to all other joys which the most precious aggregation of sense can bestow."—The word "square" is here used for the whole complement, as "circle" is now sometimes used.

"*makes known*
*It is no vicious blot, murder or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonor'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favor.*"
Act I., Scene 1.

"Murder" (spelt *murther* in the folios) seems here entirely out of place: and there cannot, we apprehend, be a doubt that the old corrector has given us the real language of Shakspeare when he puts the passage thus:—

"*make known*
*It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,
No unchaste action,*" *etc.*

"*O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.*"
Act I., Scene 2.

Shakspeare shews by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables (fa, sol, la, mi), in solmisation; which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians pro-

hibited their use. The monkish writers on music say, *mi contra fa, est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus* or sharp fourth, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F, G, A, B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear.—Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, fa, sol, la, mi.—DR. BURNET.

"*There, take my coxcomb.*"—Act I., Scene 4.

By "coxcomb" the fool means his cap; called so, because on the top of it was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word has been since used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.

"*That's a shealed peascod.*"—Act I., Scene 4.

These words, addressed to Lear, signify that he is now a mere husk that contains nothing. The robing of the effigy of Richard II., in Westminster Abbey, is wrought with peascods open and the peas out: perhaps in allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but reduced to an empty title.

"*So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.*"
Act I., Scene 4.

Shakspeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were, no doubt, men of quick parts, lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say anything, it was still necessary, to prevent giving offense, that everything they said should have a playful air. We may suppose, therefore, that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech, by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into their mind.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

In a very old dramatic piece, called "THE LONGER THOU LIVEST THE MORE FOOL THOU ART," there is this stage direction:—"Entereth MOROS, counterfeiting a vain gesture and a foolish countenance, singing the foot of many songs, as fools were wont."

It is but justice to the poet to state that the most offensive passages delivered by the fool in this play occur in the form of *tags* (as they are technically called); that is, phrases or lines spoken in conclusion or on making an exit. Those alluded to were probably interpolations in the first instance, and gradually became incorporated with the text of the prompter's book.

"*Some blood drawn on me would begot opinion
Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.*"—Act II., Scene 1.

These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's "DUTCH COURTESAN":—"Have I not been drunk for your health; eat glasses, drunk wine, stabbed arms, and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?"

"If I had thee in *Lipecbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me."
Act II., Scene 2.

"*Lipecbury* pinfold" may, perhaps, like "Lob's pond," be a coined name, but with what allusion does not appear.

"Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*!"—Act II., Scene 2.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese. It was the place where, according to the romances, King Arthur kept his court in the west.

"Good king, that must approve the common saw;
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun."—Act II., Scene 2.

That is, from good to worse. Kent is thinking of the King being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from Goneril. The "common saw" is found in Heywood's "DIALOGUES ON PROVERBS:"—

"In your running from him to me, ye run
Out of God's blessing into the warm sun."

"The country gives me proof and precedent
Of *Bedlam* beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary."

Act II., Scene 3.

In Decker's "BELL-MAN OF LONDON" (1640), there is an account of a character of this description, under the title of "Abraham Man:"—

"He swears he hath been in *Bedlam*, and will talk frantically of purpose. You see pins stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his arms: which pain he gladly puts him to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himself by the name of 'Poor Tom;' and, coming near anybody, cries out, 'Poor Tom is a-cold.' Of these Abraham-men some be exceeding merry, and do nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own brains. Some will dance, others will do nothing but either laugh or weep: others are dogged, and so sullen both in look and speech, that, spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through fear to give them what they demand."

The cant term, to "sham Abraham," is probably derived from this source.

"Poor *Turligood*! poor *Tom*!"—Act II., Scene 3.

"*Turligood*" is supposed to be a corruption of "Turlupin." The Turlupins were a fantastical sect, who appeared on the continent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, calling themselves Beghards or Beghins. Their menaces and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction; and their popular name, Turlupins, was probably derived from the wolfish howlings they made in their fits of religious raving.

"Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill," &c.
Act II., Scene 4.

One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses on all occasions to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical commendation of perjury and base desertion of the unfortunate,—for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it."—WARBURTON.

"The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave perdy."—Act III., Scene 4.

This is exactly the contrary of what is meant: in the first six lines the Fool says, that a mercenary knave quits his master in a storm, but that a fool remains with him; and he follows it up by observing that the fool turns knave when he abandons his master, although the knave can be considered no fool for doing so, and taking care of himself:—

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"The fool turns knave that runs away,
The knave no fool, perdy."

The corrector of the folio, 1632, transposes the words, in order to make them run as above.

"Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old,' &c.

Act II., Scene 4.

What has "the house" to do with it? They are talking outside Gloucester's castle, and not in, nor referring to, any habitation. What Lear should say is what the old corrector makes him say:—

"Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the mouth:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old,' &c.

"Who gives anything to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire: that hath laid knives under his yellow, and halters in his paw."—Act III., Scene 4.

It is a frequent charge against the fiend that he tempts to self-destruction. In "DR. FAUSTUS" (1604), we find:—

"Swords, poisons, halters, and envenomed steel,
Are laid before me, to despatch myself."

In Harsenet's "DECLARATION" (a curious work which is more particularly mentioned in a note on act iv., scene 1), there is a passage which it is probable the poet had especially in view when writing the quoted passage:—"This examinant further saith, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham, on a time, a new halter and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallery floor, in her master's house. A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit, said, it was reported that the devil laid them in the gallery, that some of those that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades."

"The foul fiend bites my back."—Act III., Scene 4.

All the fine matter commencing with this line, and ending "False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?" appears in the quartos, but is wanting in the folio editions. This is the case, also, with the whole of scene 3, act iv. (in which Cordelia's demeanor, on hearing of Lear's sufferings, is so beautifully painted); it is found only in the quartos. Many other interesting passages have been restored by the commentators from these editions. In the first folio (which was published by the players), the tragedy was probably abridged to some extent, in order to make it more available for stage purposes; but by whom it is now impossible to ascertain. The additional matter in this copy is of very small amount.

"Poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry."—Act III., Scene 6.

The allusion here is to the horn which a "Tom of *Bedlam*" was in the habit of carrying, to contain such drink as was given him in charity. See "A PLEASANT DISPUTE BETWEEN A COACH AND A SEDAN" (1636):—"I have observed that when a coach is appendant to but two or three hundred pounds a year, mark it, the dogs are as lean as rakes; you may tell all their ribs lying by the fire; and Tom of *Bedlam* may sooner eat his horn than get it filled with small drink."

"See it shall thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot."

Act III., Scene 7.

In the original copies of "LEAR," there are no indications as to the manner in which Gloucester's eyes are supposed to be extruded; and these stage directions which have been affixed by the commentators give an air of shocking reality to the deed which was probably avoided in representation: we have therefore simply adhered to the text, and left the mode of operation in that obscurity which best befits the

appalling incident.—Tieck, an eminent German critic, thus comments on the subject, in reference to the construction of the old theatres:—

"The chair (or seat) in which Gloucester is bound is the same which stood somewhere elevated in the middle of the scene, and from which Lear delivered his first speech. This little theatre, in the midst, was, when not in use, concealed by a curtain, which was again withdrawn when necessary. Shakespeare has, therefore, like all the dramatists of his age, frequently two scenes at one and the same time. In "HENRY VIII.," the nobles stand in the ante-chamber; the curtain is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the King. Thus, also, when Crammer waits in the ante-chamber, the curtain then opens to the council-chamber. We have here this advantage, that, by the pillars which divided this little central theatre from the proscenium or proper stage, not only could a double group be presented, but it could be partially concealed; and thus two scenes might be played, which would be wholly comprehended, although not everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen. Thus Gloucester sat probably concealed, and Cornwall, near him, is visible. Regan stands below, on the fore-stage, but close to Cornwall: and on this fore-stage also stand the servants. Cornwall, horribly enough, tears Gloucester's eye out with his hand; but we do not directly see it, for some of the servants who hold the chair stand around, and the curtain is only half-withdrawn (for it divided on each side). The expression which Cornwall uses is only figurative, and it is certainly not meant that the act of treading on the eye is actually done.

"During the scornful speeches of Cornwall and Regan, one of the servants runs up to the upper stage, and wounds Cornwall. Regan, who is below, seizes a sword from another of the vassals, and stabs him from behind while he is yet fighting. The groups are all in motion, and become more concealed; and while the attention is strongly attracted to the bloody scene, Gloucester loses his second eye. We hear Gloucester's complainings, but we see him no more. Thus he goes off; for this minor stage had also its place of exit. Cornwall and Regan come again upon the proscenium, and go off on the side. The servants conclude the scene with some reflections.

"This I imagine to be the course of the action, and through this the horrors of the scene become somewhat softened. The poet, to be sure, trusted much to the strong minds of his friends, who would be too much affected by the fearfulness of the entire representation of this tragedy to be interrupted by single events, bloody as they were; or, through them, to be frightened back from their conception of the whole."

*"Yet better thus, and known to be condemn'd,
Than still condemn'd and flatter'd."*—Act IV., Scene 1.

Edgar says it is better to be condemn'd because unknown, as he is in his disguise, than to be condemn'd and flatter'd when known. There is, however, a further change which deserves notice, viz. *Yes*, for "*Yet*." Edgar enters, moralising with himself, and giving his assent to some proposition that he had stated before he comes upon the stage: the passage ought, therefore, to stand as follows:—

*"Yes, better thus unknown to be condemn'd,
Than still condemn'd and flatter'd."*

*"I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen
Our means secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities."*—Act IV., Scene 1.

In what way do "our means secure us?" The point is not that our means secure us, but that having no means is advantageous: "our mere defects," or deficiencies, "prove our commodities." The printer read *wants* "means," and hence the blunder. Gloucester is speaking of the advantage even of want of sight:—

*"Full oft 't is seen
Our wants secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities."*

"Flibbertigibet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women."—Act IV., Scene 1.

Shakespeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English Jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having just then been composed with great art and vigor of style and composition by Dr. Harsenet, afterwards Archbishop of York, by order of the Privy Council, in a work entitled "A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw the Hearts of her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c.: practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests, his wicked Associates:"—printed 1603.

The imposture was in substance this:—While the Spaniards were preparing their Armada against England, the Jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs; by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of Mr. Edward Peckham, a Roman Catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friewood Williams, and Anne Smith (three chambermaids in that family), came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished.

The five devils mentioned in the text are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce, upon the chambermaids and waiting women; and they were generally so ridiculously nicknamed, that Harsenet has one chapter "on the strange names of their devils; lest (says he) meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers."—WARBURTON.

*"Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see," &c.*
Act IV., Scene 1.

Discussion has been produced by the expression, "that slaves your ordinance:" Johnson understood it to mean, that slights or ridicules it, and Steevens, that makes a slave of it; while Malone, because he could suggest nothing, was in favor of adhering to the quartos—"that *stands* your ordinance." The setting right of a trifling typographical error clears the sense of the whole:—

*"Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That braves your ordinance, that will not see,
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly."*

He braves the ordinance of heaven by his luxury, selfishness, and want of charity. This emendation can want no support.

*"She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use."*—Act IV., Scene 2.

Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of withered branches in their charms. A fine insinuation in Albany that Goneril was ready for the most unnatural mischief; and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life.—WARBURTON.

So in "MACBETH:"—

*"Slips of yew,
Slivered in the moon's eclipse."*

*"See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman."*—Act IV., Scene 2.

That is, "Diabolical qualities appear not so horrid in the devil, to whom they belong, as in woman, who unnaturally assumes them."

—“*This a good block?*—
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt!”—Act IV., Scene 6.

Upon the King's saying, “I will preach to thee,” the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his hat, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen represented in ancient prints) till the idea of felt, which the good hat or block was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with the same substance.

Dr. Johnson (with greater probability, as we think) proposes to read “a good flock,” instead of “a good block.”—“Flocks,” he adds, “are wool moulded together. It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and strain it to the purpose predominant in their minds. Lear picks up a flock, and immediately thinks to surprise his enemies by a troop of horse shod with flocks or felt.”

The “delicate stratagem” of so equipping horses, had, it appears from Lord Herbert's “*LIFE OF HENRY VIII.*,” been resorted to, in a tournament held at Lisle in 1513, in order to prevent the animals from slipping on a marble floor.

“*Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out, che vor' ye.*”
Act IV., Scene 6.

“Che vor ye” means “I warn you.” When our ancient writers have occasion to introduce a rustic, they commonly allot him the Somersetshire dialect. Golding, in his translation of the second book of Ovid's “*METAMORPHOSES*,” makes Mercury, assuming the appearance of a clown, speak with the provinciality of Edgar.

“*O, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!”—Act IV., Scene 6.

Editors have speculated differently as to the meaning of the first line; but they reasoned upon false premises, since it does not by any means represent the poet's language, if we may put faith in the alteration introduced in the folio, 1632, or if we may trust to common sense. Edgar is struck by the uncontrollable licentiousness of the desires of woman:—

“*O, unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!*”

“*Blaze*” is to be taken for fire, and “will” for disposition; and the scribe misheard, or miswrote, *unextinguish'd blaze* as “undistinguish'd space,” making nonsense of a passage which, properly printed, is as striking as intelligible.

“*And take upon us the mystery of things,*
As if we were God's spies.”—Act V., Scene 3.

That is, “as if we were angels, endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct.”—JOHNSON.

“*Trust to thy single virtue.*”—Act V., Scene 3.

“Virtue” here signifies valor: a Roman sense of the word. Raleigh says, “The conquest of Palestine with singular virtue they achieved.”

“*Ask him his purposes: why he appears*
Upon this call o' the trumpet.”—Act V., Scene 3.

This is according to the ceremonials of the trial by combat:—“The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshal demand, by voice of herald, what he is and why he comes so arrayed.”—Selden's “*DUELLO*.”

“*Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,*” &c.
Act V., Scene 3.

The folio, 1632 (like that of 1623), transposes “place” and “youth,” and in manuscript “place” is superseded by *skill*:—

“*Maugre thy strength, skill, youth, and eminence.*”

Skill has evidently been written in the margin, but part of it having been accidentally torn away, only the three first letters of the word remain. It seems not unlikely that the mention of *skill* would follow “strength:” and “place” is certainly not wanted, with “eminence” in the same line.

“*Lend me a looking-glass;*
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.”—Act V., Scene 3.

The looking-glass was not “stone,” and a manuscript-correction substitutes *shine*, as having been misprinted “stone.”

“*If that her breath will mist or stain the shine;*”

i. e., the polish of the looking-glass. “Stain” and “stone” read awkwardly in juxta-position, and the error might easily be committed. Of old mirrors were made of steel, and Gascoigne wrote a well-known satire called by the contradictory title of “*The Steel-glass*,” hence it would not have surprised us if the poet's word had been *steel* for “stone.”

“*KENT. Is this the promised end?*
Edg. Or image of that horror?”—Act V., Scene 3.

Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affection which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects those passages of St. Mark's Gospel in which Christ foretells to his disciples the end of the world: and hence his question, “Is this the promised end of all things, which has been foretold to us?” to which Edgar adds, “or only a representation or resemblance of that horror?” So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c., to view Duncan murdered, says,—

“*Up, up, and see*
The great doom's image.”

There is an allusion to the same passage of Scripture in a speech of Gloucester, in the second scene of the first act.—MASON.

“*This is a dull sight.—Are you not Kent?*”
Act V., Scene 3.

The words, “This is a dull sight,” are not in the quarto; and Stevens parallels them by “This is a sorry sight,” from Macbeth; while Blakeway contends that Lear only means that his eyesight is bedimmed. Lear has previously stated that his eyes “are none of the best,” and here he means to complain of the badness, not of his “sight,” but of the light:—

“*This is a dull light*”

is the word in the folio, 1632, as amended.

“*The weight of this sad time we must obey.*”
Act V., Scene 3.

This speech, from the authority of the old quarto, is rightly placed to Albany. In the edition by the players it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken; and the case was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favorite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word.—THEOBALD.

Of this noble tragedy, one of the first productions of the noblest of poets, it is scarcely possible to express our admiration in adequate terms. Whether considered as an effort of art or as a picture of the passions, it is entitled to the highest praise. The two portions of which the fable consists, involving the fate of Lear and his daughters and of Gloucester and his sons, influence each other in so many points and are blended with such consummate skill, that whilst the imagination is delighted by diversity of circumstances, the judgment

is equally gratified in viewing their mutual co-operation towards the final result; the coalescence being so intimate as not only to preserve the necessary unity of action, but to constitute one of the greatest beauties of the piece.

Such, indeed, is the interest excited by the structure and concatenation of the story, that the attention is not once suffered to flag. By a rapid succession of incidents, by sudden and overwhelming vicissitudes, by the most awful instances of misery and destitution, by the boldest contrariety of characters, are curiosity and anxiety kept progressively increasing, and with an impetus so strong as nearly to absorb every faculty of the mind and every feeling of the heart.

Victims of frailty, of calamity, or of vice, in an age remote and barbarous—the actors in this drama are brought forward with a strength of coloring which, had the scene been placed in a more civilized era, might have been justly deemed too dark and ferocious, but is not discordant with the earliest heathen age of Britain. The effect of this style of characterisation is felt occasionally throughout the entire play, but is particularly visible in the delineation of the vicious personages of the drama; the parts of Goneril, Regan, Edmund, and Cornwall, being loaded not only with ingratitude of the deepest dye, but with cruelty of the most savage and diabolical nature. They are the criminals, in fact, of an age when vice may be supposed to reign with lawless and gigantic power, and in which the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes might be such an event as not unfrequently occurred.

Had this mode of casting his characters in the extreme applied to the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*, we should have lost some of the finest lessons of humanity and wisdom that ever issued from the pen of an uninspired writer: but, with the exception of a few coarsenesses, which remind us of the barbarous period to which the story is referred, and of a few instances rather revolting to probability, but which could not be detached from the original narrative, the virtuous agents of the play exhibit the manners and the feelings of civilisation, and are of that mixed fabric which can alone display a just portraiture of the nature and composition of our species.

The characteristics of Cordelia and Edgar, it is true, approach nearly to perfection: but the filial virtues of the former are combined with such exquisite tenderness of heart, and those of the latter with such bitter humiliation and suffering, that grief, indignation, and pity are instantly excited. Very striking representations are also given of the rough fidelity of Kent and of the hasty credulity of Gloucester; but it is in delineating the passions, feelings, and afflictions of Lear that our poet has wrought up a picture of human misery which has never been surpassed and which agitates the soul with the most overpowering emotions of sympathy and compassion.

The conduct of the unhappy monarch having been founded merely

on the impulses of sensibility, and not on any fixed principle or rule of action, no sooner has he discovered the baseness of those on whom he had relied, and the fatal mistake into which he had been hurried by the delusions of inordinate fondness and extravagant expectation, than he feels himself bereft of all consolation and resource. Those to whom he had given all, for whom he had stripped himself of dignity and honor, and on whom he had centered every hope of comfort and repose in his old age—his inhuman daughters—having not only treated him with utter coldness and contempt, but sought to deprive him of all the respectability and even of the very means of existence—what, in a mind so constituted as Lear's the sport of intense and ill-regulated feeling, and tortured by the reflection of having deserted the only child who loved him—what but madness could be expected as the result? It was, in fact, the necessary consequence of the reciprocal action of complicated distress and morbid sensibility: and, in describing the approach of this dreadful infliction, in tracing its progress, its height, and subsidence, our poet has displayed such an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human intellect, under all its aberrations, as would afford an admirable study for the inquirer into mental physiology.

He has also in this play, as in that of "HAMLET," finely discriminated between real and assumed insanity,—Edgar, amidst all the wild imagery which his imagination has accumulated, never once touching on the true source of his misery; whilst Lear, on the contrary, finds it associated with every object and every thought, however distant or dissimilar. Not even the Orestes of Euripides, or the Clementina of Richardson, can, as pictures of disordered reason, be placed in competition with this of Lear. It may be pronounced, indeed, from its truth and completeness, beyond the reach of rivalry.—DRAKE'S "SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TIMES."

THE tragedy of "LEAR" is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is, perhaps, no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination that the mind which once ventures within it is hurried irresistibly along.—JOHNSON.

**OTHELLO,
THE MOOR OF VENICE.**

Introductory Remarks.

OTHELLO—noble, generous, and commanding—appeals to the imagination as some grand, elevated tower, overlooking a perturbed and dangerous sea; a fortress indestructible by fair and open arts, but still not proof against the machinations of the subtle, sly, embosomed engineer, who, under pretense of strengthening its defenses, labors incessantly to undermine its base. That Iago, “the demi-devil,” the “cursed slave,” who works the ruin of the high-minded Moor and his gentle, hapless Bride, can be at all endured, in reading or in scenic show, constitutes a higher compliment to intellectual gifts, than even Desdemona’s ill-starred passion. Yet, horrible as is the vengeance of the disappointed and malignant Ancient, it is not altogether motiveless: he has the slight excuse of supercession by a junior, and (if his own word is to be taken) less skilful and deserving officer. His denunciation of “the curse of service,” where “preferment goes by letter and affection,” has been uttered in bitterness by many a better man, and its instructive tendency should never be neglected by superiors, unless with ample cause.

The bland and cordial manners of Iago’s successful rival, and intended minor victim, denote the favorite both of intimates and of general society. Nor is Cassio’s merit that of mere good-nature simply. His devoted attachment to his General and to Desdemona, seems wholly unpolluted by views of interest on the one hand, or of sensual passion on the other: and his eloquent anathemas against the immediate agent of his disgrace, the “invisible spirit of wine,” have anticipated the substance of many a hundred lengthened essays, lectures, and exhortations. The pithy exclamation, “O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!” has passed into a proverb.

Desdemona is felt by all to rank among the loveliest of the many lovely female emanations from the Poet’s pure and fertile mind. She seems a dew-drop in the traveler’s path, glittering and delightful in its little sphere and transient hour, but too ethereal in its texture to endure. Even while he stands to gaze upon its heavenly beauty, the unknowing sun’s first fiery glance drinks up its sweet existence!

The first edition of this great drama was published by Thomas Walkley, in 1622, as “*The Tragedy of Othello, the Moore of Venice*. As it hath been diverse times acted at the Globe and at the Blackfriars, by his Majesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare.” To this copy is prefixed a brief address from “The Stationer to the Reader,” in terms which serve to shew that the Poet was highly appreciated both by the writer and by the public whom he addressed and sought to gratify:—“To set forth a book without an epistle, were like to the old English proverb, — ‘a blue coat without a badge:’ and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it, I will not; for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without entreaty: and I am the bolder, because the author’s name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure.”—In the following year appeared the first folio collection, of which “*THE TRAGEDIE OF OTHELLO, THE MOORE OF VENICE*,” forms the last part but two in that division of the work. The differences in the copies are for the most part slight.

One of Cinthio’s novels, called in the original, “*IL MORO DI VENEZIA*,” furnished a ground-work for the admirable plot of Othello. The incidents of the narrative are generally followed; but its characters are, of course, mere shadows compared with the vital beings of Shakspeare’s glowing page. Further mention of the original story will be found in the Notes.

The time of the supposed action of the drama is determined with sufficient accuracy. Cyprus was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1571. The Republic had then been masters of the island for about a hundred years; and no hostile movement had been made against them previously to that which proved successful. The junction of the Turkish fleets at Rhodes, in order to proceed to the attack, actually occurred in 1570: that year may, therefore, be considered as the era of Othello’s fancied government.

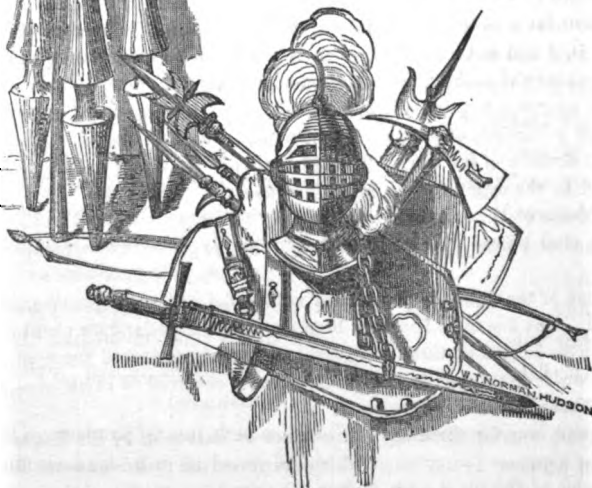
In August, 1602, Queen Elizabeth was for three days entertained at Harefield, by Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere. Among the expenses (accounts of which are preserved at Bridgewater House), mention is made of “£10. to Burbidge’s players of Othello.” Mr. Collier, who furnishes the fact, reasonably presumes that the play was then both new and popular: no previous allusion to it has been hitherto discovered. — Shakspeare was then in his thirty-ninth year: he was born in April, 1564.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, Brother to BRABANTIO.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to BRABANTIO.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MONTANO, OTHELLO's predecessor in the Government of
Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to OTHELLO. Herald.
DESDEMONA, Daughter to BRABANTIO, and Wife to
OTHELLO.
EMILIA, Wife to IAGO.
BIANCA, a Courtesan.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors,
Attendants, &c.

SCENE. For the First Act, in VENICE; during the rest
of the Play, at a Sea-port in CYPRUS.



Othello, the Moor of Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me: I take it much unkindly,

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in
thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capped to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price; I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits my mediators:
"For certes," says he, "I have already
Chosen my officer." And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician;
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife:
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the togéd consuls can propose
As masterly as he. Mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:

And I, — of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen, — must be be-lee'd and
calmed

By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster:
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy; 't is the curse of
service:

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-
self

Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he's old,
cashiered:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Do well thrive by them ; and, when they have lined
their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some
soul ;

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
In following him, I follow but myself :
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus !

Iago. Call up her father ;
Rouse him. — Make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen ;
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some color.

Rod. Here is her father's house : I 'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like clamorous accent and dire
yell

As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio ! — Signior Braban-
tio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! — what, ho, Brabantio ! — thieves,
thieves, thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves, thieves !

BRABANTIO, above.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons ?

What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors locked ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robbed : — for shame,
put on your gown : —

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul :
Even now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise :

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice ?

Bra. Not I : what are you ?

Rod. My name is — Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir, —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? This
is Venice :

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because
we come to do you service, you think we are ruf-
fians. You 'll have your daughter covered with a
Barbary horse : you 'll have your nephews neigh
to you : you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gen-
nets for Germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou ?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast
with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer : I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I be-
seech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent
(As partly I find it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, —

If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs :
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
Your daughter,—if you have not given her
leave, —

I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Laying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
On an extravagant and wheedling stranger,
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy your-
self :

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper : — call up all my people. —
This accident is not unlike my dream :
Belief of it oppresses me already. —
Light, I say ; light ! [*Exit from above.*]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as if I stay I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the state
(However this may gall him with some check)
Cannot with safety cast him : for he's embarked
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars
(Which even now stand in act), that, for their
souls,

Another of his fathom they have not
To lead their business. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raiséd search ;
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants, with
torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despiséd time
Is nought but bitterness. — Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ? — O, unhappy girl ! —
With the Moor, say'st thou ? — Who would be a
father ? —

How didst thou know 't was she ? — O, thou de-
ceivest me

Past thought ! — What said she to you ? — Get
more tapers ;

Raise all my kindred. — Are they married, think
you ?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven ! — How got she out ? — O
treason of the blood ! —

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act. — Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused ? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir ; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. — O, that you had
had her ! —

Some one way, some another. — Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think I can discover him ; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call ;

I may command at most. — Get weapons, ho !
And raise some special officers of night. —

On, good Roderigo : I will deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. — *The same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder : I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerked him here under
the ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honor,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, sir,
Are you fast married ? for be sure of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved ;

And hath in his effect a voice potential,
As double as the Duke's; he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know
(Which when I know that boasting is an honor
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. — But, look! what lights
come yonder?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers
with torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father and his
friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke; and my lieu-
tenant. —

The goodness of the night upon you, friends:
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly
called for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of
night, with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio. — General, be advised:
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla; stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them. —

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed
my daughter?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense

(If she in chains of magic were not bound),

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunned

The wealthy, curld darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms:

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That waken motion. I'll have it disputed on:

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world; a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. —

Lay hold upon him : If he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison : till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey :
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him ?

Offi. 'T is true, most worthy signior ;
The Duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ? the Duke in council,
In this time of the night ! — Bring him away :
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own :
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The same. A Council-Chamber.*

*The DUKE and Senators, sitting; Officers
attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1st Sen. Indeed they are disproportioned.
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2nd Sen. And mine, two hundred.
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases with the same reports,
'T is oft with difference), yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*within.*] What ho ; what ho ; what ho !

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now ; the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes :

So was I bid report here to the state,
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change !

1st Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason : 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in : if we make thought
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
To leave that latest which concerns him first :
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Isle of Rhodes
Have there enjoined them with an after fleet.

1st Sen. Ay, so I thought : — how many, as you
guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail : and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. — Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus. —
Marcus Lucchicos, is not he in town ?

1st Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us : wish him post-post-
haste : despatch.

1st Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman. —
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:

[*To BRABANTIO.*

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me.

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft, could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense: yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. } We are very sorry for it.
Sen. }

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To OTHELLO.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true: true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending

Hath this extent, — no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: — yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself: and she, — in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything, —
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1st Sen. But, Othello, speak: —
Did you, by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly

breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history:
Wherein, of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch

heaven,
It was my hint to speak; such was the process:
And of the Cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to

hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, — In faith, 't was strange, 't was pass-
ing strange;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished

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That heaven had made her such a man: she
thanked me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used. —
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
too. —

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man! — Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you: you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my

husband:
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done. —
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it. —
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. — For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. — I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a
sentence

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief :

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile :
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears :
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow,
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words : I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was piercéd through the ear. —

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus : — Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you : and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you : — you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place, and exhibition ;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I. I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,

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By being in his eye. — Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord :
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lord : — 'beseech you let her will

Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with the young effects of heat,
(In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heaven defend your counsels, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me. No ; when light-winged
toys

Of feathered Cupid foil with wanton dullness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it : you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine 't the morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient :
A man he is of honesty and trust.
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. — And, noble signior,
[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1st Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see :

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. — Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
I pr'y thee let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage. —
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is a torment : and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous ! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man who knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I do confess it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! — 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners ; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of

herbs, or distract it with many ; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry, — why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. — But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse : follow these wars ; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard : I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor ; — put money in thy purse ; — nor he his to her : it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ; — put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills ; — fill thy purse with money : — the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must : therefore put money in thy purse. — If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersupple Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her : therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport.

There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. *[Exit RODERIGO.]*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For, mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. — I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him. —

Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now:

To get his place, and to plume up my will:

A double knavery: — how; how? Let me see: —

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear

That he is too familiar with his wife: —

He hath a person and a smooth dispose

To be suspected; framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by th' nose

As asses are. —

I hav' t. It is engendered. — Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1st Gent. Nothing at all; it is a high-wrought flood:

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:

If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2nd Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,

And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole:

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I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are
drowned:

It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3rd Gent. News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3rd Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa. — Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't: 't is a worthy governor.

3rd Gent. But this same Cassio, though he
speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,

And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3rd Gent. Come, let's do so:
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor. O, let the heavens
Give him defense against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipped?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance:
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4th Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'
the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail."

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2nd Gent. They do discharge their shots of
courtesy: [*Guns heard.*

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who't is that is arrived.

2nd Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wived?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency. — How now; who has
put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2nd Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favorable and happy
speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas and howling
winds,

The guttered rocks and congregated sands
(Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel),
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. — Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort! — O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees: —
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear — How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, "A sail, a sail!" Then guns heard.*

2nd Gent. They give their greetings to the
citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome: — Welcome,
mistress: — [*To EMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much :

I find it still when I have list to sleep :
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on : you are pictures out
of doors ;

Bells in your parlors, wild cats in your kitchens ;
Saints in your injuries : devils, being offended ;
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay it is true, or else I am a Turk :
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay. — There's one gone to
the harbor ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not sorry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise. —
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frieze,
It plucks out brain and all : but my muse
labors,

And thus she is delivered : —

If she be fair and wise, — fairness and wit,
The one 't for use ; the other useth it.

Des. Well praised ! How if she be black and
witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair :
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,

But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance ! — thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed ? one that, in the
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, — " Now I
may ; "

She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind ;
See suitors following and not look behind :
She was a wight, if ever such wight were, —

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion ! —
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband. — How say you, Cassio ; is he not a most
profane and liberal censurer ?

Cas. He speaks home, madam : you may relish
him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*aside*]. He takes her by the palm. Ay,
well said, whisper : with as little a web as this
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile
upon her, do : I will gyve thee in thine own court-
ship. You say true ! 't is so, indeed. If such
tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantcy,
it had been better you had not kissed your three
fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt
to play the sir in. Very good : well kissed ! an
excellent courtesy ! 't is so, indeed. Yet again
your fingers to your lips ? would they were clyster-
pipes for your sake ! — [*Trumpet*.] The Moor ;
I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior !

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death:
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! —
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
That e'er our hearts shall make! [*Kissing her.*]

Iago. O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle. —
News, friends: our wars are done; the Turks are
drowned.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle? —
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. — I pry thee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. — Come, Desdemona:
Once more well met at Cyprus,
[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor.
Come hither: — if thou beest valiant (as they say,
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in
their natures more than is native to them), list me.
The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of
guard: — first, I must tell thee this — Desdemona
is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger — thus, and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first
loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her

fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor: very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position), who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? — a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? — why, none; why, none. A slippery and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! — the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! — Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! — But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not: — I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio; either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or

from what other course you please which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler; and haply with his truncheon may strike at you. Provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 't is apt and of great credit: The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust (though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin), But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leaped into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even with him, wife for wife: Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, — If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, — For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too: Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,

For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. — 'T is here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires; each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. — All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell hath told eleven. — Heaven bless the Isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. — Come, my dear love:

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To DESDEMONA.*

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. —
Good night.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 't is not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! — Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends: but one cup. I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too; and behold what innovation it makes here! I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door: I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do it; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offense

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turned almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused

Potations pottle deep: and he's to watch.

Three lads of Cyprus, — noble swelling spirits,

That holds their honors in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle, —

Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups:

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle. — But here they come:

vv

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'For heaven they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

Sings.

And let me the canakin clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wines brought in.*]

Cas. 'For heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

Sings.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown:

He held them sixpence all too dear;

With that he called the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'T is pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. — Well, Heaven's

above all : and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, — no offense to the general, nor any man of quality, — I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me : the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. — Let's have no more of this : let's to our affairs. — Forgive us our sins ! — Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient : — this is my right hand ; and this is my left hand. — I am not drunk now : I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then : you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters : come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before : He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar And give direction : and do but see his vice ! 'T is to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as th' other : 't is pity of him. I fear the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep. He'll watch the horologue a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How, now, Roderigo ? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go.

[*Exit RODERIGO.*

Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place as his own second, With one of an ingraft infirmity. It were an honest action to say So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island : I do love Cassio well, and would do much To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ? [*Cry within.* Help ! help !

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave ! — teach me my duty ! I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me ?

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant : [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk. [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say ! go out, and cry, "A mutiny." [*Aside to RODERIGO, who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant ; — alas, gentlemen : — Help, ho ! — Lieutenant ; — Sir Montano ; — sir : — Help, masters ! — Here's a goodly watch, indeed !

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell ! — Diablo, ho ! The town will rise. — God's will, lieutenant, hold : You will be shamed for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death ! — He dies !

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant ; — Sir Montano ; — gentlemen, — Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ? Hold, hold ; the general speaks to you : hold, for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! — from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ? For christian shame put by this barbarous brawl : He that stirs next to carve for his own rage, Holds his soul light : he dies upon his motion. — Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. — What is the matter, masters? —

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: — friends all but now,
even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitting men),
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds:
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlance your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you —
While I spare speech, which something now offends
me, —

Of all that I do know: nor know I ought
By me that's said or done amiss this night:
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heavens,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment quelled,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offense,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and safety!
'Tis monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. — Thus it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him, with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamor (as it so fell out)

The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I returned the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back
(For this was brief), I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report: —
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. — Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look if my gentle love be not raised up! —
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting:
Come away to bed. — Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon. — Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted. —

Come Desdemona: 't is the soldier's life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. — My reputation, Iago; my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more offense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood; a punishment more in policy than in malice: even so as one would beat his offenseless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's your's.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk; and speak parrot; and squabble; swagger; swear; and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! — O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he

shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. — To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. — I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: — I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her: she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit.]

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain;

When this advice is free I give, and honest. Probable to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful As the free elements. And then, for her To win the Moor, — were 't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, — His soul is so unfettered to her love

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? — Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows;
As I do now. For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, —
That she repeals him for her body's lust:
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all. — How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a
hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.
My money is almost spent; I have been to-night
exceedingly well cudgeled; and I think the issue
will be, — I shall have so much experience for my

pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little
more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witch-
craft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:

Content thyself awhile. — By the mass, 't is
morning:

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. —

Retire thee: go where thou art billeted.

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter.

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit RODERIGO.*] — Two
things are to be done:

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on:

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife. — Ay, that's the way:

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here (I will content your
pains)

Something that's brief; and bid, "Good-morrow,
general." [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clow. Why, masters, have your instruments been
at Naples, that they squeak through the nose thus?

1st Mus. How, sir, how?

Clow. Are these, I pray you, called wind instru-
ments?

1st Mus. Ay, marry are they, sir.

Clow. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1st Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument

that I know. But, masters, here's money for
you: and the general so likes your music, that he
desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise
with it.

1st Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clow. If you have any music that may not be
heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music
the general does not greatly care.

1st Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clow. No, I hear not your honest friend; I
hear you.

Cas. Pr'y thee, keep up thy quillets. There's
a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman
that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her

there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem so to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend. — In happy time, Iago.

Iag. You have not been abed, then?

Cas. Why, no: the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you, presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. — I never
knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but he protests he
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you
(If you think fit, or that it may be done),
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the state.

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That done, I will be walking on the works:
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we
see 't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my
husband

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. — Do not
doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long: and be you well as-
sured

He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience:
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift:
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay,
 And hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease ;
 Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]
Iago. Ha ! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say ?
Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if — I know not
 what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?
Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot
 think it,
 That he would steal away so guilty-like,
 Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 't was he.
Des. How now, my lord ?
 I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean ?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my
 lord,
 If I have any grace or power to move you,
 His present reconciliation take :
 For if he be not one that truly loves you,
 That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
 I have no judgment in an honest face.
 I pr'y thee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now ?
Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
 That he hath left part of his grief with me :
 I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona : some other
 time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly ?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper ?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner, then ?
Oth. I shall not dine at home :
 I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday
 morn ;
 Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday
 morn : —
 I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not
 Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent :
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason

(Save that they say the wars must make examples
 Out of their best), is not almost a fault
 To incur a private check. When shall he come ?
 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
 What you could ask me that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael
 Cassio,
 That came a wooing with you ; and so many a
 time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly ;
 Hath ta'en your part : to have so much to do
 To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much, —
Oth. Pr'y thee, no more : let him come when he
 will :
 I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon :
 'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
 Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
 To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
 And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
 Whereon, I do beseech thee grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you ? no. Farewell, my
 lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to
 thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come. — Be it as your fancies
 teach you :
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
 [*Exit with EMILIA.*]
Oth. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my
 soul
 But I do love thee ! and, when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord, —
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my
 lady,
 Know of your love ?
Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou
 ask ?
Iago. But for the satisfaction of my thought :
 No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. — Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! — Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shewn. — Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now. — Thou lik'st not that, When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like? And when I told thee he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together, As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me, Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more: For such things in a false disloyal knave Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just, They are close denotements working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

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As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to all that slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts! Why, say they are vile and false, —

As where's that palace whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? — who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep lectures and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,

Iago.

If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess

(As I confess it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not), — I entreat you then,

From one that so imperfectly conjects,

You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash: 't is something, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands:

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O beware, my lord, of jealousy:

It is the green-eyed monster which doth make

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger :
But O, what damnéd minutes tell he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves !

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough :
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor,
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ! why is this ?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
Is — once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me
jealous,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company ;
Is free of speech ; sings, plays, and dances well :
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt :
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago :
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove :
And, on the proof, there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have
reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me : — I speak not yet of proof : —
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio :
Wear your eye thus, — not jealous, nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused : look to 't.
I know our country disposition well :
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands : their best
conscience

Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then :

ww

She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak, —
He thought 't was witchcraft : — but I am much to
blame :

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. — But I do see you are
moved :

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend : —

My lord, I see you are moved.

Oth. No, not much moved :

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so : and long live you to
think so.

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself, —

Iago. Ay, there's the point : — as (to be bold
with you)

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural : —
But pardon me : I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry ? — This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entrust your
honor

To scan this thing no further : leave it to time.
 And though it be fit that Cassio have his place
 (For sure he fills it with great ability),
 Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means.
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement opportunity :
 Much will be seen in that. In the meantime
 Let me be thought to busy in my fears
 (As worthy cause I have to fear I am),
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. — If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. — Haply for I am black
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have : or, for I am declined
 Into the vale of years ; — yet that's not much : —
 She's gone ; I am abused ; and my relief
 Must be to loath her. — O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet 't is the plague of great ones ;
 Prerogative are they less than the base :
 'T is destiny unshunnable, like death :
 Even then this forkéd plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. — Desdemona comes :

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O then heaven mocks itself ! —
 I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint ? are you not
 well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching ; 't will away
 again :

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little :

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and
 it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin :
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Wooed me to steal it ; but she so loves the token
 (For he conjured her she would ever keep it),
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give it Iago :
 What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I ;
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide : I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me ? It is a common thing, —

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me
 now

For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief ?

Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Emil. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence ;
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
 Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench : give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
 been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what's that to you ?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give it me again. Poor lady ! she'll run mad
 When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't : I have use for it.
 Go, leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :
Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so :
Look where he comes ! — Not poppy, nor man-
dragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha, ha ! false to me ? to me ?

Iago. Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt ; be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack :

I swear 't is better to be much abused,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harmed not me :
I slept the next night well, was free and merry :
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robbed at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy if the general camp,
Pioneers and all had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. — O now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind : farewell content !
Farewell the pluméd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtúe ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner ; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell ! — Othello's occupation 's gone !

Iago. Is it possible ? My lord, —

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore :

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*Taking him by the throat.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see it : or, at the least, so
prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on : or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more : abandon all remorse :
On horror's head horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed :
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that !

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ? —
God be with you : take mine office. — O wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice ! —
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe. —
I thank you for this profit ; and from hence
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offense.

Oth. Nay, stay. — Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not :
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. — If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. — Would I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may. But, how ; how satisfied, my
lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on :
Behold her tupp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect : damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,

More than their own!—What then; how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But sith I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked to it by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary; let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—“O, sweet creature!” and then kissed me
hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sighed and kissed; and then
Cried,—“Curséd fate, that gave thee to the
Moor!”

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago. 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but
a dream:

And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
done:

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first
gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was her's,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives:
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say: your mind, perhaps,
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble hea-
ven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet, [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever—

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
teous,

And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done at thy re-
quest:

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart: I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The same.**Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him: that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born

Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio Be called to him. — How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady: *[Aside.]* O hardness to dissemble! —

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. — This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart: Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout: For here 's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand; A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so; For 't was that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands;

But our new heraldry is — hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sudden rheum offends me:

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give:

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father Entirely to her love: but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me:

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye:

To lose or giv 't away, were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'T is true. There 's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
The sun'to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work :
The worms were hallowed that did breed the
silk :

And it was dyed in mummy which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is 't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven that I had never
seen it.

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and
rash ?

Oth. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? Speak, is 't out of
the way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost : but, what an if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it ; let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now :
This is a trick to put me from my suit.
I pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief. — My mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come :

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love ;
Shared dangers with you ; —

Oth. The handkerchief ?

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away ! [*Exit.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief :
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a
man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food :
They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,
They belch us. — Look you ! Cassio and my hus-
band.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must
do 't :

And lo, the happiness ! Go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ; what's the news
with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech
you

That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart
Entirely honor. I would not be delayed :
If my offense be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit :
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shift myself upon some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune :
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him
Were he in favor as in humor altered.
So help me every spirit sanctified
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must a while be patient :
What I can do, I will : and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now ;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the can-
non

When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother : — and can he be angry ?
Something of moment, then. I will go meet him :
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pry thee, do so. — Something, sure, of
state, [*Exit IAGO.*

Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Had puddled his clear spirit : and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so :

For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal. — Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul:
But now I find I had suborned the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you
think;

And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so:
They are not ever jealous for the cause;
But jealous for they are jealous. 'T is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. — Cassio, walk here-
about:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away! seven days and nights;
Eight-score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times:
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been
pressed;

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good truth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my cham-
ber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will), I'd have it copied.
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend her on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me womaned.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way, that I can bring
you,

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good: I must be circumstanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Before the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.* Will you think so?*Oth.* Think so, Iago?*Iago.* What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.*Iago.* So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, —*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and being
hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honor too:
May she give that?*Iago.* Her honor is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief, —*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have for-
got it!Thou saidst — O, it comes o'er my memory
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all — he had my handkerchief.*Iago.* Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That's not so good, now.*Iago.* What if I had said I had seen him do you
wrong?Or heard him say — (as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab), —*Oth.* Hath he said anything?

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Iago. He hath, my lord: but, be you well as-
sured,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did — I know not what
he did.*Oth.* What; what?*Iago.* Lie —*Oth.* With her?*Iago.* With her; on her: what you will.*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her! — We say, lie
on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's
falsome. — Handkerchief, — confessions, — hand-
kerchief! — To confess, and be hanged for his la-
bor. — First, to be hanged, and then to confess: —
I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself
in such shuddering passion, without some instruc-
tion. It is not words that shake me thus. — Pish!
— Noses, ears, and lips: — Is it possible? — Con-
fess! — Handkerchief! — O devil![*Falls in a trance.*]*Iago.* Work on,My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
caught;And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach. — What, ho! my lord!*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello! — How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.*Iago.* No, forbear:The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by-and-by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while;
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. —[*Exit CASSIO.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A hornéd man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city;

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow, that's but yoked,
May draw with you. There's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! — No, let me know:
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise: 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief

(A passion most unsuited such a man),
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy:
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[OTHELLO withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature

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That dotes on Cassio, — as 't is the strumpet's plague

To beguile many, and be beguiled by one:
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. — Here he comes.
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must conserve
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior,

Re-enter CASSIO.

Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think, i' faith she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[Aside.]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: — go to; well said, well said.
[Aside.]

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
[Aside.]

Cas. I marry her! — what? a customer! I pry-thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.
[Aside.]

Iago. 'Faith the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'y thee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.

[Aside.]
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Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble: by this hand, she falls thus about my neck, —

Oth. Crying, "O dear Cassio!" as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber:—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one. — What do you mean by thus haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work!—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, — give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now; how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*]

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'y thee, come: will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing. — A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. — O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is. — So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician: O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times. — And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago! — O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend! for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes. — Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago: This night. — I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. — This night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison: strangle her in her bed; even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good. — What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico,

Come from the Duke : and see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a packet.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet and reads.*]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior :
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord ?

OTHELLO reads.

"This fail you not to do, as you will —"

Lod. He did not call : he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one : I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. 'May be the letter moved him :
For as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil ! [*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'T is very much :
Make her amends : she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. —
Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress —

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again : and she can weep, sir, weep :
And she's obedient, as you say ; obedient :
Very obedient. — Proceed you in your tears. —
Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion ! —
I am commanded home. — Get you away :
I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the man-
date,

And will return to Venice. — Hence, avaunt !

[*Exit DESDEMONA.*]

Cassio shall have my place. — And, sir, to-night,
I do intreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. — Goats and
monkeys ! [*Exit.*]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full
senate

Call all-in-all sufficient ? — This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of
brain ?

Iago. He is that he is : I may not breathe my
censure.

What he might be (if what he might he is not),
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife !

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well : yet 'would
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him;
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought: it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither: go. [*Exit EMILIA.*]
She says enough: yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray: I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress:
[*To EMILIA.*]
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door:
Cough or cry "hem," if anybody come.
Your mystery, your mystery: — nay, despatch.
[*Exit EMILIA.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord: your true
And loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself:
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to sieze thee: therefore be double-damned:
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona! — away; away; away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day! — Why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this, your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steept me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slowly moving finger at, —
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too: well, very well:
But there where I have garnered up my heart;
Where either I must live or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up : to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in ! — turn thy complexion
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin :
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay, as summer flies are in the sham-
bles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee. — 'would thou hadst
ne'er been born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon ? — What com-
mitted ?

Committed ! — O thou public commoner,
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds ! — What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. — What committed ! —
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian :
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be — not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible ?

Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then :
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. — You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell : you, you, ay, you !
We have done our course : there's money for
your pains :

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-
ceive ? —

How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia :
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'y thee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets : remember : —
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed ! [*Exit.*]

Des. 'T is meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misdeed ?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is
it with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young
babes,

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He called her whore : — a beggar, in his
drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know : I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day !

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore ? Would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander: I'll be hanged else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

Emil. A halter pardon him; and hell gnaw his
bones!—

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
company?

What place; what time; what form; what likeli-
hood?

The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon him! Some such squire he was
That turned your wit the seamy side without,
And made you suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool: go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, — though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, — love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word:
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his hu-
mor:

The business of the state does him offense,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other, —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*]
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

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And the great messengers of Venice stay.
Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly
with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some de-
vice, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now)
keep'st me from all conveniency, than suppliest me
with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed,
no longer endure it: nor am I yet persuaded to
put up in peace what already I have foolishly suf-
fered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your
words and performances are in no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half
have corrupted a votarist. You have told me she
has received them, and returned me expectations
and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance:
but I find none.

Iago. Well: go to: very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man;
nor 't is not very well. By this hand, I say it is
very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed
in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make
myself known to Desdemona: if she will return
me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent
my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure yourself I
will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I
protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee;
and even from this instant do build on thee a bet-
ter opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand,
Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just
exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most di-
rectly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, — I mean purpose, courage, and valor, — this night shew it: if thou the next night following enjoy'st not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no: he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him: — he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence (which I shall fashion to fall out between twelve and one), you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall, be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O pardon me: 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night: I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honor is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir? —

O, — Desdemona, —

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his cheeks, and frowns, —

Pr'y thee unpin me, — have grace and favor in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one: — good father, how foolish are our minds! —

If I do die before thee, pr'y thee shroud me In one of these same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid called Barbara: She was in love; and he she loved proved mad, And did forsake her. She had a song of "willow:" An old thing 't was, but it expressed her fortune, And she died singing it. That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'y thee despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here. — This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have

walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

DESDEMONA sings.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow :
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans ;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones.

Lay by these. —

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'y thee, hie thee : he'll come anon. —

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve, —

Nay, that's not next. — Hark ! who is't that knocks ?

Emil. It is the wind.

DESDEMONA sings.

I called my love, false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men,

So get thee gone : good night. Mine eyes do itch :
Doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. — O, these men,
these men ! —

Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light !

Emil. Nor I either by this heavenly light !

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. The world is a huge thing : 't is a great price for a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should ; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring ; nor for measures of lawn ; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition : but for the whole world, — why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world : and, having the world for your labor, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage

As would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husband's faults

If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us ; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite :

Why, we have galls ; and though we have some grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them : they see and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?

I think it is : and doth affection breed it ?

I think it doth : is't frailty, that thus errs ?

It is so too. And have not we affections ;

Desires for sport ; and frailty, as men have ?

Then let them use us well : else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night. Heaven me such usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad ; but by bad, mend.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Street.**Enter* LAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk: straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing: I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand: I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy sword. [*Retires to a little distance.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons: —
'Tis but a man gone: — forth, my sword: he dies. [*Goes to his stand.*]

Iago. I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: — live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobbed from him,
As gifts to Desdemona:
It must not be: — if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die. — But so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 't is he: — villain, thou diest!

[*Rushes from his post and makes a pass at* CASSIO.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st: —
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws and wounds* RODERIGO.

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the leg, and exit.*]

Cas. I am maimed for ever! — Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio: — Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 't is even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'T is he: — O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me. — Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace. Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted:

Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit* OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! No watch? no passage? Murder! murder!

Gra. 'T is some mischance: the cry is very direful.

Cas. O help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan: — it is a heavy night.
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe.
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter LAGO, *with a light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. We do know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: — for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed: a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! — What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O damned Iago! O inhuman dog! — O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark! — Where be these bloody thieves? —

How silent is this town! — Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt By villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! —

Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! — Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: — so. — O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! — O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury. —

Patience awhile, good Cassio. — Come, come:

Lend me a light. — Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? — no: — yes, sure: — O heaven, Roderigo!

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? — I cry you gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? — O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he; 't is he. — O, that's well said: the chair. — [*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence:

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. — For you, mistress, [*To BIANCA.*]

Save you your labor. — He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale? — [*To BIANCA.*]
O, bear him out o' the air. —

[*CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.*]
Stay you, good gentlemen. — Look you pale, mistress? —

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye? —

Nay, if you stare we shall hear more anon. —

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped :
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. — Pr'y thee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night : —
What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supped at my house ; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I ? foh ! fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dressed. —

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale. —

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happed. —

Will you go on, I pray ! — [*Aside.*] — This is the
night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Bedchamber. DESDEMONA in bed,
asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul : —
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars ! —
It is the cause. — Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then — Put out the light ! —
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me : — but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked
the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again ;

It needs must wither : — I'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword ! — One more, one
more. —

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. — One more, and this the
last :

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heav-
enly ;

It strikes where it doth love. — She wakes.

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief : I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit :

No, — heaven forefend ! — I would not kill thy
soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven

Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph !

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not : but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for lov-
ing. —

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so : — what's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved, and
gave thee,
You gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul :
Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury : thou 'rt on thy deathbed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too ! — I never did
Offend you in my life : never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
hand.

O perjured woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then :
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confessed.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath used thee.

Des. How ; unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He 'll not say so.

Oth. No ; his mouth is stopped :
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. My fear interprets, then : — what, is he
dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-
venge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to
my face ?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow ; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive, —

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*within*]. My lord, my lord ! What ho !
my lord, my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ? — Not dead ! not yet
quite dead !

I that am cruel, am yet merciful :
I would not have thee linger in thy pain. —
So, so.

Emil. [*within*]. What ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Emil. [*within*]. O, good my lord, I would speak
a word with you.

Oth. Yes : — 't is Emilia : — by-and-by. — She's
dead. —

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death :
The noise was high. — Ha ! no more moving !
Still as the grave. — Shall she come in ? were 't
good ? —

I think she stirs again : no. — What's the best ?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife.

My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife !
O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon ; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within*]. I do beseech you I may speak
with you,

O, good my lord !

Oth. I had forgot thee : — O, come in, Emilia. —
Soft ; by-and-by. — Let me the curtain draw. —
Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee
now ? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder
done.

Oth. What, now ?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon :
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Ve-
netian,
Called Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo killed !

And Cassio killed ?

Emil. No, Cassio is not killed.

Oth. Not Cassio killed? — Then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murdered!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out and alas! that was my lady's voice. —

Help, help! ho! help! — O lady, speak again: Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done This deed?

Des. Nobody: I myself: farewell. Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell.

[*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell: — 'T was I that killed her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her: ask thy husband else.

O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell, But that I did proceed upon just grounds To this extremity! Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true, If heaven would make me such another world Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay; 't was he that told me first: An honest man he is, and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love! —

My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He, woman.

I say, thy husband. Dost understand the word? My friend, thy husband: honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart: She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst. This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven, Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou has done a deed, —

I care not for thy sword: I'll make thee known, Though I lost twenty lives: — Help! help! ho! help!

The Moor has killed my mistress; murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter? — How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou beest a man. He says thou told'st him that his wife was false. I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain: Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie; Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie. — She false with Cassio: — did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak :

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend !

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters : it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

Emil. Villany, villany, villany !

I think upon 't, — I think, — I smell' t. O villany !

I thought so then. — I'll kill myself for grief. —

O villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :

'T is proper I obey him, but not now. —

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O ! O ! O !

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar :

For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul ! —

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.

I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead :

My match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn ;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'T is pitiful : but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it :
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her : I saw it in his hand :
It was a handkerchief ; an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out ! — I hold my peace, sir ? no :

No, I will speak as liberal as the air :

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie ! your sword upon a woman !

Emil. O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband :

For often, with a solemn earnestness

(More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle),

He begged of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Emil. She give it Cassio ! no, alas ; I found it,
And I did giv' t my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not : I do not, gentlemen. —

O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder ? — Precious villain !

Gra. The woman falls ! sure he has killed his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay. — O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's killed.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recovered from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without : let him not pass

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damnéd slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword : —

But why should honor outlive honesty ?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?

Hark, canst thou not hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in music : — "Willow, willow, willow." —

Moor, she was chaste : she loved thee, cruel Moor :

So come my soul to bliss as I speak true :

So speaking as I think, I die ; — I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber :
It is a sword of Spain ; the ice-brook's temper : —
O, here it is. — Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within*]. If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear :

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with
me ;

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop : — but, O vain
boast !

Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now. —
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed :
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very seamark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed ? 't is a lost fear :
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires : — where should Othello go ? —
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starred
wench,

Pale as thy smock ! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it ! Cold, cold, my girl ?
Even like thy chastity. —

O curséd, curséd slave ! — Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire ! —
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?
Dead ? — O ! O ! O !

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO ; CASSIO, carried in
a chair ; and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
man ?

Oth. That's he that was Othello : — here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain
forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ; — but that's
a fable : —

If that thou beest a devil I cannot kill thee.

[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not killed.

Oth. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee
live ;

For in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fallen in the practice of a curséd slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, anything :
An honorable murderer, if you will ;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confessed his villany :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : what you know,
you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
fallen ;

Which, as I think, you know not : — here is a
letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here another : the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross !

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too : and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damnéd villain ;
But that belike Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff ! —
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confessed, but even now,
That there he dropped it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, — Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. — Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it:

No more of that: — I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. — Set you down this: —
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him — thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marred.

Oth. I kissed thee ere I killed thee: — no way
but this, [*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*]
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed: [*To IAGO.*]
This is thy work. — The object poisons sight:
Let it be hid. — Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. — To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture, — O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard: and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*]



*"One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife."*

Act I, Scene 1.

If the text in the second line is correct, Iago probably means that Cassio is likely to ruin himself by a marriage with Bianca. On a subsequent occasion (act iv., scene 1), he acquaints Cassio himself that such a report is in circulation.

*"Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities."*—Act I, Scene 1.

Here "timorous," even taking it as *frightened*, seems quite out of place, when coupled with "dire yell;" and we may, therefore, fairly conclude that the poet wrote, as the old corrector states,—

"Do; with like clamorous accent, and dire yell," &c.

*"What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice:
My house is not a grange."*—Act I, Scene 1.

That is, we are in a populous city, not in a lone house where a robbery might easily be committed. A grange is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; but in some counties every lone house or farm which stands solitary is called a grange.

"You'll have your nephews neigh to you."—Act I, Scene 1.

Nephew, in this instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson or any lineal descendant.

*"Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger."*

Act I, Scene 1.

Here the commentators have notes upon "extravagant," but pass over "wheeling" without explanation, although very unintelligible where it stands: a manuscript-correction in the folio, 1632, shows that it is a misprint for a most applicable epithet; and other emendations are proposed, such as *Laying* for "Tying," and *on* for "in," which render the meaning much more obvious than in the ordinary reading:—

*"Laying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
On an extravagant and wheedling stranger."*

Pope, adopting "Tying," follows it in the next line by the preposition *to* instead of "in;" neither *Laying* nor *on* are by any means absolutely necessary, but *wheedling* for "wheeling" is an important improvement of the text, and shows that the word was of older employment in our language than some lexicographers have supposed. Nothing can be more natural than that Roderigo should call Othello a "wheedling stranger," who had insinuated himself into the good graces of both father and daughter.

— *"I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached."*—Act I, Scene 2.

The term "men of royal siege" signifies men who have sat upon royal seats or thrones. "Siege" is used for "seat" by many other writers. "Demerits" has here the signification of "merits." As in "CORIOLANUS":—

*"Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, may
Of his demerits rob Cominius."*

Mere and *demere* had the same meaning in the Latin.

Mr. Fusell has given the best explanation yet offered of the term "unbonneted":—"I am his equal or superior in rank: and were it not so, such are my *merits*, that unbonneted, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune," &c.

*"As in these cases, where they aim reports,
'T is oft with difference."*—Act I, Scene 2.

The expression, "where they aim reports" (or "where the aim reports," as Malone gives it from the folios), has occasioned discussion, although Johnson's interpretation has been usually followed. According to a correction in the folio, 1632, the words were misheard and misprinted, and the line is there given in a manner that clears away all obscurity:—

*"As in these cases, with the same reports,
'T is oft with difference."*

*"Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman."*—Act I, Scene 2.

It was part of the policy of the Venetian state never to entrust the command of an army to a native. "By land (says Thomas), they are served of strangers, both for generals, for captains, and for all other men of war; because their law permitteth not any Venetian to be captain over an army by land: fearing, I think, Caesar's example."

"Send for the lady to the Sagittary."—Act I, Scene 3.

"Sagittary" was the name applied to a fictitious being, compounded of man and horse. As used in the text, it has been generally supposed to be the sign of an inn; but it now appears that it was the residence of the commanding officers of the republic. It is said that the figure of an archer, over the gate, still indicates the spot.

*"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."*—Act I, Scene 3.

Legends of this description had long been popular: the allusion in the text is probably directed in a particular manner to a passage in Raleigh's narrative of his voyage to Guiana:—"Next unto the Arvi are two rivers, Atolca and Caova; and on that branch which is called Caova are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders: which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the province of Arramala and Canuri affirm the same. They are called Ewailpanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders."

*"I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat the young affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me. No; when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness
My speculative and offic'd instrument,"* &c.—Act I., Scene 3.

The only difference between the folios, 1623 and 1632, is that, in the latter, "affects" is printed *effects*; but various emendations have been proposed by modern editors (into which it is not necessary here to enter) in order to explain or remove the obscurities belonging to nearly the whole passage. We subjoin the representation of the text as made by the corrector of the folio, 1632:—

*"I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply wth the young effects of heat
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your counsels, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
When she is with me. No; when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foll with wanton dullness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,"* &c.

"A Sea-port Town in Cyprus."—Act II., Scene 1.

Nicosia (or Lefkosia), the capital city of Cyprus, was situated nearly in the center of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal sea-port town was Famagusta, where there was formerly a strong fort and a commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the island; and there undoubtedly the scene should be placed.

*"Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed poles."*

Act II., Scene 1.

The "burning bear" is the constellation near the pole. The next line alludes to the star Arctophylax, which word signifies the guard of the bear.

*"'T is here, but yet confused;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used."*

Act II., Scene 1.

An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose but at the time of execution.—JOHNSON.

*"Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,"* &c.

Act II., Scene 1.

The quartos have *crush* for "trace," which must be wrong, and Warburton read *brach*, meaning a dog, for "trash." He was right in his guess, according to a correction in the folio, 1632, where the passage is thus given:—

*"Which thing to do,
If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,"* &c.

"King Stephen was a worthy peer."—Act II., Scene 3.

The term "peer" is here used in the sense of "fellow." The stanzas sung by Iago are taken from an excellent old ballad, which is printed in Percy's "RELICQUES."

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*"He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle."*—Act II., Scene 3.

That is, if he have no drink he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. Chaucer and other old writers use the term horologe familiarly.

"And passion having my best judgment collied."—Act II., Scene 3.

The quarto has *cooled* for "collied;" and various explanations of "collied" have been given, but we are not required to state them, in as much as "collied" was, probably, not the poet's word:—

"And passion having my best judgment quelled,"

is the substitution in the folio, 1632; and Malone says that some "modern editor," whom he does not otherwise distinguish, had proposed *quelled*: Othello's judgment was *quelled*, or subdued, by his passion. There can hardly be a doubt that this is the proper restoration.

—*"Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon.—Lead him off."*—Act II., Scene 3.

I am persuaded these words ("Lead him off") were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays, all the stage directions were couched in imperative terms:—"Play music;" "Ring the bell;" "Lead him off."

*"When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows."*

Act II., Scene 3.

The term "put on" is here and in various other places used in the sense of "urge on." The meaning is, when devils mean to instigate men to commit the most atrocious crimes, they prompt or tempt at first with appearances of virtue.

*"I humbly thank you for 't.—I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest."*—Act III., Scene 1.

Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine; and, as Iago was a Venetian, what Cassio means to say, in the quoted passage, is, that he never knew one of his own countrymen more kind and honest.

*"(Save that they say the wars must make examples
Out of their best.)"*—Act III., Scene 3.

That is, the severity of military discipline must not spare the best men of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome example.

*"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee!"*—Act III., Scene 3.

The meaning of the word wretch is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection.—JOHNSON.

—*"Who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful."*—Act III., Scene 3.

That is, who has so virtuous a breast that some uncharitable surmises will not sometimes enter into it; hold a session there as in a regular court, and "bench by the side" of authorised and lawful thoughts?

*"O beware, my lord, of jealousy:
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."*—Act III., Scene 3.

The old copies have "mock." The correction was made by Str T.

Hanmer. I have not the smallest doubt that Shakspeare wrote "make," and have, therefore, inserted it in the text. The words "make" and "mocks" (for such was the old spelling) are often confounded in these plays.—MALONE.

I have received Hanmer's emendation: and because, "to mock" does not signify "to loathe;" and because, when Iago bids Othello "beware of jealousy, the green-eyed monster," it is natural to tell why he should beware; and, for caution, he gives him two reasons:—that jealousy often creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is misery.—JOHNSON.

Various passages, both from Shakspeare and other writers, are quoted in support of this reading. The chief is what Emilia says of jealousy, in the last scene of this Act:—"T is a monster begot upon itself, born on itself."

*"She did deceive her father, marrying you:
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most."*—Act III., Scene 3.

This and the following argument of Othello ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence. The same objection may be made, with a lower degree of strength, against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion that the same violence of inclination which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another: and those who have shewn that their passions are too violent for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue.—JOHNSON.

"To seel her father's eyes up close as oak."—Act III., Scene 3.

"To seel" is an expression from falconry. To seel a hawk was to subject it to the barbarous operation of sewing up its eyelids.—"Close as oak" means, as close as the grain of the oak.

*"Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune."*—Act III., Scene 3.

"Jesses" are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.

"The falcons always let fly the hawk against the wind: if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If, therefore, a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was 'let down the wind,' and from that time shifted for herself, and 'preyed at fortune.'"—JOHNSON.

—"*I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago.*"—Act III., Scene 3.

By having the "work ta'en out," Emilia means that she will have it copied. This is her first thought; but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humor, makes her alter her resolution. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in the last scene of this Act.

It is impossible not to regret the execrable conduct which the poet (most likely from inadvertence) has assigned to Emilia in this matter of the handkerchief.—In Cinthio's novel, while Desdemona is caressing the child of the Iago of the play, the villain steals the handkerchief, which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife.

*"OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.
IAGO. 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream."*

Act III., Scene 3.

The last of these lines is usually given to Othello, on the authority of the folio: the quarto ascribes it to Iago; and we coincide with Warburton in thinking the latter arrangement preferable. Othello believes that the dream leaves no ambiguity about the matter: in his judgment, it "denoted a foregone conclusion." Iago, with affected reluctance, merely admits it "a shrewd doubt."

"Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on," &c.—Act III., Scene 3.

"Keeps" must be wrong in the first instance, and Pope altered it to "feels," which was, perhaps, derived by him from the quarto, 1630; but the manuscript-emendation in the folio, 1632, is,—

"Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on," &c.

This seems the superior reading, and may have been that of the poet: to say that a sea "ne'er feels retiring ebb," is hardly the language of Shakspeare.

*"So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's aims."*—Act III., Scene 4.

This is as the passage has always appeared, but we are directed in the margin of the folio, 1632, to correct the two following lapses by the printer:—

*"So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shift myself upon some other course
To fortune's aims."*

Cassio was not to "shut himself up in," but to "shift himself upon some other course" to obtain the favors of fortune, perhaps, by changing his profession.

*"But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at."*—Act IV., Scene 2.

The folios have "The fixed figure," and "slow and moving," but both quarto and folios "time of scorn," which Rowe properly changed to "hand of scorn," as appears by a correction in the folio, 1632. Another emendation in the next line converts "slow and moving," not into "slow unmoving," of the quarto, but into "slowly moving," the text of no old copy, so that the whole is there thus represented, with manifest improvement:—

*"But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slowly moving finger at."*

*"How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?"*—Act IV., Scene 2.

The folios have "my least misdeed" for "great'st abuse;" both cannot be right, and the old corrector informs us that neither is so, but that we should print,—

"The small'st opinion on my least misdeed;"

i. e., "how can he have formed the smallest ill opinion of me from the least misdeed that I have committed?"

*"She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her."*—Act IV., Scene 3.

"Mad" must here be understood in the sense of wild, unruly, fickle. As in "LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST":—

"Do you hear, my mad wenches?"

"She had a song of 'willow.'"—Act IV., Scene 3.

The original of this ballad (in two parts) is preserved in Percy's collection.

"Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring."
Act IV., Scene 3.

A joint-ring was anciently a common token between lovers. Their nature will be best understood by a passage from Dryden's "DON SEBASTIAN":—

*"A curious artist wrought them,
With joints so close as not to be perceived:
Yet are they both each other's counterpart.
Her part had 'Juan' inscribed, and his had 'Zayda'."*

(You know those names are theirs); and, in the midst,
A heart divided in two halves was placed:—
Now if the rivets of those rings enclosed
Fit not each other, I have forged this lie:
But if they join, you must forever part."

—"Pr'y thee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he slept to-night."

Act V., Scene 1.

In the last scene of the preceding Act, Iago informs Rodrigo that Cassio was to sup with Bianca; that he would accompany him to her house, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Cassio, too, had informed Iago that he would sup with Bianca, and Iago had indirectly promised to meet him at her house. The villain, however, thought it safest to waylay his victim, and in the passage quoted professes a politic ignorance of Cassio's motions during the evening.

"Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!"

Act V., Scene 2.

The old copy gives the line thus:—

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

The present regulation of the passage, by which so much beauty and spirit are added to it, was proposed by Mr. Upton; but it is to be found in Ayres's "LIFE OF POPE." It may therefore have originated with Warburton, who thus explains it:—"The meaning is, 'I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose.' But the expression of putting out the light, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words; as much as to say,—'But hold, let me first weigh the reflection which this expression naturally excites.'—SINGEE.

"O perjured woman! thou dost alone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice."

Act V., Scene 2.

That is, "Thou hast hardened my heart, and mak'st me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim."—JOHNSON.

"O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!"

Act V., Scene 2.

That is, villany hath taken advantage to play upon the weakness of love.

"Go to, charm your tongue."—Act V., Scene 2.

To charm is to conjure, to enchant, to lay or still as with an incantation. So in "KING HENRY V.:"—

"Charming the narrow seas
To give you a gentle pass."

"It was a handkerchief; an antique taken
My father gave my mother."—Act V., Scene 2.

In the third Act, Othello states that this fatal handkerchief was given by his mother to his father. The transposition of giver and receiver, in the passage above quoted, was probably a mere inadvertence either of the poet or the transcriber.

"Of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe."—Act V., Scene 2.

It has been a point much disputed whether "Indian" or "Judean" is the proper reading of the text in this place. The earliest quarto gives "Indian," and two passages are quoted from other writers which strongly support this version. The first is from Habington ("To Castara weeping"):—

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"So the unskillful Indian those bright gems
Which might add majesty to diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters."

The second quotation is from Sir R. Howard's "WOMAN'S QUEST:—"

"Behold my queen,
Who with no more concern I'll cast away
Than Indians do a pearl—that ne'er did know
Its value."

"Judean" (or rather Indian) is the reading of the first folio; and, being now generally received, we have not thought it advisable to make a doubtful alteration, the effect of the passage being, in either case, precisely the same. Those who support this last version suppose the allusion in the text is to Herod and his savage sacrifice of Mariamne.

["OTHELLO" furnishes one of the very few instances in which Dr. Johnson has spoken of Shakspeare's plays in anything like adequate terms of eulogy. In justice to him, therefore, as well as the poet, we willingly avail ourselves on this occasion of the critic's cogent 'summary remarks.']

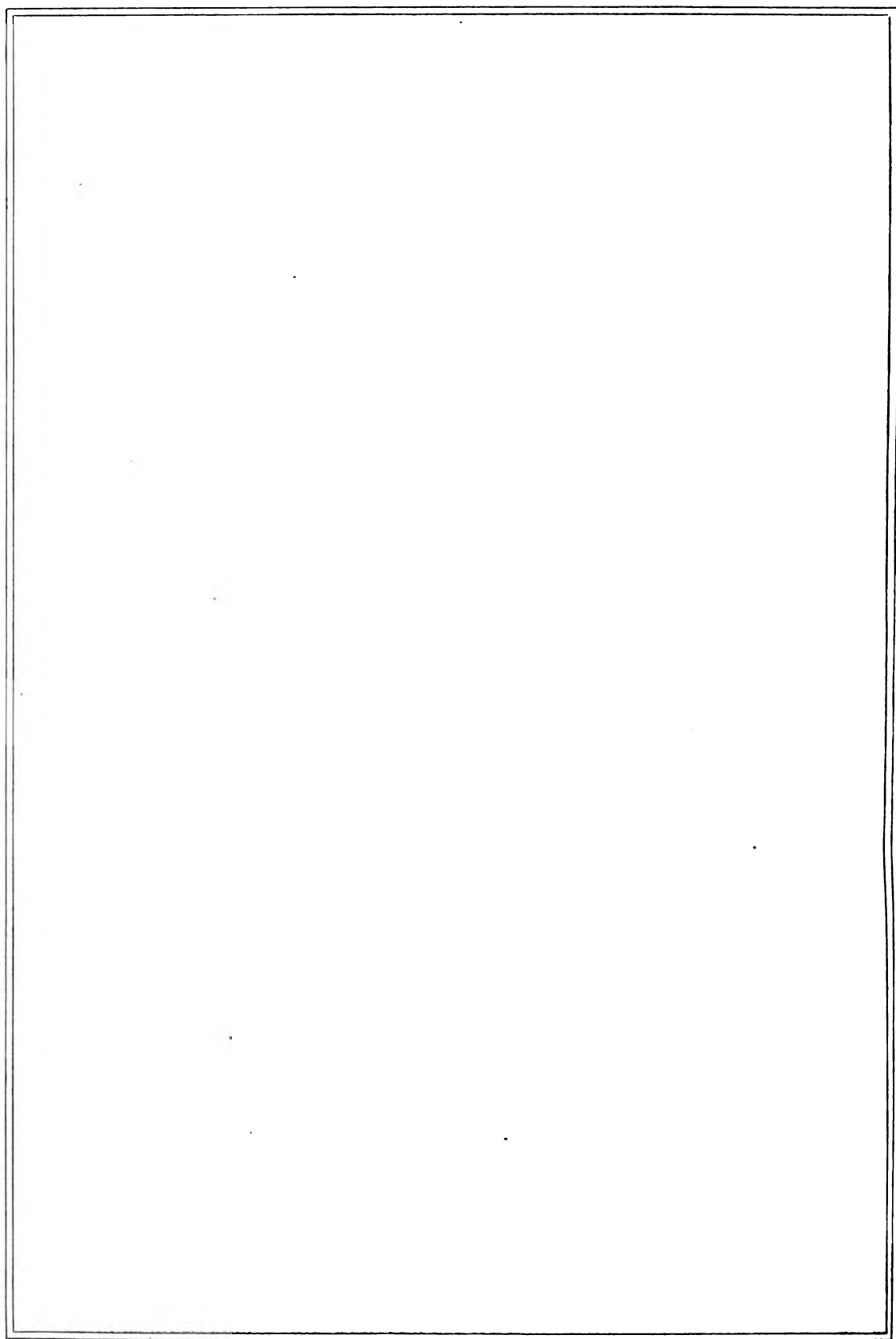
THE beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge;—the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance;—the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit and conscious of innocence; her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected;—are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature as, I suppose, it is in vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that though it will not, perhaps, be said of him, as he says of himself, that he is a man "not easily jealous," yet we cannot but pity him when at last we find him "perplexed in the extreme."—There is always danger lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation: but the character of Iago is so conducted that he is, from the first scene to the last, hated and despised.

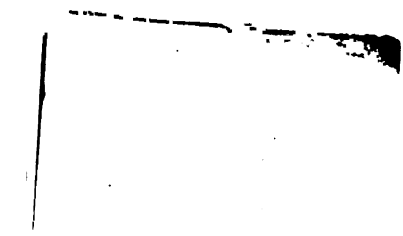
Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent and honest; ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation.—Rodrigo's suspicious credulity and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him (and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated), exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend:—and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find,—worn loosely, but not cast off; easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

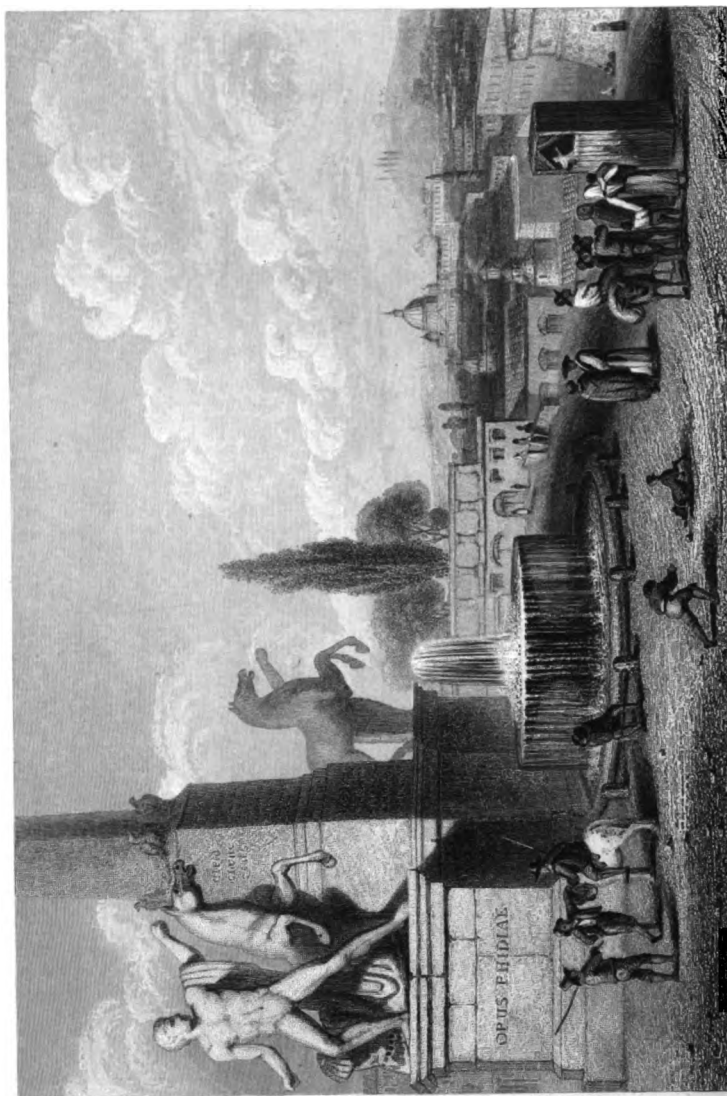
The scenes, from the beginning to the end, are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progress of the story: and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello. Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

ALL the passions, all the mind of the play, are Shakspeare's. He was indebted to Cinthio for the circumstances of his plot, and some individual traits of Othello's and Iago's characters, particularly of that of the latter. Desdemona he chastened into beauty; and the Captain (Cassio), whose character in the novel is scarcely distinguishable, he invested with qualities exactly correspondent to the purpose he was intended to fulfill. The wife of the Lieutenant (Iago) perhaps the poet had better have left as he found her; for in raising Emilia above insignificance, he unfortunately rendered her inexplicable. Rodrigo is his own absolute creation.—SKOTTELOW.

CORIO LANUS.







Engraved by W. B. Woodcut.

Engraved by J. P. Pincher.

Rome
and its Environs

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Introductory Remarks

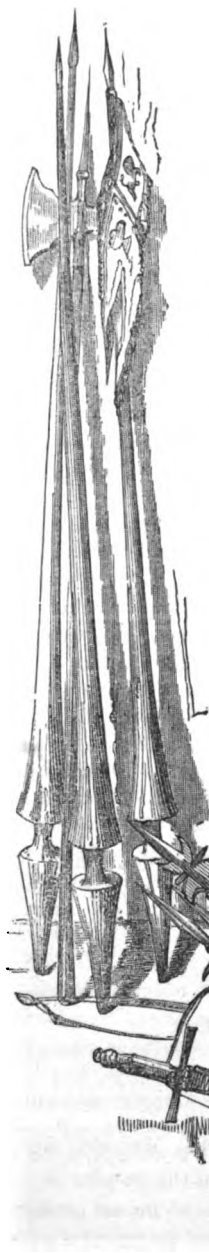
COMING fresh from the perusal of such of Shakspeare's plays as exhibit the sparkling treasures of his rare wit, glowing fancy, and surpassing poetry, — the creative power of his far-reaching imagination, — or the convulsive throes, the moral earthquakes and volcanoes, of human passion, — the Drama before us produces an effect almost startling, from the stern, unadorned, and somewhat rugged strength which is its prevailing characteristic. We soon, however, acknowledge the peculiar fitness of the style to the time, the action, and the characters: we recognize in its massive simplicity a grandeur which ornament would injure; in its ruggedness, a power which polish would destroy. In this fitness consists a portion of the value of the Play; a still greater portion in the striking specimen it affords of that "infinite variety" of the writer, which "age cannot wither, nor custom stale;" — and, greatest of all, in its subtle and powerful delineation of human character; that high and extraordinary quality in which all his contemporaries and followers halt so far behind him.

In "*CORIOLANUS*," as in "*MACBETH*," the Poet has taken an historical character, belonging to a remote and rude age, the records of whose actions, and of the events that gave birth to them, history borrows from tradition, and perhaps assists by conjecture. From the plain and simple relation of those actions and events, he at once judges of the motives, feelings, and circumstances which actuated and produced them; — and conjures up before the "mind's eye" the very man, a living sentient being, with his moral structure as clearly developed as his outward form would be, were he presented bodily to our senses.

Amongst the many truthful delineations of the human mind which have sprung from Shakspeare's teeming brain, none are more exquisitely natural, more nicely discriminated, than the Hero of this stirring Play. Superficially viewed, his character appears repulsive and disagreeable; but study it minutely, and it becomes deeply interesting. Born in a state of society which admitted of no gradual connecting links between the lower and higher classes, no channels to conduct the kindly sympathies of each to the other, Coriolanus naturally inherited the prejudices of his order. But this is not all. He is rendered vain-glorious not alone by the pride of place and ancestry, but likewise by that nobler pride — the consciousness of high desert, of natural nobleness of mind, and of indomitable courage. Viewing all this, and beholding also the selfish, sordid natures, the utter and unredeemed baseness of the leaders of that populace with which he is brought into hostile contact; — recollecting, moreover, that he is the spoilt child of success, the boy-warrior, who "at sixteen years" — "fought beyond the mark of others;" — who has thrice won the oaken garland; who has been borne aloft on the shields of a conquering army; greeted by the acclamations of the very populace which afterwards revolts against him; — can we, ought we to feel wonder or disgust at the mingled scorn and rage which, with such heaped measure, he hurls upon the "trades" and "occupations" of Rome? No. His conduct may be somewhat unamiable, but it is perfectly natural. His very faults are but the excesses of his virtues; he sets up a standard of moral perfection derived from the consciousness of his own high qualities, and in his inexperience of the world, its sufferings, mistakes, and accidents, he is indignant that the mass of the community should fall short of that standard.

The character of Volumnia is just what "the honored mold of Marcius" might be supposed to be: towering grandly above most of the ordinary weaknesses of her sex, but possessing the rest of them in more than ordinary perfection. What an exquisitely natural specimen of the absence of self-knowledge is conveyed in the declaration, "Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me; but owe thy pride thyself!" Now the feeling of pride is to the full as strong in the mother as in her wayward son; but age, experience, and expediency, have modified and checked the free exhibition of it. — Amidst the stir, the turmoil, and the turbulence of this Play, how melodiously the sweet voice of the gentler affections makes itself heard! as though, in the din of arms, the clangor of martial music, and the roar of battle, an occasional pause enabled us to catch the soft breathing of flutes. Around the bold and lofty nature of Marcius, the shoots and tendrils of love are permitted to spring and to twine, shedding a lovely grace, like the clinging leaves of the acanthus round the capital of a Corinthian column; which, while they adorn it with their beauty, rob it not of the least portion of its grandeur or its strength.

"*CORIOLANUS*" was first published in the original folio. The incidents are derived from Plutarch.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
 TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volcians.
 COMINIUS, }
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to CORIOLANUS.
 SICINIUS, VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 Young MARCIUS, Son to CORIOLANUS.
 A Roman Herald.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volcians.
 Lieutenant to AUFIDIUS.
 Conspirators with AUFIDIUS.
 A Citizen of Antium.
 Two Volcian Guards.

 VOLUMNIA, Mother to CORIOLANUS.
 VIRGILIA, Wife to CORIOLANUS.
 VALERIA, Friend to VIRGILIA.
 Gentlewoman, attending VIRGILIA.

 Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, *Ædiles*, Lic-
 tors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to
 AUFIDIUS, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Partly in Rome ; and partly in the Territories
 of the Volcians and Antiates.

Coriolanus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1st Cit. Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1st Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1st Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't; we know 't.

1st Cit. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on 't: let it be done.

Away, away!

2nd Cit. One word, good citizens.

1st Cit. We are accounted poor citizens: the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: but they think we are too dear. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2nd Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2nd Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1st Cit. Very well: and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2nd Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1st Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud: which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2nd Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1st Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen! Why stay we prating here? — to the Capitol!

Cit. Come, come.

1st Cit. Soft: who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2nd Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa: one that hath always loved the people.

1st Cit. He's one honest enough. 'Would all the rest were so.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter : speak, I pray you.

1st Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate : they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths : they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters ! my good friends, mine honest neighbors,
Will you undo yourselves ?

1st Cit. We cannot, sir ; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state ; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack ! You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you ; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1st Cit. Care for us ! — True, indeed ! — They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain ; make edicts for usury, to support usurers : repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich ; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor ! If the wars eat us not up, they will : and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accused of folly. — I shall tell you A pretty tale : it may be, you have heard it ; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale 't a little more.

1st Cit. Well I'll hear it, sir : yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale : but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebelled against the belly ; thus accused it : That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest : where the other instru-
ments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered, —

1st Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. I shall tell you. With a kind of smile
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak), it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1st Cit. Your belly's answer. — What !
The kingly-crownéd head, the vigilant eye,
The counselor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric ; if that they —

Men. What then ? —
'Fore me this fellow speaks ? — what then ; what
then ?

1st Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be re-
strained,

Who is the sink o' the body, —

Men. Well, what then ?

1st Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you :
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1st Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend :
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered : —
" True it is, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
" That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, the Senate, brain ;
And through the ranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," (this says the belly,
mark me,)—

1st Cit. Ay, sir: well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran."—What say you to 't?

1st Cit. It was an answer.—How apply you
this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. For, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you
think:

You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1st Cit. I the great toe!—Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou rascal, thou art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage!

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble
Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dis-
sentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1st Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is

To make him worthy whose offense subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Which feed on one another?—What's their
seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates: whereof,
they say,

The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! they say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages: making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly per-
suaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said they were an hungry: sighed forth
proverbs:

That hunger broke stone walls: that dogs must
eat:

That meat was made for mouths; that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds

They vented their complainings; which being answered,

And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale), they threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their exultation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tributes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,

Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus;
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroost the city
Ere so prevailed with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity. — See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1st Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us:

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1st Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

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And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out!

Tit. No, Caius Marcius:

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1st Sen. Your company to the Capitol: where I
know

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius. We must follow you:
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1st Sen. Hence! To your homes; be gone!

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow.

The Volces have much corn: take these rats
thither,

To gnaw their garners. — Worshipful mutineers,
Your valor puts well forth: pray follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COMINIUS, MARCIUS, LARTIUS, and MENENIUS. Citizens steal away.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people, —

Bru. Marked you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the
gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well graced, cannot
Better be held; nor more attained, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy-censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come :

Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earned them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — Corioli. *The Senate House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

1st Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entered in our 'counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yese, here it is:—

Reads.

"They have pressed a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumored,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent. Most likely 't is for you:
Consider of it."

1st Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretenses veiled till when
They needs must shew themselves: which in the
hatching,

It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shortened in our aim: which was,
To take in many towns ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2nd Sen. Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission: hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli.

If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army: but I think you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that:
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you.

Auf. And keep your honors safe.

1st Sen. Farewell.

2nd Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — Rome. *An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that
absence wherein he won honor, than in the em-
bracements of his bed, where he would shew most
love. When he was but tender-bodied, and the only
son of my womb; when youth with comeliness
plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of
king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an
hour from her beholding; I, — considering how
honor would become such a person; that it was no
better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if re-
nown made it not stir, — was pleased to let him
seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a
cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,
his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a
man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved
himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam;
how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my
son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me
profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my

love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum ;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus :
"Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's tasked to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contemning. — Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gentlewoman.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest housekeepers. What, are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith. — How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your ladyship : well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son. I'll swear 't is a very pretty boy : o' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together. He has such a confirmed countenance ! I saw him run

after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; caught it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it : O, I warrant, how he mammocked it !

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchoery : I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam : I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors !

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience. I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'T is not to save labor, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope : yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come : I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me : indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you : there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam ?

Val. In earnest it's true : I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is : — The Volces have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli : they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor : and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam : I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth I think she would. — Fare you well, then. — Come, good sweet lady. — Pr'y thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam: indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. — A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'y thee, make us quick in work: That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1st Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he;

That's lesser than a little. — Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinned with rushes:

They'll open of themselves. — Hark you, far off: [*Other alarums.*]

There is Aufidius: list what work he makes Amongst our cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts; Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.

The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! Unheard of boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorred Further than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell! All hurt behind: backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or by the fires of heaven I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you; look to't. Come on: If you'll stand fast we'll beat them to their wives, As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope. Now prove good seconds:

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the flyers. Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

1st Sol. Fool-hardiness! not I.

2nd Sol. Nor I.

3rd Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the port, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1st Sol. Following the flyers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapped to their gates. He is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow,
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up!—Thou art left,
Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1st Sol. Look, sir!

Lart. O, 't is Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V. — *Within the town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1st Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2nd Rom. And I this.

3rd Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver. [*Alarum still continues afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a cracked drachm!—Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up!—Down with them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him.—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans. Then valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st:
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath not yet warmed me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[*Exit MARCIUS.*]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place:
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *Near the Camp of COMINIUS.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought:
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard

The charges of our friends : — the Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
tering,
May give you thankful sacrifice ! — Thy news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile : briefly we heard their
drums :
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late ?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about : else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flayed ? O gods !
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have
Beforetime seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O ! let me clip you,
In arms as sound as when I wooed : in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burned to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius ?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees :
Condemning some to death and some to exile ;
Ransoming him, or pitying ; threatening the
other :

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,

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Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
Where is he ? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone ;
He did inform the truth. But for our gentle-
men,

The common file — (A plague ! Tribunes for
them !) —

The mouse ne'er shunned the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevailed you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not
think —

Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on
which side

They have placed their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates :
And that you not delay the present ; but,
Filling the air with swords advanced, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking : take your choice of those
That best can aid your action

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. — If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smeared ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus [*waving his hand*], to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O, me alone! Make you a sword of me?

If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volces? None of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number

(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:

The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obeyed. — Please you march before,

And I shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. — *The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, and a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch Those centuries to our aid: the rest will serve For a short holding. If we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us. — Our guider, come; to the Roman Camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. — *A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:

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Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame I envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave;
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased. 'T is not my blood
Wherein thou seest me masked: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here. —

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant — you have shamed me
In your condemn'd seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX. — *The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. *Flourish.* Enter at one side, COMINIUS and Romans: at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles:
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug;
I' the end admire: where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more: where the dull
Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebians, hate thine honors,
Shall say, against their hearts, — "We thank the gods

Our Rome hath such a soldier!" —

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here's the steed; we the caparison.
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,

Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
done

As you have done; that's what I can: induced
As you have been; that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouched,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech
you

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not.
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good and good store), of
all

The treasure in this field achieved, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, "MARCIVS!*

MARCIVS!" cast up their caps and lances.

COMINIUS and LARTIVS, stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more! — When drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made of all false-faced soothing! When steel
grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let it be made
A coverture for the wars! — No more, I say! —
For that I have not washed my nose that bled,

Or foiled some debile wretch (which, without note,
Here's many else have done), you shout me
forth

In acclamations hyperbolical:
As if I loved my little should be dieted,
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles;

Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcivs
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging: and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamor of the host,
"Caius Marcivs Coriolanus!"

Bear the addition nobly ever.

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcivs Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you. —
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 't is yours. — What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly.
He cried to me: I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begged!

Where he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By jupiter, forgot! —

I am weary; yea, my memory is tired. —
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries: 't is time
It should be looked to. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. — *The Camp of the Volces.*

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1st Sol. 'T will be delivered back on good con-
dition.

Auf. Condition!

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. — Condition!

• What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat
me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. — By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine or I am his. Mine emulation

Hath not that honor in 't it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force
(True sword to sword), I'll potch at him some
way:

Or wrath or craft may get him.

1st Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's
poisoned.

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary;
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol;
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice
(Embarquements all of fury), shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. — Go you to the
city:

Learn how 't is held; and what they are that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

1st Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cypress grove;
I pray you
('T is south the city mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the peace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1st Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news
to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the peo-
ple; for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-
bians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a
lamb.

You two are old men: tell me one thing that I
shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that
you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored
with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now! Do you two know

how you are censured here in the city : I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures: at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves: O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine without a drop of allaying Tyber in 't: said to be something imperfect in favoring the thirst complaint: hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadily that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any-

thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy pleading, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones!

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfect giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's packsaddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire up the scene.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee: — Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night :
A letter for me !

Vir. Yes, certain there's a letter for you : I
saw it.

Men. A letter for me ! It gives me an estate of
seven years' health ; in which time I will make a
lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescrip-
tion in Galen is but empiric physic, and to this
preservative, of no better report than a horse-
drench. — Is he not wounded ? he was wont to
come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded ; I thank the gods
for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much : —
Brings 'a victory in his pocket ? — The wounds be-
come him.

Vol. On his brows, Menenius : he comes the
third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together,
but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'll warrant
him that : an he had stayed by him, I would not
have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli,
and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate pos-
sessed of this ?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. — Yes, yes, yes : the
senate has letters from the general, wherein he
gives my son the whole name of the war : he hath
in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth there's wondrous things spoke of
him.

Men. Wondrous ? Ay, I warrant you, and not
without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

Vol. True ! pow, wow.

Men. True ! I'll be sworn they are true. —
Where is he wounded ? — God save your good
worships ! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*
Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be
proud. — Where is he wounded ?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm : there
will be large cicatrices to shew the people when he
shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse
of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh ; —
there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-
five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven : every gash was
an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark !
the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before
him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears :
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie ;
Which being advanced, declines ; and then men
die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and
TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS,
crowned with an oaken garland ; with Captains,
Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did
fight

Within Corioli' gates ; where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius : these
In honor follows, — Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this ; it does offend my heart :
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother, —

Cor. O ! you have, I know, petitioned all the
gods

For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up !

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius,
And, by deed-achieving honor newly named, —
What is it ? — Coriolanus, must I call thee ? —
But O, thy wife —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !

Wouldst thou have laughed had I come coffined
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph ? — Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ? — O my sweet lady,
pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know no where to turn : — O welcome
home ;

And welcome, general : and you are welcome
all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep,
And I could laugh: I am light and heavy. Welcome!

A curse begin at very root of his heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crabtrees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there and go on.

Cor. Your hand and yours.

[*To his wife and mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honors.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanted, which I doubt not
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes remain.]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she cheers him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him. Seld-shewn flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

Of Phoebus' burning kisses. Such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were siliy crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
From where he should begin and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honors:
Which that he'll give them, make I as little ques-
tion

As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is right.

Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it
rather

Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him.
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like he will.

Sic. I shall be to him, then, as our good wills:
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them: that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders,
And dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people (which time shall not want
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep), — will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.
'T is thought that Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak: matrons flung
gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed: the nobles bended
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts!
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1st Offi. Come, come, they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?

2nd Offi. Three, they say: but 't is thought of
every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1st Offi. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's ven-
geance proud, and loves not the common people.

2nd Offi. 'Faith, there have been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they have
loved they know not wherefore: so that if they
love they know not why, they hate upon no bet-
ter ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to
care whether they love or hate him, manifests the
true knowledge he has in their disposition; and,
out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly
see 't.

1st Offi. If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he waved indifferently 't wixt
doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks

their hate with greater devotion than they can
render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may
fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem
to affect the malice and displeasure of the people,
is as bad as that which he dislikes, — to flatter
them for their love.

2nd Offi. He hath deserved worthily of his
country: and his ascent is not by such easy de-
grees as those who, having been supple and cour-
teous to the people, bonneted without any further
deed to have them at all into their estimation and
report: but he hath so planted his honors in their
eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their
tongues to be silent and not confess so much were
a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwise
were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would
pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that
heard it.

1st Offi. No more of him: he is a worthy man.
Make way; they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with lictors before them, CO-
MINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS,
many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.
The Senators take their places; the Tribunes
take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determined of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work performed
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus: whom
We meet here both to thank and to remember
With honors like himself.

1st Sen. Speak, good Coriolanus:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state 's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. — Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears: and (after)
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treatise, and have hearts

Inclinable to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be prest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off :
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you gave it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow. —
Worthy Cominius, speak. — Nay, keep your place.

[*CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.*]

1st Sen. Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honor's pardon :
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbenched you not.

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed not, therefore hurt not : but your
people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun,

When the alarum was struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monst'ered. [*Exit.*]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one), when you
now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than one of his ears to hear it ? — Proceed, Co-
minius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Corio-
lanus
Should not be uttered feebly. — It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought

Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'erpressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feasts,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. — For this
last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home. He stopped the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,
And fell below his stem. His sword (death's
stamp),

Where it did mark, it took : from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries. Alone he entered
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shameless destiny : aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet : — now all's his :
When by-and-by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we called
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1st Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the
honors
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kicked at,
And looked upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world. He covets less
Than misery itself would give : rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble :
Let him be called for.

1st Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Offi. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage.
Please you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom;
And take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that? [*To SICINIUS.*]

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and
thus;
Shew them the unaching scars which I should
hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them:—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honor.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will
require them

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1st Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2nd Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3rd Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it,
but it is a power that we have no power to do:
for if he shew us his wounds and tell us his deeds,
we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and
speak for them: so, if he tell us his noble deeds,
we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them.
Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude
to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the
multitude; of the which we being members, should
bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1st Cit. And to make us no better thought of
a little help will serve: for once, when we stood
up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us
the many-headed multitude.

3rd Cit. We have been called so of many: not
that our heads are some brown, some black, some
auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so di-
versely colored. And truly I think, if all our wits
were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east,
west, north, south; and their consent of one di-
rect way should be at once to all the points o' the
compass.

2nd Cit. Think you so? Which way do you
judge my wit would fly?

3rd Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as
another man's will; 't is strongly wedged up in a
block-head: but if it were at liberty, 't would sure
southward.

2nd Cit. Why that way?

3rd Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being
three parts melted away with rotten dews, the
fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help
to get thee a wife.

2nd Cit. You are never without your tricks:—
you may, you may.

3rd Cit. Are you all resolved to give your
voices? But that's no matter; the greater part
carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people,
there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility;

mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues. Therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say? —

"I pray, sir," — Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace: — "Look, sir; my wounds:

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roared, and ran From the noise of our own drums."

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all:

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,

In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace. —

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1st Cit. We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2nd Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1st Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1st Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1st Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir? I pray, let ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice, sir: what say you?

2nd Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. — There is in all two worthy voices begged. — I have your alms: adieu.

1st Cit. But this is something odd!

2nd Cit. An't were to give again, — but 't is no matter. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3rd Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3rd Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

4th Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3rd Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not steal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices! —

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woollish togue should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't!
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to overpeer. — Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honor go
To one that would do thus. — I am half through :
The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices. —

Your voices : for your voices I have fought :
Watched for your voices ; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of ; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more. — Your
voices :

Indeed I would be consul.

5th Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.

6th Cit. Therefore let him be consul. The
gods give him joy, and make him good friend to
the people !

All. Amen, amen. — God save thee, noble
consul ! *[Exeunt Citizens.]*

Cor. Worthy voices !

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. ●
Remains that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged :
The people do admit you ; and are summoned
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing my-
self again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.]

He has it now ; and, by his looks, methinks
'T is warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

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His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people ?

Re-enter CITIZENS.

Sic. How now, my masters : have you chose
this man ?

1st Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your
loves.

2nd Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy
notice,

He mocked us when he begged our voices.

3rd Cit. Certainly he flouted us downright.

1st Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech : he did
not mock us.

2nd Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself,
but says

He used us scornfully. He should have shewed us
His marks of merit ; wounds received for his
country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no ; no man saw 'em. *[Several speak.]*

3rd Cit. He said he had wounds, which he
could shew in private :

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

"I would be consul," says he : "aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me :

Your voices therefore." When we granted that,

Here was, — "I thank you for your voices ; —
thank you ; —

Your most sweet voices ! Now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you." — Was not this
mockery ?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lessoned, — when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy ; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves ? — You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touched his spirit
And tried his inclination: from him plucked
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have galled his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to ought: so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And passed him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he had power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you; or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker; and now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3rd Cit. He's not confirmed; we may deny
him yet.

2nd Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1st Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends
to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
friends
They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than the dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let us assemble;
And on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorned you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes; that
we labored

(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your
minds

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the
grain

To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures
to you

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius (Numa's daughter's son)
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither:
And Censorinus, darling of the people
(And nobly named so, twice being censor),
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy; and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done 't
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so:—almost all [*Several speak*]
repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol; come.
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1. — Rome. *A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord: and that it was which caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So, then, the Volces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volces for they had so vilely Yielded the town. He is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:

That, of all things upon earth, he hated

Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might Be called your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred full. — Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold: these are the tribunes of the people; The tongues o' the common mouth! I do despise them,

For they do prank them in authority Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not passed the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1st Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop, or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd? —

Must these have voices, that can yield them now, And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of nobility.

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a plot.

The people cry, you mocked them; and of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repined: Scandaled the supplicants for the people: called them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you informed them since?

Bru. Now! I inform them?

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? — By yon clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your
way

(Which you are out of) with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. — This
paltering

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonored rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again: —

Men. Not now, not now.

1st Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many,
Let them regard me as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: — I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed and
scattered,

By mingling them with us, the honored number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1st Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish; not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T was well we let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove 't would be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain! —

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. "Shall!" —

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall" (being but
The horn and noise o' the monster) wants not
spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your impotence: if none, revoke
Your dangerous bounty. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate!
And such a one as he who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frowned in Greece! — By Jove him-
self,

It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 't wixt the gap of both. and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well: on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abso-
lute power),

I say they nourished disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the
corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't. Being pressed to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touched,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shewed
Most valor, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. — Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: "We did re-
quest it:

We are the greater poll; and in true fear
They gave us our demands." — Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles:

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No; take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship, —
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
wisdom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barred, it fol-
lows

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
you, —

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change of 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long; and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physis,
That's sure of death without it, — at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it:
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —
What should the people do with these bald tri-
bunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said "it must be meet,"
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho! — Let him be appre-
hended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit BRUTUS*] — in
whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator;
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. } We'll surety him.
Pat. }

Com. Agéd sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones

Out of thy garments!

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble
of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all
your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2nd Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, — patricians, — citizens! — what, ho! —
Sicinius, — Brutus, — Coriolanus, — citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of
breath:

Confusion's near: I cannot speak. — You, tri-
bunes

To the people, — Coriolanus, patience : —
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people : — Peace !

Cit. Let's hear our tribune. — Peace ! Speak,
speak, speak !

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties.

Marcus would have all from you : Marcus,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1st Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people ?

Cit. True ; the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were established
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation ;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him :
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men. Hear me one word :
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace !

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, these cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. — Lay hands upon
him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No : I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting :
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me.

Men. Down with that sword ! — Tribunes, with-
draw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcus : help,
You that be noble : help him, young and old !

Cit. Down with him, down with him !

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the people, are all beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house : be gone, away !
All will be naught else.

2nd Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast :

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

1st Sen. The gods forbid !

I pr'y thee, noble friend, home to thy house :
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome littered), not Romans (as they
are not,

Though calved i' the porch of the Capitol), —

Men. Be gone :
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue :
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them : yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic :
And manhood is called foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric. — Will you hence
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone :
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little. This must be
patched

With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*

1st Pat. This man has marred his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent :
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work !

2nd Pat. I would they were abed !

Men. I would they were in Tyber !— What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands. He hath resisted law ;
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he has set at nought.

1st Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't. [*Several speak together.*

Men. Sir, sir, —

Sic. Peace !

Men. Do not cry "havock," where you should
but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it that you
Have help to make this rescue ?

Men. Hear me speak : —

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults : —

Sic. Consul ! what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no !

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then ;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence

Were but one danger ; and to keep him here
Our certain death : therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam,
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease :
Mortal to cut it off ; to cure it easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropped it for his country :
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all that do't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. — When he did love his
country,
It honored him.

Men. The services of the foot,
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was ?

Bru. We'll hear no more. —
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more ; one word :
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscanned swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by
process :

Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our ædiles smote ! ourselves resisted ! — Come.

Men. Consider this : he has been bred i' the
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled
In bouted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

1st Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer. —
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. — We'll attend
you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you. —
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*

He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1st Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in CORIOLANUS'S House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; pre-
sent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, — yet will I still
Be thus to them.

1st Pat. You do the nobler.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals ; things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. — I talk of you :

[*To VOLUMNIA.*
Why did you wish me milder ? Would you
have me

False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have^e been enough the man
you are,

With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shewed them how you were disposed
Ere they lacked power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough ;
something too rough :
You must return, and mend it.

1st Sen. There's no remedy :
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counseled.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman !
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do !

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ? — I cannot do it to the gods :
Must I, then, do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute :
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you
say,

Honor and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together. Grant that, and tell
me,

In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not (which for your best ends
You adopt your policy), how is it less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace

With honor, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak
To the people: not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood. —

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends, at stake required
I should do so in honor. I am in this,
Your wife, — your son, these senators, the nobles:
And you will rather shew our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
them

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin!

Men. Noble lady! —

Come, go with us: speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr' thee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand:
And thus far having stretched it (here be with
them),

Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant,
More learned than their ears), waving thy head,
Which often, — thus, — correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling. Or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves: but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,

Even as she speaks, why all their hearts were
yours:

For they have pardons, being asked, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr' thee now,

Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst
rather

Follow thy enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. — Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,
't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will. —

Pr'y thee now, say you will; and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed
sconce? Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? — Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,

And throw it against the wind. — To the market-
place: —

You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come; we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'y thee now, sweet son, as thou hast
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't. —

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned
(Which quired with my drum) into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips! and my armed
knees,

Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! — I will not do 't!
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:

To beg of thee it is my more dishonor,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin : let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me :

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray be content.

Mother, I am going to the market-place :
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-
loved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul :
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. *[Exit.]*

Com. Away ! the tribunes do attend you. Arm
yourself

To answer mildly : for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly. — Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention ; I
Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then : mildly !
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *The same.* The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects
Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favored him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices we have procured,
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 't is ready here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons" (be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment), then let them,
If I say "fine," cry "fine ;" if "death," cry
"death :"

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. *[Exit Ædile.]*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : — being once chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart ; and that is there which
looks

With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece

Will bear the knave by the volume. — The hon-
ored gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men : plant love among us :
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

1st Sen. Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes: audience. Peace,
I say!

Cor. First hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content.

The warlike service he has done consider:

Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars;

Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further.

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier. Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That, being passed for consul with full voice,

I am so dishonored that the very hour

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 't is true I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived
to take

From Rome all seasoned office, and to wind

Yourself into a power tyrannical:

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: — your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the
people!

Call me their traitor! — Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutched as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say

"Thou liest!" unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace! —

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him
speak, —

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him, — even
this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,

Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath served well for
Rome, —

Cor. What, do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You!

Men. Is this the promise that you made your
mother?

Com. Know, I pray you, —

Cor. I'll know no further!

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying: pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have it with saying, "Good morrow."

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it; — in the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city:

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates. — I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so: it shall be so! let him
away.

He's banished, and it shall be so!

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends: —

Sic. He's sentenced: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :
I have been consul, and can shew, for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins. Then if I would
Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift :—speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banished,

As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so ; it shall be so !

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, — I banish you : —
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders : till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels),
Making but reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you,
As most abated captives' to some nation
That won you without blows ! — Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Cit. Our enemy is banished ! he is gone ! —
Hoo ! hoo !

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath followed you, with all despite :
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let's see him out at gates : come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes ! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Rome. *Before the Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears : a brief farewell.
The beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage ? you were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shewed mastership in floating : fortune's blows
When most struck home, being gentle, wounded,
craves

A noble cunning : you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conned them.

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor. Nay, I pr'y thee, woman, —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !

I shall be loved when I am lacked. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you 'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
Droop not : adieu. — Farewell, my wife ; my mother :

I 'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles : tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at them. — My mother, you wot
well

My hazards still have been your solace : and
Believ 't not lightly (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon that his fen
Makes feared and talked of more than seen), your
son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius.
With thee awhile : determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts in the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with
thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :

Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home : he's gone, and we'll
no further.

The nobility are vexed, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
448

Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home :

Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]
Here comes his mother.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They says she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met. The hoarded plague
o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace : be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—
Nay, and shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To BRUTUS.*]

Vir. You will stay too [*To SICINIUS*] : I would
I had the power
To say so to my husband!

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool : is that a shame?—Note but
this fool :—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou fox-
ship

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise
words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what :—
yet go :—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country

As he began; and not unknot himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. "I would he had!" 'T was you incensed
the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed! Ere you go, hear
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banished, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. —

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! — [*Exeunt Tribunes.*
Could I meet them

But once a day, it would unlog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeling. — Come, let's
go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. — Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Highway between Rome and
Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volc. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as
you are, against them. Know you me yet?

Volc. Nicanor? — No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Volc. You had more beard when I last saw you;

but your favor is well appeared by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from
the Volcian state to find you out there: you have
well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insur-
rection: the people against the senators, patricians,
and nobles.

Volc. Hath been! Is it ended, then? Our
state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike
preparation, and hope to come upon them in the
heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take
all power from the people, and to pluck from them
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can
tell you, and is almost mature for the violent
breaking out.

Volc. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Volc. You will be welcome with this intelli-
gence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I
have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a
man's wife is when she's fallen out with her hus-
band. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear
well in these wars; his great opposer, Coriolanus,
being now in no request of his country.

Volc. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate
thus accidentally to encounter you: you have
ended my business, and I will merrily accompany
you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you
most strange things from Rome; all tending to the
good of their adversaries. Have you an arm ready,
say you!

Volc. A most royal one: the centurions and
their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the
entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's
warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness,
and am the man, I think, that shall set them in
present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and
most glad of your company.

Volc. You take my part from me, sir: I have
the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — Antium. *Before AUFIDIUS's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. — City, 'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices, 'fore my wars, Have I heard groan and drop; then know me not; Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*]
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. — I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice: if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. — *The same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1st Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!

I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*]

Enter another Servant.

2nd Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. — Cotus! [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1st Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2nd Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? pray get you out.

Cor. Away!

2nd Serv. "Away!" — Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2nd Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3rd Serv. What fellow's this?

1st Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'y thee call my master to him.

3rd Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand: I will not hurt your hearth.

3rd Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3rd Serv. A marvelous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3rd Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you. Pray you avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go! and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3rd Serv. What, will you not? — Pr'y thee tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2nd Serv. And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

3rd Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3rd Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3rd Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3rd Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—
What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with dawes
too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3rd Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Ay, 't is an honest service than to med-
dle with thy mistress. — Thou prat'st and prat'st :
serve with thy trencher : hence!

[Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2nd Serv. Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like
a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou?

Thy name? —

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy
name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. — Know'st
thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not: thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief: thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname: a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou shouldst bear me! — Only that name
remains:

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
And suffered me, by the voice of slave, to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. Not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had feared death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee: for I will fight
Against my cankered country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more for-
tunes

Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut would shew thee but a fool:
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Draw tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and
say,

"T is true," I'd not believe them more than
thee,

All-noble Marcius. — Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarred the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever, in ambitious strength, I did

Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath: but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy

Marcus,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who are now here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,
As best thou art experienced (since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness), thine own
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them ere destroy. But come in.
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say "Yea" to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy:
Yea, Marcus, that was much. Your hand: most
welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1st Serv. [*advancing*]. Here's a strange alteration!

2nd Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1st Serv. What an arm he has! He turned me

about with his finger and his thumb as one would
set up a top.

2nd Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there
was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face,
methought, — I cannot tell how to term it.

1st Serv. He had so: looking, as it were, —
'Would I were hanged but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2nd Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply
the rarest man i' the world.

1st Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier
than he you wot one.

2nd Serv. Who; my master?

1st Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2nd Serv. Worth six of him.

1st Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him
to be the greater soldier.

2nd Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how
to say that: for the defense of a town, our general
is excellent.

1st Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3rd Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news: news,
you rascals!

1st Serv. } What, what, what? let's partake.

2nd Serv. }

3rd Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all na-
tions:

I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1st Serv. } Wherefore? wherefore?

2nd Serv. }

3rd Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to
thwack our general; — Caius Marcus.

1st Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

3rd Serv. I do not say, thwack our general:
but he was always good enough for him.

2nd Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: —
he was ever too hard for him: I have heard him
say so himself.

1st Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to
say the truth on 't; before Corioli he scotched him
and notched him like a carbonado.

2nd Serv. An he had been canibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1st Serv. But more of thy news?

3rd Serv. Why, he is so made on here within
as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper

end o' the table : no question asked him by any of the senators but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday : for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears : he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2nd Serv. And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3rd Serv. Do 't? he will do 't. For look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies : which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir), shew themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he's in directitude.

1st Serv. Directitude ! what's that ?

3rd Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrowes like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1st Serv. But when goes this forward ?

3rd Serv. To-morrow : to-day : presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2nd Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1st Serv. Let me have war, say I : it exceeds peace as far as day does night : it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than wars a destroyer of men.

2nd Serv. 'T is so : and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1st Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3rd Serv. Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money : I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. — They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him :

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o'er the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well : who rather had
(Though they themselves did suffer by 't) behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. — Is this Menenius ?

Enter MENENIUS.

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he. O he is grown most kind of late. — Hail, sir !

Men. Hail to you both !

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much missed
But with his friends : the commonwealth doth stand ;

And so would do were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well ; and might have been much better

If he could have temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you ?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing : his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both !

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbors.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all : good-e'en to you all.

1st Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive !

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors. We wished Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying "Confusion!"

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war : but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volces with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'T is Aufidius ;
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were inshelled when Marcius stood for
Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius ?

Bru. Go see this rumor whipped. — It cannot be

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be !

We have record that very well it can ;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this :
Lest you should chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are
going

All to the senate-house : some news is come in
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this slave : —

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes : — his raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded : and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable I do not know) that Marcius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may
wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :

He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates :
To see your wives dishonored to your noses : —

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ;
and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news ? —

You have made fair work, I fear me. — Pray,
your news ?

If Marcius should be joined with Volcians, —

Com. If ! —

He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better : and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men : you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters !

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work !

Bru. But is this true, sir ?

Com. Ay ; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and who resist
Are only mocked for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him ?

Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man hath mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame : the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : — for his best friends, if
they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charged
him even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein shewed like enemies.

Men. 'T is true :
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease." — You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts : you have crafted fair !

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How ! Was it we ? We loved him ; but,
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,

The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer : — desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defense,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters. —
And is Aufidius with him ? — You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip : as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter :
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1st Cit. For mine own part,
When I said "Banish him," I said 't was pity.

2nd Cit. And so did I.

3rd Cit. And so did I : and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us. That we did, we did for
the best : and though we willingly consented to
his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices !

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry ! — Shall us to the
Capitol ?

Com. O, ay : what else ?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home : be not dis-
mayed :

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1st Cit. The gods be good to us ! Come, mas-
ters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.

2nd Cit. So did we all. But come, let 's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol. — 'Would half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie !

Sic. Pray let us go.

[*Exeunt.*
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SCENE VII. — *A camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him :
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darkened in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now ;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir
(I mean for your particular), you had not
Joined in commission with him : but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well : and be thou
sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows
not
What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian
state ;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard
mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him, ere he sits
down ;

And the nobility of Rome are his :

The senators and patricians love him too :

The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty

To expel him thence. I think he'll be to
Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. — First he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honors even. Whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man : whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of : or whether nature
Not to be other than one thing, — not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controlled the war : — but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him feared ;
So hated, and so banished. But he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time :
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail :
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do
fail.

Come, let's away. — When, Caius, Rome is
thine,

Thou art poor'st of all : then shortly art thou
mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said

Which was sometime his general; who loved him In a most dear particular. He called me father: But what o' that? — Go, you that banished him, A mile before his tent fall down, and knee The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coyed To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name. I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. Coriolanus He would not answer to: forbad all names: He was a kind of nothing, titleless, Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work: A pair of tribunes that have racked for Rome, To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to pardon When it was less expected: he replied, It was a base petition of a state To one whom they had punished.

Men. Very well: Could he say less?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For his private friends. His answer to me was, He could not stay to pick them in a pile Of noisome, musty chaff: he said 't was folly, For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, And still to nose the offense.

Men. For one poor grain or two? I am one of those: his mother, wife, his child, And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

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Sic. Nay, pray be patient: if you refuse your aid

In this so never-heeded help, yet do not Upbraid us with our distress. But sure, if you Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,

More than the instant army we can make, Might stop our countrymen.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius Return me, as Cominius is returned, Unheard: what then? —

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot With his unkindness; say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will Must have that thanks from Rome after the measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:

I think he'll hear me: — yet to bite his lip And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me. — He was not taken well; he had not dined: The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then We pout upon the morning; are unapt To give or to forgive: but when we have stuffed These pipes and these conveyances of our blood With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request, And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness, And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge Of my success.

[Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye
Red as't would burn Rome; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneeled before him:
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise:" dismissed
me

Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would
do,

He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *An advanced Post of the Volcian
Camp before Rome. The Guard at their sta-
tions.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1st Gua. Stay: whence are you?

2nd Gua. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 't is well; but, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1st Gua. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1st Gua. You may not pass; you must return:
our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2nd Gua. You'll see your Rome embraced with
fire, before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touched your ears:—it is Mene-
nius.

1st Gua. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your
name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

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Thy general is my lover: I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled; haply amplified:

For I have verified my friends

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamped the leasing. Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1st Gua. Faith, sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in
your own, you should not pass here: no, though
it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely.
Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'y thee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general.

2nd Gua. Howsoever you have been his liar
(as you say you have), I am one that, telling true
under him, must say, you cannot pass. There-
fore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I
would not speak with him till after dinner.

1st Gua. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1st Gua. Then you should hate Rome, as he
does. Can you, when you have pushed out your
gates the very defender of them, and in a violent
popular ignorance given your enemy your shield,
think to front his revenges with the easy groans
of old women, the virginal palms of your daugh-
ters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-
cayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think
to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to
flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you
are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and pre-
pare for your execution: you are condemned: our
general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,
he would use me with estimation.

2nd Gua. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1st Gua. My general cares not for you. Back,
I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood.
Back:—that's the utmost of your having. Back!

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus. Guess but by my entertainment with him if thou standst not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering. Behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us: look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here:—this, who like a block hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone: Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,

Take this along: I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

1st Gua. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2nd Gua. 'T is a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1st Gua. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2nd Gua. What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are long, and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, "Away!"

[Exit.]

1st Gua. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2nd Gua. The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *The Tent of CORIOLANUS.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected: stopped your ears against The general suit of Rome: never admitted A private whisper; no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,

Loved me above the measure of a father: Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love I have (Though I shewed sourly to him) once more offered

The first conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept; to grace him only, That thought he could do more: a very little I have yielded, too. Fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA; VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS; VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost: then the honored mould
Wherein this trunk was framed; and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to the obstinate. —

What is that curtesy worth; or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and
am not

Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows:
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod! and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not." — Let the Volces
Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. — Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans." — O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgined it e'er since. — You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted! Sink, my knee, i' the earth:
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blessed!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me! to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun:
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work!

Vol. Thou art my warrior:
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola:
The moon of Rome: chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of Supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before, —
The things I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything:
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already. Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark: for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. — Your re-
quest?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow :

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And so poor we
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods ; which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose

The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me :
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honor : — no ; our suit
Is that you reconcile them : while the Volces
May say, "This mercy we have shewed ;" the
Romans,
"This we received ;" and each in either side

Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blessed
For making up this peace !" — Thou know'st,
great son,

The end of war's uncertain : but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogged with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ : "The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out ;
Destroyed his country ; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorred." — Speak to me, son :
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods ;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bol
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak ?

Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ? — Daughter, speak
you :

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy :
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the
world

More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks ! Thou hast never in thy life
Shewed thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she (poor hen !), fond of no second brood,
Has clucked thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honor. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back : but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague
thee

That thou restraint from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away ;
Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus, 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end :
This is the last. So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors. — Nay, behold us :
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. — Come, let us go :
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome :
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins !

His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. — Yet give us our despatch :
I am hushed until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother !

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
You have won a happy victory to Rome :
But for your son, — believe it, O believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come. —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less : or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make advise me. For my
part,
I'll not to Rome ; I'll back with you : and pray
you

Stand to me in this cause. — O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and
thy honor

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by-and-by :

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-sealed.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — Rome. *'A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol : yond'
corner-stone ?

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Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, their is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with
him. But I say there is no hope in 't : our throats
are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man ?

Men. There is a differency between a grub and
a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This
Marcius has grown from man to dragon : he has
wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remem-
bers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse.
The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes : when
he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shrinks before his treading : he is able to pierce a
corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his
hum is a battery : he sits in his state as a thing
made for Alexander : what he bids be done, is fin-
ished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a
god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is
no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male
tiger : that shall our poor city find : and all this
is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be
good unto us. When we banished him, we re-
spected not them : and he returning to break our
necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
house :

The plebians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down : all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news ?

Mess. Good news ; good news ! — The ladies
have prevailed ;
The Volces are dislodged, and Marcius gone.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurked, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
hark you!

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting again.]*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth, of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you,
A sea and land full. You have prayed well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. — Hark how they joy!

[Shouting and music.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings:
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Men. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. *[Going.]*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-
cians, and People. They pass over the stage.*

1st Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before
them:

Unshout the noise that banished Marcius:
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, — Welcome, ladies, welcome!

All. Welcome, ladies! welcome!

[A flourish with drums and trumpets. — Exeunt.]

SCENE V. — Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,

Bid them repair to the market place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath entered, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Despatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS's
faction.*

Most welcome!

1st Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoisoned,
And with his charity slain.

2nd Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wished us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3rd Con. The people will remain uncertain
whilst

'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawned
Mine honor for his truth: who being so height-
ened,

He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and to this end
He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3rd Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoken of: —
Being banished for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him:
Made him joint servant with me: gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men: served his design-
ments

In mine own person: help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his: and took some pride

To do myself this wrong : till at the last
I seemed his follower, not partner ; and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1st Con. So he did, my lord :
The army marveled at it. And in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we looked
For no less spoil than glory, —

Auf. There was it :
For which my sinews shall be stretched upon him.
At a few drops of woman's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
Of our great action. Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark !

*[Drums and trumpets sound with great
shouts of the people.]*

1st Con. Your native town you entered like a
post,
And had no welcome home : but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2nd Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear
With giving him glory.

3rd Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more :
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it :
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1st Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty where
There was a yielding : this admits of no excuse.

Auf. He approaches : you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colors ; a
crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am returned your soldier :
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honor to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans : and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor ! How now ?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius ; Caius Marcius. Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name
Coriolanus in Corioli ? —

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt your city Rome
(I say your city) to his wife and mother :
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk : never admitting
Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears !

Cor. Ha !

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. — Boy ! O slave ! —
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion

(Who wears my stripes impressed on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1st Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Voices; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. — Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Voices in Corioli:
Alone, I did it. — Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for 't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously*]. Tear him to
pieces; do it presently. He killed my son: —
my daughter: — he killed my cousin Marcus: —
he killed my father. —

2nd Lord. Peace, ho! — no outrage: — peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offenses to us
Shall have judicious hearing. — Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw and kill
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS
stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1st Lord. O Tullus! —

2nd Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor
will weep.

3rd Lord. Tread not upon him. — Masters all,
be quiet:

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this
rage,

Provoked by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1st Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2nd Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. —
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unhilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. —

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.*]



"We are accounted poor citizens: the patricians, good."

Act I., Scene 1.

The word "good" is here used in the sense of rich or prosperous. As in the "MERCHANT OF VENICE":—

"Antonio's a good man."

*"But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the Court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man."*—Act I., Scene 1.

It is evident that the last line but one is not measure; and we are instructed to read it, and the next, in a way that not only cures this defect, but much improves the sense, by following up the figure of "the court, the heart," and completing the resemblance of the human body to the various parts of a commonwealth:—

*"Even to the Court, the heart, the Senate, brain;
And through the ranks and offices of man."*

*"To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows
bound with oak."*—Act I., Scene 3.

The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin, surnamed the Proud (that had been King of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome), did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins and many other people of Italy, even, as it were, to set up his whole rest upon a battle by them, who, with a great and mighty army, had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied.

In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act; and therefore, first of all, he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs: for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honor him with such a garland.—PLUTARCH'S "Life of Coriolanus;" North's Translation.

[Sir Thomas North's translation of PLUTARCH (1579) was, doubtless, the main source whence Shakespeare derived the incidents of his Roman plays. The closeness with which he has followed them, and the admirable skill he has shewn in working them into a dramatic shape, will appear from occasional short specimens of the biographer's narrative, as rendered in North's picturesque version.]

"What, are you sewing here? A fine spot in good faith."

Act I., Scene 3.

The term "fine spot" relates to the embroidery. "Spotted muslin" is a phrase still in use.

*"All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Bolls and plagues."*

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*"Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhor'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!"*—Act I., Scene 4.

In the folios, the words, spelling, and punctuation, are—

*"You shames of Rome; you Herd of Byles and Plagues
Plaster you o're,"* &c.

This mode of spelling *heard* leads us to the corruption, which was detected (possibly by mere conjecture, but more probably with the aid of some extraneous authority) by the manuscript-annotator of the folio, 1632; and when pointed out, it must, we apprehend, be admitted without an instant's controversy:—

*"All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! Unheard of bolls and plagues
Plaster you o'er,"* &c.

The whole difficulty seem to have been produced by a strange lapse on the part of the old printer.

—"Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish."—Act I., Scene 4.

In the country of the Volces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city, and of most fame, that was called Coriotes; before the which the consul Cominius did lay siege. Whereupon all the other Volces, fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts; and, taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country: and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time), to resist those who would make any sally out of the city upon them.

So the Coriolans, making small account of them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them; in the which at the first the Coriolans had the better, and drove the Romans back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at that time, running out of the camp with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden; crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight, with a loud voice. For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be:—not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice and grimness of his countenance.—PLUTARCH.

It will be seen, that in speaking of Marcius as "a soldier even to Cato's wish," the poet inadvertently attributes to Lartius, what was in fact a remark of the biographer. The old copy has "*Cato's wish*;" but this is, doubtless, a misprint.

*"Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd."*—Act I., Scene 4.

Here a difficulty has arisen, why "four" were to draw out his command, and many notes have been written upon the question.

We print the passage, as we find it amended, which shews that the scribe or the compositor (most likely the former in this instance) was to blame:—

*"Please you march before,
And I shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd."*

*"Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy."*—Act I., Scene 8.

This cannot be right, inasmuch as, taking "envy" even in the sense of *hate*, Aufidius could hardly mean that he abhorred the fame and the hate of Marcius: the printer made a slight error by mistaking the pronoun *I* for the contraction of the conjunction; therefore the old corrector reads,—

*"Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I envy."*

*"If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds."*—Act I., Scene 9.

There the consul Cominius, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victory. Then he spoke to Martius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, both for that he himself saw him do with his eyes, also for that Lartius had reported unto him.

So in the end he willed Martius that he should choose, out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goods they had won (whereof there was great store), ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to others. Besides this great, honorable offer he had made him, he gave him, in testimony that he had won that day the price of prowess above all other, a goodly horse with a caparison, and all furniture to him; which the whole army beholding, did marvelously praise and commend. But Martius, stepping forth, told the consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man, besides, that his services had deserved his general's recommendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honorable recompense, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers.—PLUTARCH.

"I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint."—Act II., Scene 1.

What is "the first complaint" in connection with Menenius's love for "a cup of hot wine?" It is merely an error from mishearing on the part of the copyist; for, undoubtedly, we ought to alter "first" to *thirst*,—"the thirst complaint":—

"One that loves a cup of hot wine, without a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect in favoring the thirst complaint."

*"Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?"*—Act II., Scene 1.

Menenius probably means to infer that the tribune's rule is not without an exception; and that the people are not, in the particular referred to, more discriminating than the wolf.

"You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs."
Act II., Scene 1.

To "make a leg," was the phrase for bowing. It probably alluded to the practice (still preserved in the representation of rustics) of scraping backward with the left leg, at the time of bending the body.

*"Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him."*—Act II., Scene 1.

A note in the folio, 1682, induces us to believe that Shakespeare did not use the term "chats" at all, and that the word has been mis-

printed, the compositor taking *ce* for *a*, and *i* (the commonest blunder) for *r*:—

*"Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she cheers him."*

This change is quite consistent with the context.

*"This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,"* &c.—Act II., Scene 1.

The right word was neither "teach" nor *reach*, but a word much better adapted to the situation than either:—

*"This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people,"* &c.

i. e., shall gall or irritate them. This use of *touch* is common in Shakespeare and other writers.

— *"It then remains
That you do speak to the people."*—Act II., Scene 2.

Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship; and the common people favored his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noblemen of blood and most worthy person of Rome; and especially him that had done so great service and good to the Commonwealth. For the custom of Rome was at that time, that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election: which was thus devised, either to move the people the more, by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else, because they might shew them their wounds they had gotten in the wars, in the service of the Commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness.—PLUTARCH.

"Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here," &c.
Act II., Scene 3.

The first folio has "tongue," instead of "toge." The same error occurs in that version of "OTHELLO," where "tongued consuls" is printed for "toged consuls." The meaning of the term "woolvish" has occasioned much controversy: it appears most probable that the poet supposed, whether erroneously or not, that the candidate had to stand in a garment of woolen material—"the gown of humility."

— *"What stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius (Numa's daughter's son)
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither:
And Censorinus, darling of the people
(And nobly named so, twice being censor),
Was his great ancestor."*—Act II., Scene 3.

The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages; whereof Ancus Martius was one (King Numa's daughter's son), who was King of Rome after Tullius Hostilius. Of the same house was Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome the best water they had, by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice; through whose persuasion they made a law that no man from thence forth might require or enjoy the censorship twice.—PLUTARCH.

The poet, in the quoted passage, failed to note accurately the expressions of the biographer. Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. The line—

"And Censorinus, darling of the people,"

was supplied by Pope; an evident deficiency occurring in the original edition.

*"In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition."*

Act III., Scene 1.

Cockle is a weed which grows up with and chokes the corn. The word is found in "NORTH'S PLUTARCH," as also the general tenor of the speech in which it is used.

*—"So shall my lungs
Oin words till they decay, against those measles."*

Act III., Scene 1.

Measel or Mesell, is the old term for a leper; From the French *measelle*,

*"O, good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall' (being but
The horn and noise of the monsters, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity."*—Act III., Scene 1.

Trusting to the corrector of the folio, 1632, we ought hereafter to give the passage as follows:—

*"O, good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall' (being but
The horn and noise of the monster) wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your impotence: if none, revoke
Your dangerous bounty."*

*—"In a better hour,
Let what is meet be said 'it must be met,'
And throw their power & the dust."*—Act III., Scene 1.

That is, "let it be said by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be done: i. e. *shall* be done."—MALONE.

*"Our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enrolled
In Jove's own book."*—Act III., Scene 1.

"Deserved" is here used for "deserving." As in "OTHELLO," we have "delighted" for "delighting." These discrepancies of termination were frequent before the language was finally formed.

"This is clean kam."—Act III., Scene 1.

"Kam" is an obsolete word, signifying crooked or awry. In the text, the term is used figuratively, meaning "not to the purpose."

*"Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy?"*—Act III., Scene 1.

Corrections in the folio, 1632, call upon us to read thus:—

*"Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multitude digest
The senate's courtesy?"*

*—"Waving thy head,
Which often—thus,—correcting thy stout heart."*

Act III., Scene 2.

Waving thy head" seems here meant to express the act of bending. As in "HAMLET:—"

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"And thrice his head thus waving up and down."

In the second line of the quotation, Volumnia must be supposed to express in action the gesture she recommends to her son.

"Must I go show them my unbarbed scence?"—Act III., Scene 2.

"Unbarbed" signifies unarmed or uncovered. A barbed steed was one covered with trappings.

"Pray be counsel'd."

*I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."*—Act III., Scene 2.

To what was Volumnia's heart "as little apt" as that of Coriolanus? The insertion of a missing line (the absence of which has not hitherto been suspected) enables us to give the answer:—

*"I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."*

"First hear me speak."—Act III., Scene 3.

So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him; and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear to hear what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation than purge his innocency) but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look therewithal so grimly as though he made no reckoning of the matter.

This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it; and their hate and malice grew so toward him, that they could no longer bear nor endure his bravery and careless boldness. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruellest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the Tribunes to die. Then presently he commanded the seditious to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpein, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the seditious came to lay hands upon Martius to do what they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed.—PLUTARCH.

*"I have been consul, and can show for Rome,
Her enemies marks upon me."*—Act III., Scene 3.

The old copy here reads "from Rome." There can scarcely be a doubt of the propriety of the alteration. In other parts of the play we find:—

"So banish him that struck more blows for Rome."

And again:—

"Good man! the wounds that he does bear for Rome."

"You common cry of ours?"—Act III., Scene 3.

"Cry" here signifies a troop or pack. A "cry of hounds" was formerly a common term.

*—"Have the power still
To banish your defenders: till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels),
Making but reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows!"*—Act III., Scene 3.

That is, "Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly leave none in the city but yourselves; when, for want of skillful leaders, you will become an easy prey to any hostile force."

—“*Fortune's blows*

*When most struck home, being gentle, wounded, craves
A noble cunning.*—Act IV., Scene 1.

The sense is, When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. Coriolanus calls calmness cunning, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy.—JOHNSON.

Cunning is here, as was generally the case in former times, used synonymously with skill or wisdom.

“*Sic. Are you mankind?*

Vol. Ay, fool: is that a shame?—*Note but this fool:—
Was not a man my father?*—Act IV., Scene 2.

The term “mankind,” as applied to women, meant force or ferocious. It is so used in the “WINTER’S TALE,” where Leontes calls Paulina “a mankind witch.”—Volumnia, in her reply, takes the word in its present received sense.

“*A goodly city is this Antium.*—*City,
’T is I that made thy widows.*—Act IV., Scene 4.

It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius’ house; and when he came thither, he got him straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence. Whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came.

Then Martius unmuffled himself; and after he had paused awhile (making no answer), he said unto him, “If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity betray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Voices generally, great hurt and mischief; which I cannot deny, for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear: for I never had other benefit nor recompense of the true and painful service I had done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname: a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed, the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envy and the cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people.”—PLUTARCH.

“*O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,*” &c.
Act IV., Scene 4.

This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet makes Coriolanus enter into with Aufidius; and a no less artful apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.—WARBURTON.

—“*Here I clip
The anvil of my sword.*—Act IV., Scene 5.

To clip is to embrace. Aufidius calls Coriolanus the anvil of his sword, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.

—“*I think he’ll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.*—Act IV., Scene 7.

There was formerly a popular notion that the osprey exercised a fascinating power over his finy prey. Drayton alludes to it:—

“Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.”

“*First he was*

*A noble servant to them: but he could not
Carry his honors even. Whether ’t was pride,*” &c.

Act IV., Scene 7.

Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus:—pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success: unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories: a stubborn uniformity of nature which could not make the proper transition “from the casque to the cushion,” or chair of civil authority, but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.—JOHNSON.

—“*But he has a merit*

*To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.*—Act IV., Scene 7.

That is, He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it.—JOHNSON.

Of the latter part of the quotation, Warburton says:—“The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations.” There is probably some corruption in the original text.

—“*Go, you that banished him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy.*—Act V., Scene 1.

In reference to the word “knee” in this passage, it is stated by an intelligent, though sometimes hasty contemporary, that “the second folio, which has been followed in all other editions, has the less expressive word *kneel*.” The point is of very little importance, but it so happens that we have immediately at hand two copies in which the word *knee* is used, and not *kneel*. These are, a reprint of Malone’s edition of 1790 (Dublin, 1794); and Ayscough’s (1791). The number might, no doubt, be easily multiplied to any required amount.

Our contemporary is entitled to credit for perfect good faith; but he appears to be inadvertently in the habit of supposing many defects universal, or nearly so, which in fact appertain to those versions only that are too confidently founded on the latter editions of Steevens and Reed: the last more especially, which was published in 1803.

“*He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold,*” &c.—Act V., Scene 1.

This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings.—WARBURTON.

—“*What he would do,
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.*”

Act V., Scene 1.

No satisfactory solution has been given of the latter part of this passage. Probably “his conditions” may mean the conditions he had before prescribed. Mr. Singer plausibly proposes to read “no conditions.” A misprint in the original copy may reasonably be suspected.

—“*Nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have stumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamped the leasing.*—Act V., Scene 2.

By a subtle ground, is probably meant a deceiving ground.—“Stamped the leasing,” means, “I have almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current.”

*"My wife comes foremost: then the honored mould
Wherein this trunk was framed; and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood."* — Act V., Scene 3.

She (Volumnia) took her daughter-in-law, and Martius's children with her; and, being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together into the Volces' camp: whom when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man amongst them that once durst say a word unto her.

Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honors of a general; and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvel'd what the matter meant: but afterwards, knowing his wife, which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancor. But, overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them: and first he kissed his mother and embraced her a pretty while; then his wife and little children; and nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift-running stream. — PLUTARCH.

*"Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Via. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so."* — Act V., Scene 3.

Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, "These eyes are not the same;" meaning that he saw things with other eyes or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word eyes, to turn his attention to their present appearance. — JOHNSON.

*"Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!"* — Act V., Scene 3.

A flaw is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind. The word is not obsolete, as stated in Todd's "JOHNSON." It will be found in the interesting "Journal" of Captain Hall (1824, vol. 1, p. 4); and in Captain Lyon's "Narrative of his attempt to reach Repulse Bay" (1824). — SINGER.

Hamlet, it will be recollected, speaks of "the winter's flaw."

— *"Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you."* — Act V., Scene 3.

Plutarch states, that a temple, dedicated to the "Fortune of the Ladies," was built on this occasion by order of the senate.

*"He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary."* — Act V., Scene 5.

To wage, formerly meant to pay or reward. The meaning is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his counten-

ance for my wages: — thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks.

*"Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier:
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence."* — Act V., Scene 5.

Now when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him, for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away; thinking that, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again, under Tullus, being general (whose authority was greater otherwise than any other among all the Volces), answered he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volces if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it: and moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it.

The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly there were certain orators appointed that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had told their tales, Martius rode up to make them answer. — Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvelous great noise, yet when they saw him, for the reverence they bear unto his valiantness, they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who rejoiced in peace, shewed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience.

Whereupon Tullus, — fearing that if he did let him speak, he would prove his innocency to the people, because, amongst other things, he had an eloquent tongue: besides that the first good service he had done to the people of the Volces did win him more favor than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure: and furthermore, the offense they laid to his charge was a testimony of the goodwill they owed him (for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that he took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking it by means of his approach and conduction): — for these causes, Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretense and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutinying and rising of the common people against him. Wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volces; who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words, they all fell upon him and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him. — PLUTARCH.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Introductory Remarks.

JULIUS CÆSAR, like **CORIOLANUS**, belongs to that class of dramas which represent action and character, and stands conspicuously prominent amongst the many similar productions of Shakspeare's wondrous mind. What an elevated tone of thought, feeling, and expression, pervades the whole of this play: how admirably suited to the scene of action, and to the great men who were the actors: how fitly does all seem to belong to the stern, the awful glories of old Rome! We can almost fancy that we stand upon the Capitoline Hill, and behold the splendors of the eternal city spreading far and wide beneath us: that we see the procession of Cæsar to the Lupercalian games, and the toged senators mounting the steps of the senate-house: that we hear the uproarious shoutings of the mighty mob of Rome: —

"That Tyber trembles underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of their sounds
Made in her concave shores."

But superior even to the reality of the general effect, — to the power of carrying back the imagination to remote ages and events, — is the remarkable individuality of character exhibited in this great tragedy: one of the most distinguished characteristics of the mighty master's mind, but never more powerfully and subtly displayed. Observe all the principal characters: and, without any violent contrasts (the easy and too common trick of dramatic writing), see how completely distinctive in their natures, how delicately and skillfully discriminated, each from the others, they are, in thought, sentiment, and diction! How soon do we perceive the striking difference of nature and disposition between Brutus and Cassius, and the immense superiority of Brutus! Cassius is evidently actuated, in his hostility to Cæsar, quite as much by envy of the man, as by a patriotic dread of the consequences of his overgrown power. The mere existence of that power he evidently thinks less dangerous to commonweal, than that it should be vested in one man; he appears to have a lurking wish to be a sharer in it. Brutus is the living personification of all that is noble, elevated, kindly, and generous in human nature; never appearing to think of self but in connection of his kind: but Cassius, with all his high qualities, is well described by Cæsar as one of those who are "never at heart's ease, whiles they behold a greater than themselves." Brutus, perceiving no stains on the bright surface of his own clear mind, suspects them not in that of his fellows: but Cassius, conscious that much of the world's craft enters into his composition, is quick to detect craft in others.

With the same masterly skill are drawn the characters of Julius Cæsar and Marc Antony, as far as the plan of the play allowed: the scene in which Antony delivers his oration over Cæsar's body has ever been regarded as one of the poet's master-pieces in dramatic effect, vigor, and subtlety. The intense reality of this scene is truly marvelous. It is as though the author had been on the actual spot, heard the actual words, and beheld the actual effects he has so vividly recorded. We can see the influence of Antony's most artful harangue gradually diffuse itself over the rude multitude. With what consummate tact and address does he at first command their attention, and conciliate their regards, by eulogising "Brutus and the rest" — the very men against whom he wishes to raise that "flood of mutiny" he so artfully affects to deprecate! How admirably, too, he times the reproduction of Cæsar's will, when they, in their excited rage, have forgotten it; — in order that no one motive should be wanting to incite them against the conspirators: so managing, as to make it the uppermost idea in their minds, that they were hastening to avenge the death of their especial benefactor.

Amidst all our admiration of this entire play, Brutus must, however, always rank as its greatest and most interesting character. Farewell to thee, noble, gentle Brutus! deeply, bitterly, must all true lovers of thy humane philosophy regret, that thy great and kindly mind should ever have become engaged in the violent and turbulent scenes of the times in which thou hadst the misfortune to live; scenes so unsuited to thy good and gracious nature; and heartily must all join in the poet's estimate of thy character —

"This was the noblest Roman of them all!"

Plutarch's Lives of Brutus, Antony, and Cæsar, furnished the incidents of this surpassing drama: the period of time comprised in the action is about two years. "**JULIUS CÆSAR**" was first published in the original folio, and is obviously a production of the Poet's intellect in its maturer years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Triumvirs after the death of Ju-
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } LIUS CÆSAR.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS, }
CASCA, }
TREBONIUS, }
LIGARIUS, }
DECIVS BRUTUS, }
METELLUS CIMBER, }
CINNA, }
Conspirators against JULIUS
CÆSAR.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CARO, and VOLU-
NIUS, Friends to BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,
Servants to BRUTUS.

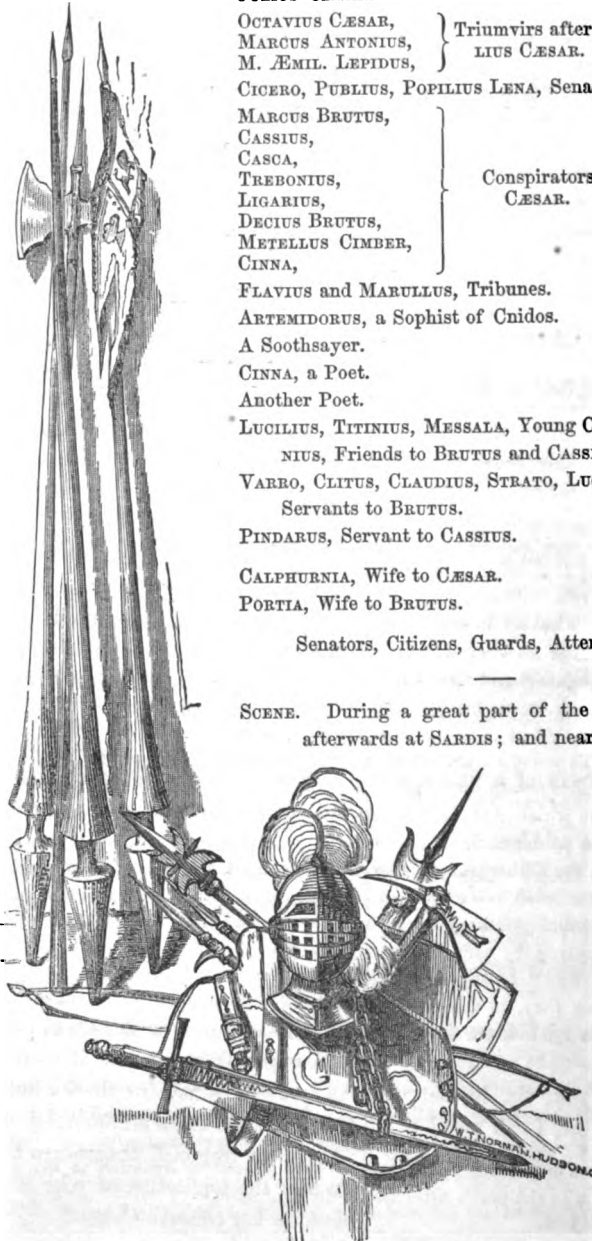
PINDARUS, Servant to CASSIUS.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to CÆSAR.

PORTIA, Wife to BRUTUS.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE. During a great part of the Play, At ROME;
afterwards at SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.



Julius Caesar.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence: home, you idle creatures; get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1st Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2nd Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use
with a safe conscience: which is indeed, sir, a
mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2nd Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out
with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me,
thou saucy fellow?

2nd Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with
the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters,

nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed,
sir, a surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great
danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever
trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-
work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to
get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we
make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his
triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? —
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? — Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire;
And do you now cull out a holiday;
And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? —
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees;
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this
fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, who 'r their basest metal be not moved!
They vanish, tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter: let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great Crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia, —

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Calphurnia: —

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius: —

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren touch'd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterility.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is performed.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: — peace yet
again. [*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "Cæsar." Speak: Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March!

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: —
pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you do

Bru. I am not gamester: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors:
But let not therefore, my good friends be grieved
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one),
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion :

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I (your glass)
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius : yet I love him well. —

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :

For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story. —

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life : but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born as free as Cæsar ; so were you :

We both have fed as well ; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, — “ Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ? ” — Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so indeed he did.

The torrent roared, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,

Cæsar cried, — “ Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man

Is now become a god ! and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him !

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake : — 't is true, this god did shake :

His coward lips did from their color fly ;

And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world

Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas ! it cried, — “ Give me some drink, Titinius : ”

As a sick girl ! Ye gods, it doth amaze me

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar : [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed :
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;

What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear ; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
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Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. — But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale : and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius :

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look :
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous :
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter : — but I fear him not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves 'no plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand (for this ear is deaf),
And tell me truly what thou thinkst of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.* CASCA stays behind.]

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak : would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, *Casca* : tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That *Cæsar* looks so sad ?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him : and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, — thus : and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice ; every time gentler than other : and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown ; — yet 't was not a crown neither, t' was one of these coronets ; — and, as I told you, he put it by once : but for all that, to my thinking he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but to my thinking he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because *Cæsar* refused the crown, that it had almost choked *Cæsar* ; for he swooned and fell down at it : and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you : — what ! did *Cæsar* swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like : he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not ; but you and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut : — an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues : — and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, " Alas, good soul ! " and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them : if *Cæsar* had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away ?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say anything ?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect ?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads : but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar*'s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca* ?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good : I will expect you.

Casca. Do so : farewell both. [Exit.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be ! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you :

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you : or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so :—till then, think of the
world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble : yet I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed. Therefore 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. — I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we shall shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *The same. A Street. Thunder
and lightning.*

*Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword
drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar
home ?

Why are you breathless ; and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway
of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

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Casca. A common slave (you know him well by
sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear : who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons ; — they are natural :"
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-form'd faculties,
To monstrous quality; — why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. — Now could I,

Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean: is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our father's minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mother's spirits:
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger,
then:

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,

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That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! — But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman. Then I know
My answer must be made: but I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favored like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca: one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is
this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange
sights.

Cas. Am I not stayed for? Tell me. .

Cin. Yes, you are.

O, Cassius, If you could but win the noble
Brutus

To our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find
us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metullus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already: and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's
hearts:

And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth, and our great need of
him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius: ho! —

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say. What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Called you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him.
But for the general. He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? —
That —

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him

That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatched, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found

This paper, thus sealed up ; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

Opens the letter, and reads.

"Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !
Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake !"—

Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out :
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What,
Rome !

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress !" — Am I entreated
To speak and strike ? — O Rome ! I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate : somebody
knocks. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir : their hats are plucked about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by
night,
When evils are most free ? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none,
Conspiracy ;
Hide it in smiles and affability :
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, CINNA, METEL-
LUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
Good-morrow, Brutus : do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour ; awake all
night.

Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man
here

But honors you : and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca ; this Cinna ;
And this Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day
break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, sir, it doth : and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both de-
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed :
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steal with valor
The melting spirits of women : then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress : what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter : and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs : unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero : shall we sound him ?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out. •

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him ; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not ; let us not break with
him :

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only
Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged. — I think it is not
meet

Marc Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver : and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Marc Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar, —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him ;
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself ; — take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports and wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die :
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace : count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
 Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
 It may be these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustomed terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
 I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
 That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does ; being then most flattered.
 Let me work :

For I can give his humor the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
 him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metullus, go along by him.
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons :
 Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us. We 'll leave
 you, Brutus : —

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all re-
 member

What you have said, and shew yourselves true Ro-
 mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily :
 Let not our looks put on our purposes :
 But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits and formal constancy :
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy : Lucius ! — Fast asleep ! It is no matter :
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men :
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you : wherefore rise
 you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
 Brutus,

Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose and walked about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across :
 And when I asked you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urged you further ; then you scratched your head,
 And too impatiently stamped with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answered not ;
 But with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seemed too much enkindled ; and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep :
 And could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear, my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ; and is it physical
 To walk unbracéd, and suck up the humors
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurgéd air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus :
 You have some sick offense within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : and upon my knees
 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, — yourself, your half, —
 Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you : for here have been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, -
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation:
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife:
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, — Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Toll me your counsels; I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark! hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee;
All the charactery of my sad brows. —
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of. —
Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick.

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand,
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. A Room in CÆSAR'S
Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" — Who's
within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threatened me

Ne'er looked but on my back: when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies; Yet now they fright me. There is one within (Besides the things that we have heard and seen) Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets; And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol: The noise of battle hurtled in the air; Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan; And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided, Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods? Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen:

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths:

The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear:

Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice: Cæsar should be a beast without a heart, If he should stay at home to-day for fear. No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well That Cæsar is more dangerous than he. We were two lions littered in one day, And I the elder and more terrible: And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord, Your wisdom is consumed in confidence. Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Marc Antony to the senate-house, And he shall say you are not well to-day. Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Marc Antony shall say I am not well; And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus: he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, To bear my greeting to the senators, And tell them that I will not come to-day. Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falsen. I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far, To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth? Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause, Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come. That is enough to satisfy the senate: But for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know: Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts, Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. And these does she apply for warnings, portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted :
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tincture, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say :

And know 't now : — the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides it were a
mock

Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
“Break up the senate till another time
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“Lo, Cæsar is afraid?”

Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them. —
Give me my robe, for I will go : —
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius. —

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too? —
Good-morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean. —
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesies.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up : — good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for. —
Now, Cinna : now, Metellus : what, Trebonius !
I have an hour's talk in store for you :
Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will : — and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The same. A Street near the
Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

“Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;
come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not
Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus
loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about
your security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty
gods defend thee ! Thy lover,

“ARTEMIDORUS.”

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live :
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The same. Another part of the
same Street, before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'y thee, boy, run to the senate-house :
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone : —
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side :
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else :
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes ; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,
For he went sickly forth. And take good note
What Cæsar doth : what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'y thee, listen well :
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow :
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended
towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be ; much that I
fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in. — Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure the boy heard me : — Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. — O, I grow faint ! —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord :
Say I am merry. Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Rome. *The Capitol ; the Senate
sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the
Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the
Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS,
CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBO-
NIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS,
PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March have come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! — Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

j

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a
suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar : read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the
street ?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All
the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished, to-day, our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus, He draws Marc Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss, That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart: — [*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood That will be thawed from the true quality With that which melteth fools: I mean, sweet words,

Low-crookéd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banishéd; If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause Will he be satisfied.

Mec. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banished brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon!

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved if I were as you: If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fixed and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks; They are all fire, and every one doth shine: But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So in the world: 't is furnished well with men; And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet, in the number, I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshaked of motion: and that I am he Let me a little shew it, even in this: That I was constant Cimber should be banished, And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar! —

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar! —

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæs. Et tu Brute? — Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.* The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! — Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing: — Publius, good
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cos. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and
run,

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures. —
That we shall die we know: 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why he that cuts off twenty years of
life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. — How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of An-
tony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel;

Thus did Marc Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: —
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Marc Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. — So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony. — Welcome,
Marc Antony.

Re-eter ANTONY.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not : they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Marc An-
tony :

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand : —
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you :
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand :
Now, Decius Brutus, yours : now yours, Metellus :
Yours, Cinna : and, my valiant Casca, yours :
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebo-
nius.

Gentlemen all, — alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O 't is true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius ! — Here wast thou bayed,
brave hart ;

Here didst thou fall : and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart :
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Marc Antony, —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so :
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, in-
deed,

Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Marc Antony.

Cas. [*aside*]. Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do : do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon :
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission :
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall : I like it not.

Bru. Marc Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say you do't by our permission :
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so :

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men :
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war ;
All pity choaked with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock !" and let slip the dogs of war :
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion-men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Marc Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
O Cæsar ! —

[*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
weep.

Passion, I see is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanced.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet :
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile :
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men :
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of
Citizens.*

Cit. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied !

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends. —

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here :
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him :
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1st Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd Cit. I will hear Cassius : and compare
their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3rd Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended : si-
lence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my
cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe
me for mine honor ; and have respect to mine
honor, that you may believe : censure me in your
wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may
the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,
any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Bru-
tus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then,
that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar,

this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? — As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him: as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. — Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. — I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body mourned by Marc Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, — a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? — With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1st Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2nd Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3rd Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4th Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1st Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2nd Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And for my sake stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories: which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1st Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Marc Antony.

3rd Cit. Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him, — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholden to you.

4th Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3rd Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4th Cit. 'T were best to speak no harm of Brutus there.

1st Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3rd Cit. Nay that's certain:

We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Cit. Peace: let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him:

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interréd with their bones:

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown;

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And sure he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2nd Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3rd Cit. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4th Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown:

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2nd Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3rd Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet; 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills;
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We'll hear the will. Read it, Marc Antony.

Cit. The will; the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends: I must not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you; it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs:
For if you should, O what would come of it!

4th Cit. Read the will: we will hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors. Honorable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2nd Cit. They were villains; murderers. The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend; and will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2nd Cit. Descend. [*He comes from the pulpit.*]

3rd Cit. You shall have leave.

4th Cit. A ring; stand round!

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body!

2nd Cit. Room for Antony: most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed:
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms
Quite vanquished him. Then burst this mighty
heart:

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? — Look you here!
Here is himself, marred as you see with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2nd Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3rd Cit. O woful day!

4th Cit. O traitors, villains!

1st Cit. O most bloody sight!

2nd Cit. We will be revenged. Revenge!
about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! —
Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2nd Cit. We'll hear him; we'll follow him;
we'll die with him!

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honor-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood. I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know:
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, (poor, poor dumb
mouths!)

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny!

1st Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3rd Cit. Away, then: come, seek the conspir-
ators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen: yet hear me
speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble An-
tony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what?

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas! you know not: I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true: — the will! let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2nd Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his
death.

3rd Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever: common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1st Cit. Never, never! — Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2nd Cit. Go, fetch fire!

3rd Cit. Pluck down benches!

4th Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything!

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art
afoot;

Take thou what course thou wilt. — How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1st Cit. What is your name?

2nd Cit. Whither are you going?

3rd Cit. Where do you dwell?

4th Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2nd Cit. Answer every man directly?

1st Cit. Ay, and briefly.

4th Cit. Ay, and wisely.

3rd Cit. Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name : whither am I going :
where do I dwell : am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly : — wisely, I say I am a bachelor.

2nd Cit. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry : you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1st Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2nd Cit. That matter is answered directly.

4th Cit. For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3rd Cit. Your name, sir; truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1st Cit. Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

4th Cit. Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses!

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2nd Cit. It is no matter; his name's Cinna : pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going!

3rd Cit. Tear him : tear him! — Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius' : burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Rome. *A Room in ANTONY's House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die : their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother, too, must die : consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent —

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

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Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Marc Antony.

Ant. He shall not live : look with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house : Fetch the will hither, and we will determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

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Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The threefold world divided, ~~he~~ should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to
die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than
you:
And though we lay these honors on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go
forth.

A barren-spirited fellow: one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretched
out;

And let us presently go sit in council
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies:
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp
near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting
them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius: is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pin-
darus,

In his own change or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quartered:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho!—Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs:

And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content:

Speak your griefs softly:—I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians:
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm:
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or by the gods this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember?

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me:

I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to: you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man.

Cas. Is't possible!

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break:

Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge;
Must I observe you; must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me,
Brutus :
I said, an elder soldier, not a better. —
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace : you durst not so have
tempted him ?

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love :
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats :
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied
me : —

For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ! — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions ;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cas-
sius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath
rived my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come ;

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius ;
For Cassius is aware of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth ! — O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast : within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth :
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar : for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire :
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus ! —

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me

When that rash humor which my mother gave
me

Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes Cassius ; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*]

Poet [*within*]. Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between them: 't is not
meet

They be alone.

Luc. [*within*]. You shall not come to them.

Poet [*within*]. Nothing but death shall stay
me.

Enter POET.

Cas. How now; what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you
mean?

Love and be friends, as two such men should be:
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha! ha! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor when he knows his
time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away: be gone. [*Exit POET.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: — Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you
so? —

O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence:
And grief that young Octavius with Marc Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her
death

That tidings came: — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl
of wine:

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius: — welcome, good
Messala. —

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you. —
Messala, I have here received letters

That young Octavius and Marc Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That, by proscription and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions; Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. —
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That methinks is strange.

Bru. Why ask you : hear you aught of her in yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell, Portia. — We must die, Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you ;
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'T is better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection ;
For they have grudged us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged :
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends ;
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day :
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on :
We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow we will rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown, [Exit LUCIUS.

Farewell, good Messala : —

Good night, Titinius : — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night ?
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. } Good night, lord Brutus.
Mes. }

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not : thou art o'er-
watched.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men :
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep :
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good
sirs :

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. —

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so :
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy ; I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much ; but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might :

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep
again :

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

Music, and a Song.

This is a sleepy tune : — O murderous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ? — Gentle knave, good
night :

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument :

I'll take it from thee : and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see : is not the leaf turned
down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

How ill this taper burns ! — Ha ! who comes
here ?

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me ! — Art thou anything ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well : then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. —

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —

Boy ! Lucius ! — Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !
Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. —
Lucius, awake !

Luc. My lord ?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out ?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : didst thou see any-
thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius !
Fellow thou, awake !

Clau. My lord !

Var. My lord !

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep ?

Var. } Did we, my lord ?

Clau. }

Bru. Ay : saw you anything ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cas-
sius :

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. } It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]
Clau. }

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so : their battles are at hand :
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places : and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage :
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[March.]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their
Army ; LUCINIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and
others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and
talk.

Oct. Marc Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar ; we will answer on their charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

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Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown :
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too :

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile
daggers

Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You shewed your teeth like apes, and fawned like
hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damn'd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! — Now, Brutus, thank your-
self :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ; I draw a sword against conspirators :

When think you that sword goes up again ? —

Never till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds

Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors'
hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope :

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor;

Joined with a masker and a reveler.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala, —

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day: as this very day Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compelled to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perched,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone:

And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly:

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

1

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determinéd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself: — I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life: — arming myself with patience,

To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph

Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,

That every Brutus will go bound to Rome:

He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work the ides of March began;

And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:

For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why we shall smile:

If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:

If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. — O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala! ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side:

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala! let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. — *The same. Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O look, Titinius! look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back:
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord; fly further off:
Marc Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius; fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. — Look, look,
Titinius!

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again: that I may rest assured
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again even with a thought.
[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —
[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end:
My life is run his compass, — Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [above]. O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur:
Yet he spurs on. — Now they are almost on him:
Now, Titinius! — Now some 'light: — O, he 'lights
too: —

He's ta'en: — and hark! they shout for joy.

[*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down: behold no more. —
O, coward that I am, to live so long
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

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Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner:
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath:

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts:
And when my face is covered, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee! [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free: yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No: this was he, Messala;
But Cassius is no more. — O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come: our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon con-
ceived,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus; where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say, thrusting it:
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pandarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me giv't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow:
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, gods: — this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth this body
lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look whe'r he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato: let us to the field. —
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on. —
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies:
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field: —

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus, I:
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for
Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is over-
powered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

1st Sold. Yield, or thou diest!

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight:

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

1st Sold. We must not. — A noble prisoner!

2nd Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en.

1st Sold. I'll tell the news. — Here come the
general: —

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en; Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony: Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend : but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe ;
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead :
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. — *Another part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cl. Statilius shewed the torch-light ; but, my lord,

He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Citus. Slaying is the word :

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Citus : —

[Whispering.]

Cl. What, I, my lord ! No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then ; no words.

Cl. I'd rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius : — *[Whispers him.]*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed !

Cl. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me

Two several times by night : at Sardis once ;

And this last night, here in Philippi' fields.

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

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Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school to-
gether :

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ; — and you ; — and you,
Volumnius. —

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep :

Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Marc Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history :

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would
rest,

That have but labored to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within ; "Fly, fly, fly !"

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru. Hence : I will follow.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I pr'y thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Str. Give me your hand first : fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. — Cæsar, now be
still :

I killed not thee with half so good a will !

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy
master ?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-
sala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him :

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. —

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then, take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar :
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him ;
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably. —

So call the field to rest : and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*



*"Have you not made an universal shoul,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks?"* — Act I, Scene 1.

Drayton, in his "POLYOLBION," frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the preëminent power of the stream. Spenser, more classically, represents them as males.

Of the address to the plebeians in which the quoted passage occurs, Mr. Campbell eloquently remarks, "It can be no great exaggeration to say, that these lines in the speech of Marullus are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ."

— *"Let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies."* — Act I, Scene 1.

There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems on their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down. — PLUTARCH (North's Translation).

*"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleekheaded men, and such as sleep o' nights."* — Act I, Scene 2.

Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks." Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads (quoth he), I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carron-lean people, I fear them most:" meaning Brutus and Cassius. — PLUTARCH.

*"A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn."*
Act I, Scene 3.

Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hand, inasmuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. — PLUTARCH.

— *"Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it."* — Act I, Scene 3.

For Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumors of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drove the kings out of Rome), they wrote, "O that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!" And again, "That thou wert here among us now!" His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills: — "Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!" — PLUTARCH.

*"The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council."* — Act II, Scene 1.

Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom; the insurrection which a conspirator feels agitating the little kingdom of

his own mind, when the genius (or power that watches for his protection), and the mortal instruments (the passions) which excite him to a deed of honor and danger, are in council and debate: when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. — JOHNSON.

"Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door." — Act II, Scene 1.

Junia, the sister of Brutus was married to Cassius.

*"I can o'erway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes."*

Act II, Scene 1.

Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him; so that the unicorn's horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter. There is a similar allusion in Spencer's "FAIRY QUEEN," (b. II., c. 5). Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. — STEVENS.

*"I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife."* — Act II, Scene 1.

I being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee, not to be thy companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot; but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. — PLUTARCH.

"And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead."
Act II, Scene 2.

This line recalls a passage in "HAMLET:" —

*"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."*

*"Por. I pry'y thee, boy, run to the senate-house:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?"*

LUC. To know my errand, madam." — Act II, Scene 3.

Perturbation of mind is admirably expressed in "KING RICHARD III.," as here by Portia: —

*"Rich. Dull, unmindful villain!
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Out. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure."*

"Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Caesar!"—Act III., Scene 1.

Suetonius relates that, according to some authorities, Caesar exclaimed in Greek, as Brutus approached to stab him, "And thou, my son?" He makes no mention of the Latin phrase attributed to him in the text, neither does Plutarch, who states that the conspirators "compassed him on every side, with their swords drawn in their hands, that Caesar turned him nowhere but he was stricken by some. Men report also, that Caesar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body; but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance."

The often-quoted words probably appeared for the first time in the earlier Latin play on the subject, by Dr. Eedes.

"There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else."—Act III., Scene 1.

The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes that, in the Saxon, even four negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification.—STEVENS.

"Cry 'Havock!' and let slip the dogs of war."—Act III., Scene 1.

In military operations of old, the word "havock" signified that no quarter should be given. By the "dogs of war," are probably meant famine, sword, and fire. As in "KING HENRY V.:"—

"Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment."

"Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here."
Act III., Scene 2.

A great number of men being assembled together, one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favor of the people, and to justify what they had done. All those that were by, said they had done well, and cried unto them that they boldly came down from the Capitol: whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honorably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city.—PLUTARCH.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."—Act III., Scene 2.

Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault: for the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow-conspirators that Antonius should be slain; and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Caesar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them; the which indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Caesar's testament was openly read amongst them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, seventy-five drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbors unto the people which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvelous sorry for him.—PLUTARCH.

"I am not Cinna the conspirator."—Act III., Scene 3.

"Through a most extraordinary license, or indolence in the collation of copies, this entire line is omitted in all modern editions."—PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

The line in question was first, probably, omitted in the last edition of Stevens and Reed (1803); at least we have found it in all those earlier copies that have hitherto fallen in our way. We will, therefore, merely mention four editions of subsequent date, and of no

extraordinary pretensions, in which we have observed the line supposed by our contemporary to be "omitted in all modern editions." These are,—Whittingham's (7 vols., Chiswick, 1814); Hurst and Robinson's (2 vols., 1819); Fraser and Crawford's (Edinb., 1 vol., 1838; Orr, London); Sherwood's (London Stage edition, 1 vol., 1825). These copies have all come casually under our notice, and there are doubtless many others that give the line quoted: at the same time, it must be admitted that we have also seen several in which it is wanting. Our contemporary has unwittingly fallen into so many mistakes as to be supposed errors of all preceding modern editions, particularly with reference to the three great Roman plays, that it is but fair towards others to enter a general caution on the subject, without impeaching the special merits of the critic alluded to.

"Most noble brother, you have done me wrong."—Act IV., Scene 2.

About this time, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both Emperors.

Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. They then began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping.—PLUTARCH.

"By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection!"—Act IV., Scene 3.

This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For "to wring" implies both to get unjustly, and to use force in getting; and "hard hands" signify both the peasant's great labor and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold.—WARBURTON.

"Cas. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRU. I do not till you practice them on me."

Act IV., Scene 3.

The meaning is this:—"I do not look for your faults: I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice by practising them on me."—JOHNSON.

"What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?"
Act IV., Scene 3.

By "jiggling fools" is meant silly poets. A jig signified (as mentioned in the notes to "HAMLET," Act II.) a metrical composition, as well as a dance.

—"With this she fell distract,
And her attendants absent, swallowed fire."

Act IV., Scene 3.

And for Portia, Brutus's wife, Nicholas the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself.—PLUTARCH.

"BRU. Speak to me what thou art.
GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus."—Act IV., Scene 3.

As they prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumor that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him.

Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. * * * After he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night

in despatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him.

So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest), as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, "I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes." Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, "Well, then, I shall see thee again."

The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day broke he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night. — PLUTARCH.

"They mean to warn us at Philippi here." — Act V., Scene 1.

"To warn" meant formerly to summon, as well as to caution. As in "KING JOHN": —

"Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?"

And in "KING RICHARD III.": —

"And sent to warn them to his royal presence."

"Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side." — Act V., Scene 2.

In the meantime, Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands, in which he wrote the order of the battle. — PLUTARCH.

"Statilius shewed the torchlight; but, my lord,
He came not back." — Act V., Scene 5.

Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle; and to know the truth of it there was one, called Statilius, that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus, seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, "If Statilius be alive, he will come again:" but his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he, lighted in his enemies' hands, and was slain. — PLUTARCH.

"Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word." — Act V., Scene 5.

Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnius himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him

to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly.

Then Brutus, rising up, "We must fly, indeed (said he), but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then, taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: "It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need; and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood; the which our enemies, the conquerors, shall never attain unto by force or money: neither can let [hinder] their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them."

Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves; and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilts with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request), held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. — PLUTARCH.

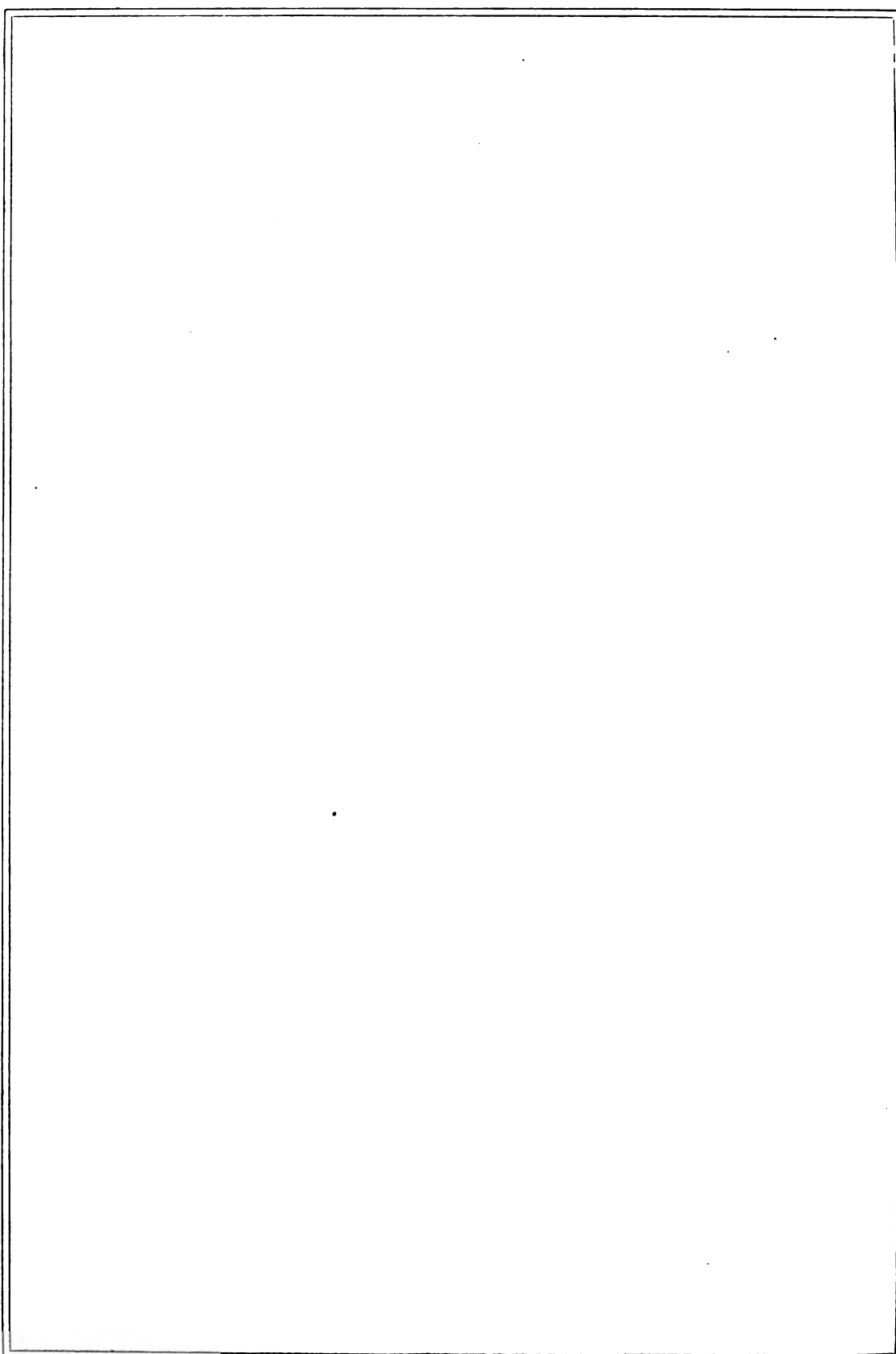
Gildon long ago remarked that Brutus was the true hero of this tragedy, and not Caesar. Schlegel makes the same observation. The poet has portrayed the character of Brutus with peculiar care, and developed all the amiable traits, the feeling, and patriotic heroism of it with supereminent skill. He has been less happy in personifying Caesar, to whom he has given several ostentatious speeches, unsuited to his character, if we may judge from the impressions made upon us by his own Commentaries. The character of Cassius is also touched with great nicety and discrimination, and is admirably contrasted to that of Brutus: his superiority "in independent volition, and his discernment in judging of human affairs, are pointed out;" while the purity of mind and conscientious love of justice in Brutus, unfit him to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted: these amiable failings gave, in fact, an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators.

The play abounds in well-wrought and effecting scenes. It is scarcely necessary to mention the celebrated dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in which the design of the conspiracy is opened to Brutus: — the quarrel between them, rendered doubly touching by the close, when Cassius learns the death of Portia; and which one is surprised to think that any critic susceptible of feeling should pronounce "cold and unfeeling;" — the scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavors to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, in which is that heart-thrilling burst of tenderness which Portia's heroic behavior awakens: —

"You are my true and honorable wife:
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

The speeches of Marc Antony over the dead body of Caesar, and the artful eloquence with which he captivates the multitude, are justly classed among the happiest effusions of poetic declamation. — SINGER.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



11





facts and his story
and his own life story

and his own life story
and his own life story
and his own life story
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Introductory Remarks

AMBITIOUS, brave, able, and enterprising, Marc Antony, takes rank among the foremost men of action of the second order: that is, of those who, possessing ability to achieve greatness, lack fortitude or the higher genius to use it wisely when obtained. The great criterion of excellence in all pursuits is power in repose; spontaneous, comprehensive, easy-working intellect: and in this cardinal quality the reveling Triumvir proves miserably wanting. While "the mighty Julius" lived, Marc Antony felt himself properly placed, as an active instrument in the hands of that great master-spirit; and under him, in Gaul and at Pharsalia, he served with willing vigor and fidelity. To the colder genius of Octavius, his dæmon, though "noble, high, unmatchable," when alone, yields involuntary homage, and "becomes a Fear, as being overpowered." Antony, in short, is one of those who need incessant stimulus to keep their minds in health; and he falls at length, like many other conquerors in war, some better and some worse, a weak and easy victim to himself, in the languid, trying times of peace.

Yet, after all, the victor of Philippi, the deserter of Actium, was no ordinary mortal. His faults and his virtues — his strong points and his weak ones — lie intermixed in glittering profusion; and Shakespeare has achieved one of his greatest triumphs in the delineation of this splendid, though inconsistent, victim of ambition, love, and idleness. The pervading folly of the slave of pleasure is interspersed with intervals of self-reproach, of self-respect, and self-assertion. — Among the amiable traits in the character of Antony is his conduct on learning the defection of Enobarbus, his shrewd and long-devoted monitor. "My fortunes have corrupted honest men!" is his mild, pathetic exclamation; and his only rebuke to the repentant deserter, is to send his treasure, with "gentle adieus and greetings," after him, into the enemy's camp. Antony's anxiety, too, for the safety and welfare of his servants, after the ignominious flight from Actium, speaks something for the natural kindness of his feelings: and altogether it would be difficult not to rejoice that a glimpse of former heroism and success precedes his final fall.

Cleopatra seems the natural counterpart of Antony: they are but sexual variations of the same bright, luxurious, weak, ambitious being. Gorgeous and munificent in prosperity, they retain the love of their attendants to the last: and the fascinating Egyptian, like her ill-starred slave and lover, shows a courage, tenderness, and constancy, in death, that earns some portion of respect as well as sympathy.

The Octavius of this drama (the all-praised, all-powerful Augustus of a later day) does not appear to us so destitute of good feeling and commanding intellect as has been sometimes thought. In the outset, he seems sincerely desirous of continuing friends with his great compeer, on equal terms: he gives to him the hand of a sister, for whom he entertains the most entire affection: and it is not till the natural revulsion of Antony's debauched appetite leads him to indolence and "his Egyptian dish again" (inducing him to banish an affectionate confiding wife on false pretenses), that the pride and outraged feeling of the insulted brother awake to vengeance and implacable hostility. — The admirable scene in Pompey's galley strikingly depicts the totally conflicting intellects and dispositions of the two great future contenders for exclusive universal empire. Antony plays upon the tolerated Lepidus with excellent humor, and finally yields himself a willing shouter in the "Egyptian bacchanals." Octavius is polite and affable, but restrained and self-observant: when urged to drink, he answers, —

I could well forbear it,
It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

His anxiety, also, to separate before the personal dignity of the guests shall be too far compromised, is highly characteristic. The great "coming event" of future mastery "throws its shadow before," throughout this exquisite scene of rampant revelry.

Lepidus — the younger Pompey — Enobarbus — Ventidius — and the numerous other minor characters, would be minor only in so great a scene: all combine to excite that overpowering wonder which Coleridge speaks of as his predominant feeling in the perusal of this magnificent drama.

No edition of "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" is known to exist, prior to that of the first folio. The incidents, as in the two preceding plays, are derived from Plutarch's interesting narrative.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARC ANTONY,	}	Triumvirs.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	Friends of ANTONY.
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,	}	Friends of CÆSAR.
MECENAS,		
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	Friends of POMPEY.
MENAS,		
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to CÆSAR.		
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to ANTONY.		
SILIUS, an Officer in VENTIDIUS's Army.		
EUPHRONIUS, an Ambassador from ANTONY to CÆSAR.		
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES; Attendants		
on CLEOPATRA.		
A Soothsayer. — A Clown.		

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, Sister to CÆSAR, and Wife to ANTONY.
CHARMIAN and IRAS, Attendants on CLEOPATRA.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.



Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Alexandria. *A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper ;
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. — Look, where they come !
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Trains : Eunuchs fanning her.*

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckoned.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome : —

Ant. Grates me : — the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry : or who knows

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this :
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that :
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance (nay, and most like),
You must not stay here longer : your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar : therefore hear it, Antony. —
Where's Fulvia's process ? — Cæsar's, I would
say : — both : —

Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. — The messen-
gers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide
arch

Of the ranged empire fall ! — Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is to do thus [*Embracing*], when such a mutual
pair

And such a twain can do 't : in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ? —
I'll seem the fool I am not : Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirred by Cleopatra. —
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-
night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen,
Whom everything becomes! to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger: but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen:
Last night you did desire it. — Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Sooth-
sayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?
— O that I knew this husband which you say must
change his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is't you, sir, that
know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

[*Enter* ENOBARBUS.]

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine
enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

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Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No; you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience: be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion
me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than
figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no
names. Pr'y thee how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras here.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be drunk to bed.

Irás. There's a palm presages chastity, if noth-
ing else.

Char. Even as the overflowing Nilus presageth
famine.

Irás. Go, you wild bedfellow; you cannot
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — Pr'y
thee tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Irás. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Irás. Am I not an inch of fortune better than
she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! — Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune. — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse: and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight: good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul-knave uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus:

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. — Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. — My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, &c.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Caesar:

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. —

On:

Things that are past are done, with me. 'T is thus.
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flattered.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia:

Whilst —

Ant. "Antony," thou wouldst say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she's called in Rome:

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. — O, then we bring forth
weeds

When our quick winds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earring! — Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? — Speak there.

1st Att. The man from Sicyon: is there such an
one?

2nd Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. —

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you?

2nd Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2nd Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me. [*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again: the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone:

The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off :
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.— How now ; Enobarbus :

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them : if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly : I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her ; she hath such celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no : her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her : if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia ?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth : comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat : and indeed

the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broachéd in the state

Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you : especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers : let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part : for not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea : our slippery people (Whose love is never linked to the deserper Till his deserts are part) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son ; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier : whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. — Say, our pleasure (To such whose place is under us) requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :

(I did not send you). — If you find him sad, Say I am dancing : if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him so too far. I wish forbear : In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall.

It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen, —

Cleo. Pray you stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye there's some good news.

What says the married woman? — You may go : 'Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 't is I that keep you here : I have no power upon you : her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know, —

Cleo. O, never was there queen So mightily betrayed! yet at the first I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true

(Though you in swearing shake the thronéd gods),

Who have been false to Fulvia? — Riotous madness, To be entangled with those mouth-made vows Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you seek no color for your going,

But bid farewell and go. When you sued staying, Then was the time for words! No going then : Eternity was in our lips and eyes ; Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor But was a race of heaven. They are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turned the greatest liar.

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Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches : thou shouldst know

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands Our services awhile ; but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome : Equality of two domestic powers Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemned Pompey, Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace Into the hearts of such as have not thrived Upon the present state ; whose numbers threaten : And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge By any desperate change. My more particular, And that which most with you should safe my going, Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness : can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read The garboils she awaked : at the last, best : — See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the secret vials thou shouldst fill With sorrowful water? — Now I see, I see, In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear : which are or cease As you shall give the advice. By the fire That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come : — But let it be. — I am quickly ill and well : So Antony loves!

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ; And give true evidence to his love which stands An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'y thee turn aside and weep for her :

Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target; — still he mends:
But this is not the best. Look, pry thee, Char-
mian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part; — but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved; — but there's not it:
That you know well. Something it is I would: —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten!

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence:
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you: upon your sword
Sit laureled victory; and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet!

Ant. Let us go: come.
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — Rome. *An Apartment in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes

The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the Queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall
find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased: what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes
him

(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't: but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, — 't is to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have feared Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is was wished, until he were;

And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
love,
Comes deared by being lacked. This common
body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Caesar, I bring thee word
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
Taken as seen: for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena (where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls), at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the
Alps,

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on. And all this
(It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not!

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'T is time we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and to that end,
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know
meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir:
I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha! —

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch: Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing: I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for thee
That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do
nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he;

Or does he walk: or is he on his horse?

O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. — He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
Nile?"

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison!—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow:
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Marc Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Marc Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed (the last of many doubled kisses)
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. "Good friend (quoth he),
Say, The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will pierce
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east
(Say thou) shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neighed so high that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes

Of hot and cold: he was not sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian; 't is the man: but
note him,

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Beest thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my
posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in POMPEY'S
House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.

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Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine :
My power 's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Marc Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors ! Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony. But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts ;
Keep his brains fuming : Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor
Even till a Lethe'd dullness ! — How now, Var-
rius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Marc Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected : since he went from Egypt 't is
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his
helm

For such a petty war : his soldiiership
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our opinion, than our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warred upon him : although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between
themselves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords ; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it : it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — Rome. *A Room in the House of
LEPIDUS.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav 't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give
way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion :
And pray you stir no embers up. — Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, Mecænas : ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let
not

A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners
(The rather for I earnestly beseech),

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well :

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do this.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir !

Cæs. Nay, then —

Ant. I learn you take things ill which are not so :
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laughed at

If or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended : and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laughed at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you "practised?"

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine in-
tent

By what did here befall me. Your wife and bro-
ther

Made wars upon me : and their contestation
Was theme for you ; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business : my brother
never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgment to me : but
You patched up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :

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I know you could not lack (I am certain on 't)
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my
wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours ; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we all had such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much incurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria : you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts,
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted : then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but next day
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife : if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken

The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak :

The honor 's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Cæsar :
The article of my oath, —

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required
them :

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather :

And then when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here :
For which myself (the ignorant motive) do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecaenas.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey return it again. You shall have
time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else
to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore speak
no more.

Eno. Go to, then : your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia : great Marc Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa :
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dan-
gers,

Would then be nothing : truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both

Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke :
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa
If I would say, " Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment ! — Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There's my hand.

A sister I bequeath you whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report :
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing :
But by sea he is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for
it :

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
LEPIDUS.]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecæ-
nas! — my honorable friend Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are
so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there: is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feasts, which wor-
thily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Marc Antony, she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed! or my re-
porter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you: —

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what the undid did.

Agr. O rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her;
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony
(Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
speak),

Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He ploughed her, and she cropped.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke and panted
That she did make defect perfection,
And (breathless) power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go. —

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The same.* A Room in CÆSAR'S
House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them*;
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady. —

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence;
nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion; have it not
in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy demon (that's thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpowered: there-
fore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee: no more, but when
to thee. —

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose, and of that natural luck
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre
thickens

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him: —

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia. — Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever

Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies. — O! come, Ven-
tidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready :
Follow me and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Marc Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter ;
My purposes do draw me much about :
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. } Sir, good success.
Agr. }

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music: music, moody
food

Of us that trade in love!

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone: let us to billiards. Come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mar-
dian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch played

As with a woman : — come, you 'll play with me,
sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. — I 'll none now :
Give me mine angle ; we 'll to the river : there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes : my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, " Ah, ah ! you 're caught."

Char. 'T was merry when
You wagered on your angling : when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time ! — O times ! —
I laughed him out of patience, and that night
I laughed him into patience : and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. — O ! from Italy : —

Enter a Messenger.

Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam, —

Cleo. Antony 's dead ? —

If thou say so, villain, thou kill 'st thy mistress :
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss : a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold. But, sirrah,
mark : we use

To say " the dead are well." Bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to ; I will :
But there 's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crowned with
snakes ;
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me ?

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Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak 'st :

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 't an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam, —

Cleo. I do not like " but yet ; " it does allay
The good precedence ; fie upon " but yet : "
" But yet " is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'y thee friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He 's friends with
Cæsar,
In state of health, thou sayst ; and thou sayst,
free.

Mess. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such re-
port :

He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee ! [*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ? [*Strikes him again.*]
Hence,

Horrible villain ! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me : I 'll unhair thy head :

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in
brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle !

Mess. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 't is not so, a province I will give
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage :

And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long!

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile, and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:

These hands do lack nobility that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir:

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues: but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say—Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offense that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

That art not?—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get
thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint: O Iras, Charmian!—'T is no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas: bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination: let him not leave out

The color of her hair. Bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go!—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*]

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me: lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with
drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPI-
DUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with
Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine:
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:

Which if thou hast considered, let us know

If't will tie up thy discontented sword,

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know

Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was it
That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honored honest Roman, Brutus,
With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous free-
dom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despicable Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land thou
know'st

How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome. This 'greed upon,
To part with unhacked edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs.

Ant. } That's our offer.

Lep. }

Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Marc Antony
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;

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And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks
to you

That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither:
For I have gained by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last

There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not

What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face:
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are
agreed:

I crave our composition may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part;
and let us

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, sol-
dier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand:
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight
When I have envied thy behavior

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much; but I have praised
you

When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness ;
It nothing ill becomes thee. —
Aboard my galley I invite you all ;
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs. }
Ant. } Shew us the way, sir.
Lep. }

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,*
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty [*Aside*]. — You and I have
known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me :
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give
me your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority,
here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true
face.

Men. No slander : they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his
fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back
again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for
Marc Antony here : pray you is he married to
Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir : she was the wife of Caius Mar-
collus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Anto-
nius.

Men. Pray you, sir ?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit to-
gether.

Eno. If I were bound to divine this unity, I
would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too : but you shall find the
band that seems to tie their friendship together,
will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so ; which is
Marc Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish
again : then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the
fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which
is the strength of their amity, shall prove the im-
mediate author of their variance. Antony will use
his affection where it is : he married but his occa-
sion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you
aboard ? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have used our
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come ; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. — *On board POMPEY's galley, lying
near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a
banquet.

1st Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their
plants are ill-rooted already : the least wind i' the
world will blow them down.

2nd Serv. Lepidus is high-colored.

1st Serv. They have made him drink alms-
drink.

2nd Serv. As they pinch one another by the
disposition, he cries out, "no more : " reconciles
them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1st Serv. But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.

2nd Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in
great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed
that will do me no service, as a partizan I could
not heave.

1st Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENO-BARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir [*To CÆSAR*]. They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid : they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow : the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud, by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit ; and some wine. — A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept : I fear me you'll be in till then. [*Aside.*]

Lep. Nay, certainly I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things : without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear : what is 't ?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. —
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs : it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of ?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent !

Ant. 'T is so : and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him ? [*Aside.*]

Ant. With the health that Pompey giyes him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS aside*]. Go, hang, sir ; hang !
Tell me of that ? away !

Do as I bid you. — Where 's this cup I called for ?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

Pom. I think thou 'rt mad. The matter ?
[*Walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith :
what 's else to say ? —

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, or you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world ?

Pom. What sayst thou ?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world ?
That 's twice.

Pom. How should that be ?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well ?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. . Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel : — let me cut the cable ;
And when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on 't. In me 't is villany :
In thee it had been good service. Thou must know,

'T is not my profit that does lead mine honor :
Mine honor it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act : being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*]
I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offered,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off*
LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man : seest not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk : 'would it were all, that it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou : increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Caesar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it; I'll make answer :
But I had rather fast from all four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANTONY.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
'Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our
sense

In soft and delicate Letho.

Eno. All take hands. —

Make battery to our ears with the loud music : —
The while I'll place you. Then the boy shall
sing :

The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS' places them hand
in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drowned ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned.
Cup us till the world go round :
Cup us till the world go round !

Cæs. What would you more? — Pompey, good
night. — Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let's part :
You see we have burnt our cheeks : strong Eno-
barbe

Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath al-
most

Anticked us all. What needs more words? Good
night. —

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony, you have my father's house! —
But what? we are friends. Come down into the
boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and*
Attendants.

Menas I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin. —

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what! —
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound, and be hanged ;
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a! — There's my cap.

Men. Ho! — noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers: the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck:
and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. — Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius:
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's
away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person. Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him; and in his offense
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword

Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
tony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected:
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with
what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him. — On, there; pass
along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. — *Rome. An Antechamber in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched with Pompey; he
is gone:

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad: and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Marc An-
tony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the non-
pareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar!"
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best: — yet he loves
Antony:

O! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his
love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar!

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

So:— [Trumpets.

This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself:
Use me well in it. — Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on my approof. — Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said,

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister: fare thee
well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's
spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. — Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
and —

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

P

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
can

Her heart inform her tongue: — the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,

And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a
horse:

So is he being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring: and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with
a rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wailed:

Believe 't till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia.

You shall hear from me still: the time shall not

Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love: —

Look, here I have you: thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Farewell! *Trumpets sound.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to. — Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head

I'll have: but how? when Antony is gone,

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Through whom I might command it. — Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty, —

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome

I looked her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Marc Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? — is she shrill-tongued, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. — Dull of tongue and dwarfish! —

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one:
She shews a body rather than a life;
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;

I do perceive 't. — There's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'y thee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? — Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too,

They are foolish that are so. — Her hair, what color?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead is as low

As she could wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee:

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Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready:

Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S
House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
That were excusable; that, and thousands more
Of semblable import: — but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all: or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O bless my brother!" — Husband win, win
brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer: no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all!

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: the meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste:
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me (most weak, most
weak!)

Your reconciler! Wars'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way: for our faults
Can never be so equal that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what
cost
Your heart has mind to. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. — *The same. Another Room in
ANTONY'S House.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rival-
ity; would not let him partake in the glory of the
action; and not resting here, accuses him of let-
ters he had formerly wrote to Pompey: upon his
own appeal, seizes him. So the poor third is up,
till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps;
no more:
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's An-
tony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus; and
spurns

The rush that lies before him: cries, "Fool, Lep-
idus!"

And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murdered Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius:
My lord desires you presently. My news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught:

But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. — *Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this.
And more:

In Alexandria, — here's the manner of it, —
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt: made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lybia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they ex-
ercise.

His sons he there proclaimed "The kings of
kings."

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander: to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared: and oft before gave audience
(As 't is reported) so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now re-
ceived

His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him

His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored : lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed ; and, being, that we detain
All his revénue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change : for what I've con-
quered,

I grant him part : but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms,
I demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most
dear Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee "cast-
away !"

Octa. You have not called me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus ?
You come not

Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear : the trees by the way
Should have born men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops : but you are
come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which left unshewn
Is often left unloved. We should have met you
By sea and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Marc Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal : whereon I begged
His pardon for return.

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Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister : Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Lybia ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian King, Adallus ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia ; with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray
you

Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. — ANTONY'S *Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;

And sayst it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*aside*]. Well, I could reply.

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost: the mares would bear

A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 't is said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it:
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne!—You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey. But these offers,

Which serves not for his vantage, he shakes off:
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people-
Ingrossed by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare: yours heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away.
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renownéd knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And with the rest full-manned, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord: he is de-
seried:

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is im-
possible:

Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our
ship:

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sol. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt

This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a ducking: we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Sol. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions
As beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labor, and
throes forth

Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle till we have done at sea.

Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
In the eye of Cæsar's battle: from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army
one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieu-
tenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their
going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can be-
hold no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted!

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance: we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of
Egypt,
(Whom leprosy o'ertake!) i' the midst o' the
fight,

When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loafed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her,
I never saw an action of such shame!
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then
good night, indeed! [*Aside.*]

Con. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't: and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. — Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more
upon 't:

It is ashamed to bear me! — Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold: take that; divide it: fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed
cowards

To run and shew their shoulders. — Friends, be-
gone:

I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you: begone.
My treasure's in the harbor; take it. — O,
I followed that I blushed to look upon!
My very hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, begone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself. To the sea-side straight-
way:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now. —
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command;
Therefore I pray you. — I'll see you by-and-by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him: — comfort
him,

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam, —

Irás. Madam; O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir, —

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes: — he at Philippi kept
His sword even like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now — no matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord; the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam; speak to him;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me. — O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen ap-
proaches:
Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation:
A most unnoble swerving!

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness : who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I
pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon !

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say : one of them rates
All that is won and lost ! Give me a kiss :
Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster ;
Is he come back ? — Love, I am full of lead : —
Some wine, within there, and our viands : — fortune
knows
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. — CÆSAR'S Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from
Antony. —
Know you him ?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster :
An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so : declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man, in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen

Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all disgracéd friend,
Or take his life there ; this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence now 't is time : [*To THYREUS.*]
despatch :

From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
And in our name, what she requires : add more
(From thine invention) offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will per-
jure

The ne'er touched vestal. Try thy cunning, Thy-
reus :

Make thine own edict for thy pains ; which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. — Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nicked his captainship ; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meréd question : 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'y thee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer ?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she

Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the
rose

Of youth upon him; from which the world should
note

Something particular. His coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would pre-
vail

Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him, there-
fore,

To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me (declined), sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONTIUS.]

Eno. Yes, like enough high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show
Against a sword!—I see men's judgment's are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast sub-
dued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my
women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square.

[*Aside.*

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

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Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renowned: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on:—right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honor, therefore, he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honor was not yielded,
But conquered merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking; for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: In deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him I am
prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,

No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place
As it rained kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Eno. You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach, there: — ay, you kite! — Now
gods and devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried
"Ho!"

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" — Have you no ears? —
I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. — Take hence this Jack, and whip
him.

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. — Were 't twenty of the greatest trib-
utaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, — (what's
her name

Since she was Cleopatra?) — Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Marc Antony, —

Ant. Tug him away: being whipped,
Bring him again. — This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. —

[Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you. — Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord, —

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: —

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But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make
us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's: besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out: for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts! — O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The hornéd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. — Is he whipped?

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

1st Atten. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he, and begged he pardon?

1st Atten. He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipped for following him: hence-
forth

The white hand of a lady fever thee:
Shake thou to look on 't. — Get thee back to
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment. Look thou say
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry:
And at this time most easy 't is to do it;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me : urge it thou.
Hence, with thy stripes ; begone !

[*Exit* THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Coldhearted toward me !

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite :
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-
like.

Where hast thou been, my heart ? — Dost thou
hear, lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle :
There's hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests : but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
All my sad captains ; fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday :

I had thought to have held it poor : but since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so ; we'll speak to them ; and to-night
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my
queen :

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious

Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge : and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, ME-
CÆNAS, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides me as he had
power
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger
He hath whipped with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die ; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads

Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: — within our files there are
Of those that served Marc Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. — See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earned the waste. — Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well!

Eno. I'll strike, and cry "Take all!"

Ant. Well said; come on. —

Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. — Give me thy hand:
Thou hast been rightly honest: — so hast thou; —
Thou, — and thou, — and thou: — you have served
me well,

And kings have been your fellows: —

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow
shoots

[*Aside.*]

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. —
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

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Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. 'Tend me to-night:

May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
'Tend me to-night two hours; I ask no more;
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus:
Grace grow where those drops fall! — My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire
you

To burn this night with torches. Know my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let's to supper, —
come, —

And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

1st Sol. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the
day.

2nd Sol. It will determine one way: fare you
well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1st Sol. Nothing: what news?

2nd Sol. Belike 't is but a rumor: good night
to you.

1st Sol. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2nd Sol. Soldiers, have careful watch.

3rd Sol. And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4th Sol. Here we: [*they take their posts*]—
and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3rd Sol. 'T is a brave army, and full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]

4th Sol. Peace: what noise?

1st Sol. List, list!

2nd Sol. Hark!

1st Sol. Music i' the air!

3rd Sol. Under the earth!

4th Sol. It signs well, does it not?

3rd Sol. No.

1st Sol. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2nd Sol. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,

Now leaves him.

1st Sol. Walk: let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

2nd Sol. How now, masters?

Sol. How now?—How now?—Do you hear
this?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1st Sol. Ay: is't not strange?

3rd Sol. Do you hear, masters; do you hear?

1st Sol. Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter:

Let's see how 't will give off.

Sol. [*Several speaking*]. Content. 'T is strange!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and
others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come: mine armor,
Eros.

Enter EROS, with armor.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too,

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart.—False, false: this,
this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well:
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fel-
low?

Go, put on thy defenses.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well!

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation, thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't!—Good-morrow to thee: wel-
come.

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

1st Offi. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shouts. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2nd Offi. The morn is fair.—Good-morrow,
general.

All. Good-morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so: come, give me that: this way: well said.
Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss [*Kisses her*]: rebukable
And worthy shameful check it were to stand
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close: I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony — but now! — Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a
Soldier meeting them.*

Sol. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once
prevailed

To make me fight at land!

Sol. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sol. Who?

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus:
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What sayst thou?

Sol. Sir, he is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure he has not
with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after: do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings:
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. — Despatch. — Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA,
ENOBARBUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive:
Make it so known.

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Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nooked
world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill:
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sol. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. Mock not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true. Best that you safed the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,
I feel.

I fight against thee! — No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die: the foul'st best
fits

My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. — *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.

Agr. Retire : we have engaged ourselves too far. Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T ; But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes : I have yet Room for six notches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs, And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind : 'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Scar. I 'll halt after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. — *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before, And let the queen know of our guests. — To-morrow, Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood That has to-day escaped. I thank you all ;

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been Each man's like mine : you have shewn all Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss

The honored gashes whole. — Give me thy hand : *[To SCARUS.]*

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts ; Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o' the world !

Chain mine armed neck : leap thou, attire and all, Through proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !

O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl, though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown ; Yet have we a brain that nourishes our nerves, And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;

Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand : — Kiss it, my warrior. — He hath fought to-day As if a god, in hate of mankind, had Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I 'll give thee, friend, An armor all of gold : it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled Like holy Phœbus' car. — Give me thy hand : Through Alexandria make a jolly march ; Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe them.

Had our great palace the capacity To camp this host, we all would sup together, And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city's ear ; Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ; That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,

Applauding our approach ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. — CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their posts. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1st Sol. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The
night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2nd Sol. This last day was a shrewd one
to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night, —

3rd Sol. What man is this ?

2nd Sol. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent ! —

1st Sol. Enobarbus !

3rd Sol. Peace : hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me ! throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. — O Antony !

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive. —

O Antony ! O Antony ! [Dies.

2nd Sol. Let 's speak to him.

1st Sol. Let 's hear him ; for the things he
speaks may concern Cæsar.

3rd Sol. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

1st Sol. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as
his was never yet for sleep.

2nd Sol. Go we to him.

3rd Sol. Awake, sir, awake ; speak to us.

2nd Sol. Hear you, sir !

1st Sol. The hand of death hath raught him. —
Hark ! the drums [Drums afar off.
Demurely wake the sleepers. — Let us bear him
To the court of guard : he is of note. Our hour
Is fully out.

3rd Sol. Come on, then : he may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X. — Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea :
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they 'd fight i' the fire, or in the
air :

We 'd fight there too. But this it is : our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given :
They have put forth the haven. — Further on ;
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavor. [Exeunt.

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by
land ;

Which, as I tak 't, we shall : for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. — To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they 're not joined. Where yond'
pine does stand

I shall discover all : I 'll bring thee word
Straight how 't is like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say they know not, — they cannot tell ; — look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost !

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. — Triple-turned whore ! 't is
thou

Hast sold me to this novice : and my heart
Makes only war on thee. — Bid them all fly :

For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly; be gone!

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more !
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.— All come to this ? — The
 hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar : and this pine is barked,
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am :
O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm, —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and called them
home ;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell : avaunt !

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebians :
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex : most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEOPATRA.

'T is well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—

The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;
And with those hands, that grasped the heaviest
club.

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS. *and*
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more
mad

Than Telamon for his shield : the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.

Char. To the monument :

There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument.—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:
Say that the last I spoke was "Antony:"
And word it, pr'y thee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [Exeunt.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish ;

A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air :—thou hast seen
these signs?

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen
(Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine :
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto 't
A million more, now lost) — she, Eros, has

Packed cards with Cæsar, and false played my
glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros: there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.— O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She hath robbed me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace:
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst
do

Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake
Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!"
Then in the midst of a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she rendered life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.— That thou depart'st hence
safe

Does pay thy labor richly: go.— *Exit MARDIAN.*

Off, pluck off! —

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent;
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.— From me awhile.—

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no further: now all labor
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros! — I come, my queen: — Eros! — Stay for
me:

Where souls do couch on flowers we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:

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Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all he haunt be ours.— Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman: less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn,
Eros,

That, when the exigent should come (which now
Is come indeed), when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me: — do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me; 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus, with pleached arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be
cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble counte-
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man; — and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then! — [*Falls on his sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
I learned of thee [*Falls on his sword.*] — How!
not yet dead? not dead? —

The guard! — ho! — O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1st Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2nd Guard. The star is fallen.

1st Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1st Guard. Not I.

2nd Guard. Nor I.

3rd Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers
fly.

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Locked in her monument. She had a
prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead:

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. — Call my guard,
I pr'y thee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard! what, ho!
Come: your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me good friends, where Cleopatra
bides:

'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1st Guard. Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII. — *The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome;
But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it. — How now; is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him hither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world! — O Antony!
Antony, Antony! — Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below: let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony;
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony: but woe't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying: only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear
(Dear my lord, pardon); I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be broached with me: if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demurring upon me. — But come, come, Anto-
ny: —

Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up: —
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! — How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone to heaviness;
That makes the weight! — Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little: —

Wishers were ever fools: — O, come, come, come
[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
lived:

Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offense.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honor with your safety. — O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trusts but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust:
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet
To my countryman: — a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going!
I can no more. [Dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? — O see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt! — My lord! —
O, withered is the garland of the war;
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon! [She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman! and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,

And does the meanest chares. — It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, wo-
men?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
mian?

My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent; it 's out. — Good sirs, take
heart. — [*To the Guard below.*
We 'll bury him: and then, what 's brave, what 's
noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come: we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella; bid him yield:
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am called Dercetas:
Marc Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar: if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou sayst?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom: in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife: but that self hand
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. — This is his sword;
I robbed his wound of it: behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults will make us men. — Cæsar is touched.

[*Aside.*

Mec. When such a spacious mirror 's set before
him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony,
I have followed thee to this! — But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, — that our
stars

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. — Hear me, good friends, —
But I will tell you at some meeter season :

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are
you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,
Confined in all she has (her monument),
Of thy intents desires instruction :
That she preparédly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius : go, and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what com-
forts

The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go ;
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where's Dola-
bella,

To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GALLUS.*

Agr. } Dolabella !
Mec. }

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — Alexandria. *A Room in the
Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar :
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave ;
A minister of her will. And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt ;

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*within*]. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*within*]. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you : but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;

You are fallen into a princely hand ; fear nothing :
Make your full reverence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency : and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

Cleo. [*within*]. Pray you tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort ; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.
[*PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard enter the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and come behind CLEOPATRA. Others unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands!

[*Draws a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold! [*Disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rides our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink,
sir:

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me: rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her. —
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him. [*To CLEOPATRA.*
Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of
me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or
known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams:
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor An-
tony: —

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you, —

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature, —

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his reared arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was a rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shewed his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates dropped from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Think you there was or might be such a
man

As this I dreamed of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods!
But if there be or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy: yet to imagine

An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dol. Though he be honorable. —

Cleo. He 'll lead me, then, in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will : I know it.

Within. Make way there : — Cæsar !

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

Cæs. Arise ; you shall not kneel. —

I pray you, rise : rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus : my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear : but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents
(Which toward you are most gentle), you shall find
A benefit in this change : but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.

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Cleo. And may through all the world : 't is
yours ; and we,
Your 'scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord : —

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possessed of : 't is exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted. — Where 's Seleucus ?
Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer : let him speak, my
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. — Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra : I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold
How pomp is followed ! — mine will now be yours :
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild : — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired ! — What, go'st thou back ?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee : but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings ! Slave, soulless villain,
dog !
O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ?
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites me

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard*]. — How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. — [*Exit Guard*.]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him, for
his biting is immortal : those that do die of it, do
seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on 't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday :
a very honest woman, but something given to lie,
as a woman should not do but in the way of hon-
esty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain
she felt ; — truly she makes a very good report o'
the worm : but he that will believe all that they
say, shall never be saved by half that they do.
But this is most fallible, — the worm 's an odd
worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence : farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy o' the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket*.]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay : farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted
but in the keeping of wise people : for indeed
there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care : it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you ;
for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but
I know the devil himself will not eat a woman.
I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
devil dress her not : but truly these same whore-
son devils do the gods great harm in their women ;
for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

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Cleo. Well, get thee gone : farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy of the
worm. [*Exit*.]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe ; put on my crown. I
have

Immortal longings in me : now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. —
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick. — Methinks I hear
Antony call : I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act : I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after-wrath. — Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life. — So ; have you done ?
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian : — Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desired. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain : that I
may say,
The gods themselves do weep !
Cleo. This proves me base :
If she first meet the curld Antony,
He 'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. — Come, thou mor-
tal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O couldst thou speak !
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar " ass
Unpoliced ! "

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O break ! O break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gen-
tle, —

O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too: —

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay — [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*]

Char. In this wild world? — So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled. — Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! — Your crown's awry:
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1st Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly; wake her not.

1st Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger. [*Applies the asp.*]
O come! apace, despatch! I partly feel thee.

1st Guard. Approach, ho! all's not well.

Cæsar's beguiled.

2nd Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar: — call him.

1st Guard. What work is here? — Charmian,
is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2nd Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there; a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last!
She leveled at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1st Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs.

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned, then.

1st Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and
spake.

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O noble weakness!

If they had swallowed poison, 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

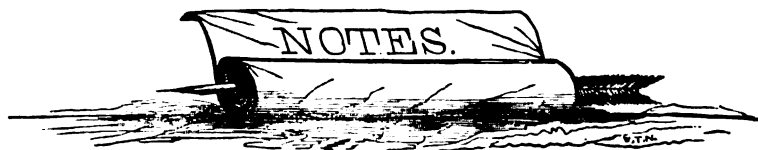
Dol. Here on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1st Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.

She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. — High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]



*"Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool." — Act I., Scene 1.*

Triple is here used for third, or one of three; meaning one of the triumvirs, or masters of the world. The word is used in the same sense in "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:" —

*"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
He bade me store up as a triple eye."*

*"To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people." — Act I., Scene 1.*

Sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him. — PLUTARCH (North's Translation).

*—"I'm full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome." — Act I., Scene 1.*

Meaning, that he proves the common liar, Fame, to be a true reporter in his case.

*—"Look, pry thee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe." — Act I., Scene 3.*

Antony professed to trace his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

*—"When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena (where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls), at thy heel
Did famine follow." — Act I., Scene 4.*

Cleopra, on the other side, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Caesar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a consul or prætor; and moreover sent Hirtius and Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls, together with Caesar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the consuls were slain there.

Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once; but the chiefest want of all other, and that which pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself.

Every man that feeleth want or adversity, knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do: but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and dislike; but rather to the contrary, they yield to

their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart and lack of courage do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and moreover it is reported that even, as they passed the Alps, they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before. — PLUTARCH.

*—"Let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony." — Act II., Scene 1.*

Cleopatra is styled "Egypt's widow," because Julius Caesar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.

*—"Near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpowered." — Act II., Scene 3.*

A Fear was a personage in some of the old Moralities. Fletcher alludes to such an imaginary being in the "MAID'S TRAGEDY," where Aspasia is instructing her servants how, in needlework, to describe her situation: —

*—"And then a Fear:
Do that Fear bravely, wench."*

*"His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped, at odds." — Act II., Scene 3.*

Shakespeare derived this from Plutarch. The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollox relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of the circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practice these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped. — SINGER.

Inhooped, means inclosed or confined, that they may be compelled to fight.

"They are his shards, and he their beetle." — Act III., Scene 2.

This is spoken of Lepidus. The meaning is that Antony and Octavius are the wings that raise this heavy lumpy insect from the ground. In "MACBETH" we find mention of the "shard-borne beetle."

*"ENO. Will Caesar weep?
AGR. He has a cloud in 's face.
ENO. He were the worse for that were he a horse." —*

Act III., Scene 2.

A horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-colored spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and, being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course regarded as a blemish. — STEVENS.

—“*He at Philippi kept
His sword even like a dancer.*”—Act III., Scene 9.

That is, he kept his weapon in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword, which appears from various passages to have been the custom in Shakespeare's time.

—“*'Twas I
That the mad Brutus ended.*”—Act III., Scene 9.

Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, “madness.”—WARBURTON.

“*I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.*”—Act III., Scene 10.

The term “his grand sea” has been supposed by Steevens to be the sea from which the dew-drop was thought to be exhaled.—“The grand sea” and “this grand sea” have both been plausibly proposed as substitutes for the received text, in which there is probably some corruption.

“1st Sol. *Peace, I say. What should this mean!*
2nd Sol. *'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.*”—Act IV., Scene 3.

Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the end and issue of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvelous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they had been used in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings, after the manner of the satyrs: and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bear singular devotion, to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them.—PLUTARCH.

—“*How wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.*”—
Act IV., Scene 6.

The word “blows” is here used in the sense of “swells.” As in the last scene of this play:—

—“On her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown.”
And in “*KING LEAR*”:—

“No blown ambition doth our arms excite.”

“*To this great fairy, I'll commend thy acts;
Make her thanks bless thee.*”—Act IV., Scene 8.

The term fairy in former times was applied not only to imaginary diminutive beings, but also occasionally to witches and enchanters; in which last sense it is used in the text.

—“*O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield.*”—Act IV., Scene 11.

That is, than Ajax Telamon for the armor of Achilles, the most valuable part of which was the shield.

—“*Thou hast seen these signs?
They are black vesper's pageants.*”—Act IV., Scene 12.

The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age.—WARTON.

This is without doubt one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendor of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind,—are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness.—HAZLITT.

“*The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at.*”—Act IV., Scene 13.

As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honors he had received; considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome not cowardly, but valiantly; a Roman by another Roman.—PLUTARCH.

“*Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?*”—Act V., Scene 1.

After Antonius had thrust his sword into himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Dercetæus, took his sword with which he had stricken himself, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Caesar the first news of his death, and shewed him his sword that was blooded.

Caesar, hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends, and shewed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during the quarrel and strife, and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him.

After this, he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvelously beautify and set out his triumph.—PLUTARCH.

“*Alexandria. A room in the Monument.*”—Act V., Scene 2.

In this scene, as in one of “*KING HENRY VIII.*,” the outside and inside of a building are exhibited at the same time. The old dramatists were unable to cope with a difficulty of this kind by the aid of the inner or secondary stage, which was also used in “*HAMLET*,” “*OTHELLO*,” &c., and was a constant accompaniment to the principal one.

—“*Realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.*”—Act V., Scene 2.

The term “plates” was applied to some kind of silver money. As in Marlowe's “*JEW OF MALTA*”:—

“*Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates.*”

They are supposed to have been round pieces without stamp or impress, and were probably of fluctuating value.

Of all Shakespeare's historical plays, “*ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*” is by far the most wonderful.—The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the “*ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*” is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power, in its strength and vigor of maturity, a formidable rival of “*MACBETH*,” “*LEAR*,” “*HAMLET*” and “*OTHELLO*.”—COLERIDGE.

